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AUSTRALIA'S NORTHERN TERRITORY: 'CROCODILE DUNDEE' COUNTRY: PART 1
Keith D. Suter

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM: THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER?
R. D. Kernohan

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND KATHERINE MANSFIELD: FACETS OF A RELATIONSHIP
Walter J. Strachan

LONDON FILM FESTIVAL
Laurence Green

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AUSTRALIA'S NORTHERN TERRITORY: 'CROCODILE DUNDEE' COUNTRY: PART 1

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by Keith D. Suter

THE two *Crocodile Dundee* movies have put Australia's Northern Territory on the map. The two movies, the most profitable in Australian history and among the most popular foreign movies ever shown in the United States, have contributed to the Territory's tourism boom. Tourism is the Territory's fastest growing industry, and recently overtook agriculture to become second only to mining in overall economic terms.

However, *Crocodile Dundee* has romanticized the Territory. The Territory's economic and political development has been a great deal tougher than movie goers would guess. The movies are correct on one point: the Territory is a unique piece of land. For example, it occupies one sixth of the land mass of the Australian continent, and can arguably lay claim to more features of geographical note than any other Territory or State in Australia. Within it are found Australia's most famous landmark Ayers Rock (or Uluru), Australia's best-known National Park (Kakadu), ancient Aboriginal cave and rock paintings (almost twice as old as the pictures in the Lascaux cave in France), and flora and fauna that do not exist anywhere else in the world.

The two articles deal with controversies omitted or obscured by the movies. They recount the Territory's tragic recent history (that is, since white settlement). Aborigines across Australia represent less than three percent of the total population. But in the Territory they amount to almost a third of the total population; no Australian State comes anywhere near such a high Aboriginal proportion. Among the controversies, then, are matters relating to Aborigines. These matters are a great deal more complex than is to be inferred from the *Crocodile Dundee*

movies. Another controversy is uranium mining — Territorians have, so to speak, more uranium per capita than any other population group on earth. The final controversy concerns tourism itself.

Stretching 1,700 kilometres from north to south, and measuring about 900 kilometres east to west at its widest point, the Northern Territory encompasses 1.25 million square kilometres of land. It is, therefore, about six times the size of Great Britain. Incidentally, the conventional maps of the world are based on the Mercator Projection (named after the Flemish cartographer Gerardus Mercator), which is an orthomorphic map projection on which parallels and meridians form a rectangular grid, with the scale being exaggerated with increasing distance from the Equator. This means that Greenland, for example, appears to be larger than Australia. In reality, the Northern Territory alone is over half the size of Greenland; the Territory is, in turn, about one sixth of the land mass of the Australian continent.

The Northern Territory is home to only 158,000 people, or about one per cent of the total Australian population. About two thirds of 'Territorians' live in the four largest cities and towns, the balance living 'outback' on immense cattle stations, in mining towns and in tiny settlements on the north to south Stuart Highway (from Darwin through Alice Springs to South Australia's Adelaide) where the arrival of a tourist coach more than doubles the population temporarily.

Aborigines first arrived in Australia about 40,000 years ago. It is assumed that they came from south-east Asia. Specialists in linguistics and genetics have yet, however, to find some linkages between the Aborigines and any other ethnic group on earth. There are more than 1,000 Aboriginal art sites in the Territory, the oldest 24,000 years old, all depicting a history of immigration and trade well before Europeans left the Mediterranean.

The 'Top End' has long been Australia's 'front door' on to the world. Arab traders called by its offshore islands four centuries ago. The first Europeans to sight Australia were probably the Portuguese three centuries ago. Australia itself, however, was not the goal: it was the Spice Islands (today's Indonesia). The Territory's colonial history was haphazard. There was little enthusiasm by any European nation for trying to claim it and settle Europeans on it. In 1623 the Dutch sea captain Jan Carstensz made the first authenticated European discovery of the northern coasts in the ship *Arnhem*, from which the Territory's remote north western region of Arnhem Land takes its name. In 1644 the Dutchman Abel Tasman sailed the northern coasts, naming Groote Eylandt in the Gulf of Carpentaria. By 1756 this early Dutch interest had faded, because no useful trade commodities were found. Indonesia was a much greater prize. The British colonisation of Australia began in 1788. The Territory's boundaries were derived from what was left over after the States had settled their own boundaries. By 1862 all the States, each directly dealing with the Colonial Office in London, had finalised their boundaries. What was left became the Northern Territory.

But what was to become of the Northern Territory? Initially attention was focused on creating another Singapore. Stamford Raffles founded Singapore in 1819 as a port catering for ships going between Europe and the Spice Islands. 170 years later, Singapore is the world's largest port, second largest oil refinery and the third largest ship-building centre.

Throughout the 1820s, then, attempts were made to create a port. Unfortunately, unlike Singapore, the new port was not on a major shipping lane and the small population of soldiers and their families was not large enough to attract maritime traders to call in. Heat, fever, storms, isolation and Aboriginal hostility all eroded the health and morale of the British. All that can be said of this tragic episode is that it deterred the Dutch and French from trying to claim the 'Top End'. (Even today Territorians, who see wearing shoes as formal dress, are sent 'troppo' at least once a year by an average 1,500mm of rain over only 80 days of thunderstorms and the occasional cyclone).

Meanwhile, European explorers were learning more about Australia's interior. In 1844 Prussian naturalist Ludwig Leichhardt left Brisbane in Queensland to travel 4,800 kilometres north west to Darwin. He disappeared into the interior, was believed dead, but more than a year after his departure finally struggled into Port Essington near Darwin. (He was to disappear for good on his third expedition). Also in 1844, Captain Charles Sturt set off from Adelaide in South Australia. He was so confident of the theory that the Territory concealed a great inland sea that his equipment included a boat. Sturt and his party almost reached the Tropic of Capricorn (Alice Springs is now located just south of this latitude) before being forced to retreat because of sickness and a shortage of drinking water. In 1862 Sturt's former surveyor, John McDougall Stuart, successfully traversed the continent from south to north, discovering what he believed to be a fine grazing land and a possible route for an overland telegraph line.

The Territory at this time was still being governed (so to speak) as part of New South Wales (with which it shared no common border). The South Australian Government wanted to annex the Territory as part of the State. Stuart's report was used as evidence that the Territory could be useful for grazing and that a telegraph wire from Adelaide to Darwin would link Australia to the outside world. In 1863 London transferred control of the Territory from Sydney to Adelaide.

In 1871 Charles Todd, South Australia's Superintendent of Telegraphs, was given responsibility for construction of the 3,200 kilometre telegraph line, which ran through some of the most inhospitable country on earth, with all the materials having to be carted from Adelaide. The first direct message travelled the wire between Britain and Adelaide in October 1872. Todd and his men were hailed as heroes. His efforts were celebrated locally in the naming of the usually dry Todd River which cuts through the city of Alice Springs, itself named after his wife.

However, the Territory was a great burden for South Australia. Within only a few years, it was clear that Aborigines had developed a form of

subsistence living which enabled them to survive on the land — but that European farming techniques could not be employed. Cattle and sheep grazing was difficult, there was only a small local market for the produce and the larger markets were thousands of kilometres away.

The Commonwealth of Australia was established in 1901, giving the continent its first national governmment. In 1911, South Australia transferred the Northern Territory to the Australian Government.

Territorians had full voting rights while under South Australian control, but those rights were lost with the Federal take-over. In 1922 the Territory was given parliamentary representation in the Federal House of Representatives, but the sole member had no voting rights. Partial voting rights were given in 1958, but only on Bills which exclusively affected the Northern Territory, and it took a further 10 years before full voting rights were finally achieved. In 1947 a Legislative Council was set up in the Territory by the Federal Government, growing to become a Legislative Assembly of 19 members in 1974. In that same year, the Territory was allowed two Senators in the Federal Senate. Unlike Australia's States, the Territory has only one House of Parliament (the Legislative Assembly with 25 members who are elected every four years), and has a Chief Minister and an Administrator rather than a Premier and Governor. Self-government gave the Northern Territory responsibility for its own finances, but the Federal Government retains its power over Aboriginal affairs, land rights and uranium mining. These remain, ironically, among the major controversies in Australian politics both inside and outside the Territory.

For thousands of years, Aborigines thrived in the Territory. They never just roamed the land in search of food but moved methodically through a particular area, utilising their understanding of the relationship between plants and animals, the seasons and natural life-cycles. Their diets were influenced by the regional foods available — in Central Australia plants were the staple foods with kangaroo being highly prized, but on the Top End coast the dugong (sea cow), turtles, wallabies, snakes, fish and shell fish were sought after. The land also provided brush and bark materials for shelter, grasses and vines for weaving into baskets, while chipped rock, carved wood and sharpened bone were used for weapons, implements and religious artefacts. Over the millennia, Aborigines learnt to manipulate their environment with a system of 'fire stick farming', which involved burning off sections of the bush from time to time. The benefits were many: debris was cleared away; plant life encouraged to grow anew and thus attract animals; different stages of growth were maintained in the bush; people and their land were protected from wildfires; animals were flushed from the scrub during burning and were easier to hunt.

The traditional Aboriginal lifestyle was therefore totally dependent on the land, demanding an intimate and extensive knowledge of the country, wildlife and climate. When the Aborigine speaks of 'my land', he or she is not talking about individual proprietorial ownership, because the 'ownership' is shared in common with other clan members. These are

people linked by descent, and by a shared affiliation with the great ancestors who gave form to the landscape and created Aboriginal law, language and patterns of life. So in European sense, the Aborigines do not own the land, the land owns them.

Aboriginal life was wrecked by the white invasion. Last century's development of the pastoral industry brought about the breakdown of traditional Aboriginal life with huge tracts of land being taken up for grazing. The Aborigines resisted this invasion, and their attempts to drive the Europeans back resulted in a protracted war. There were battles, shootings and spearings, and the Europeans conducted 'reprisal raids' in which Aborigines were massacred or poisoned as recently as 1928: the Coniston Massacre, north west of Alice Springs.

In 1928, the Territory had a total Aboriginal population of at least 20,000 (not until 1967 were Aborigines included in the census arrangements for humans residing in Australia and so all Aboriginal figures are vague). The Territory had 4,500 whites, most of whom lived at the 'Top End'. Only about 500 lived in the centre, where temperatures often go over 100 degrees F, but where the desert can also have frost at night. Fred Brooks, aged 67, was a central Australian bushman who had worked in the area for three decades. A drought had been underway for four years and the local Aborigines were encroaching onto European stations (farms) to get water. Brooks set out to hunt dingoes. On August 6, 1928 he had sex with an Aboriginal woman, Marangali, without paying her husband — the customary transaction in those parts. The husband, Bullfrog, killed Brooks. The murder ignited what was already a highly inflammable racial situation. The husband and his wife headed even further into the desert. They evaded the massacre by police and vigilantes. Because of the drought, Aboriginal camps were closer to white properties and so easier to attack. Constable William Murray and his civilian assistants were not just looking for a murderer but were demonstrating white authority over what seemed to be an Aboriginal rebellion.

In the ensuing violence up to 70 Aborigines were killed; one other white was also killed, 'Nugget' Morton. Murray was a hero to the local whites, but he became an international embarrassment to the Australian Government. Athol McGregor, a Methodist missionary with probably the world's largest one-man parish, heard about the massacre on his travels and reported it on his next trip to Darwin. The local newspaper's accounts were then reprinted by the British newspapers and debated at the League of Nations. The Australian Prime Minister, Stanley Melbourne Bruce, bowing reluctantly to international pressure, set up an Enquiry. This cleared Murray — while ironically determining that the total number of Aborigines killed (31) was greater than Murray admitted to (17). The Enquiry found that all the Aborigines were killed while resisting arrest — and most of them had been implicated in the murder of either Brooks or 'Nugget' Morton. The Enquiry also found that 'there is evidence of ample native food and water'. In short, the Enquiry's report quelled the criticism and soon the event was forgotten. But the

Aborigines have not forgotten. They knew the Enquiry's report was rubbish; the Enquiry interviewed few Aborigines and ignored the women killed in the rampage. (Brooks' murderer, Bullfrog, ironically, outlived both Murray and McGregor and lived into the 1970s).

In a referendum in 1967, the Federal Government was given overall responsibility for the nation's Aboriginal affairs, and significant Federal funding programmes were developed. The Northern Territory was unusual because it was controlled directly from Canberra. Although Australian Governments have had since 1967 the constitutional authority to control Aboriginal affairs in the States, all of them have backed away from using their authority fully because of the risk of alienating domestic opinion in the States. The referendum has not, then, resulted in the progress which its advocates anticipated 22 years ago. But a cynic could point out that Australian Governments have had that constitutional authority in the Northern Territory since 1911 (when the Territory went under Federal control) and yet Aborigines were treated no better in the Territory by the Federal Government than they were elsewhere by State Governments.

When the Labour Party came to power in 1972, it tried to make greater use of its constitutional authority, especially on the emerging issue of land rights. It tried to create a show case in the Territory to set an example for the States. As Gough Whitlam, the Prime Minister said in 1973, 'Australia's treatment of its Aboriginal people will be the thing upon which the rest of the world will judge Australia and Australians — not just now, but in the greater perspective of history.' The Aboriginal Land Rights Act of 1976 pioneered Aboriginal land rights legislation in Australia, providing a legal framework for Aboriginal groups to make claim to unalienated Crown land on the grounds of traditional attachment. Claims can only be made to vacant Crown Land, and cannot be made to private land in towns or over leases held by pastoral companies except where the lease is held by or for Aboriginal people. The Act also provided for the appointment of Aboriginal Land Commissioners, and for the establishment of Aboriginal Land Councils to administer the land on behalf of the Territory's Aborigines. A system of Land Trusts was set up, allowing title to existing Aboriginal reserves to be handed to the traditional Aboriginal owners.

A perpetual source of tension is over the right to mine on Aboriginal land. There is a fear among the Aboriginal elders that mining will desecrate sacred sites, destroy traditional culture and in doing so create a range of social problems including alcoholism and crime. The Northern Land Council estimates that in the area it covers between 60 and 70 per cent of Aboriginal people are opposed to mining while 30-40 per cent are in favour. In the area administered by the Central Land Council, support for mining is generally greater with about three-quarters of the population willing to allow mineral exploration. Aboriginal people are not opposed to mining development as such, but want to control the pace of it.

BIG COMPUTERS DEPLOYED TO MAKE A RISKY WORLD SAFER

by Thomas Land

A devastating series of storms, floods and other natural disasters this year striking several Commonwealth countries has led to an action oriented study on early warning techniques exploring the potential of electronic data processing and communications. It will complement a UN programme for co-ordinated research, data gathering and information sharing during the next decade.

COMPUTERS processing the satellite data obtained high above the Himalayas can determine the depth of snow cover and predict the run-off when it eventually melts. The same technique may soon be used to give early warning of impending disaster in the densely populated flood-prone Ganges Delta below.

Vast populations and many industries are to benefit from a global programme for the development of computer techniques for disaster prevention and management. Mounted by the Commonwealth Science Council and focussing the work of many industrial research establishments, universities and government departments around the world, the project may well lead to substantial export orders. The programme has recently been launched at a meeting of specialists in London. It will exploit the rapid recent development of electronic data processing and telecommunications to make the world a safer place. It follows a devastating series of disasters this year striking several member countries of the Commonwealth.

The United Nations has already designated the 1990s as the International Decade to Combat Natural Disasters through co-ordinated research, data gathering and information sharing. Both programmes offer big business opportunities to the computer industry. The Commonwealth technology programme is intended to help member countries to deal with natural as well as man-made disasters. It will focus on large scale transport and industrial accidents as well as on floods, hurricanes, landslides, earthquakes and drought. Data processing and management, telecommunications and remote sensing are to play an important part in the project.

As a first step, the programme will provide an information base on the vulnerabilities and needs of high-risk areas. There are also plans for a handbook on disaster prevention and management intended for public administrators in transport, health, welfare, education and other fields, training and research institutions and voluntary organisations. The study may well prove to be of particular interest to the computer, electronics, shipping, navigation and marine construction industries, among others.

A specialist spokesman for the Commonwealth Secretariat describes the programme as a response to 'a series of horrifying disasters during the past few months. Last September and October, Bangladesh experienced the worst floods in history, and the Caribbean and Central America were

struck by their worst hurricane in this century. In August, an earthquake killed 800 in India and Nepal. In July, Lesotho was cut off by snow . . .' Cyclones, floods, volcanic eruptions and other natural disasters have claimed millions of lives and caused an estimated £50 billion damage to property since the late 1960s. But the UN Centre for Science and Technology in New York comments: 'The world community has learned a lot about climatic and other forecasting. A global focus on measures to predict, if not prevent, dramatic natural phenomena is long overdue'.

Both the Commonwealth and the UN programmes will explore a range of spectacular recent developments in potent but relatively inexpensive data processing, navigation, communication and detection channels. Other areas under study are disaster preparedness embodied in risk assessment and planned respone to emergencies as well as disaster mitigation, ranging from good planning and construction codes to tax reform and insurance incentives.

Consider the enormous potential role of computers in disaster prediction and management. The advent of powerful machines such as the vector processing CRAY 1-S and CYBER-205 has led to a rapid growth in the use of numerical models to study the behaviour of the deep oceans, often the source of climatic disasters. Studies range from the large scale general circulation of the ocean and its climate, through intermediate scale studies of the ocean eddy field and equatorial current systems, to small scale studies of individual eddies and the flow of ocean currents through narrow channels.

One area in which ocean modelling has proved particularly promising is the study of *El Nino* — a change in the atmospheric circulation pattern which occurs at irregular intervals of up to eight years. The present *El Nino* is blamed for the floods both in Bangladesh and the Sudan. The same phenomenon is responsible also for such disasters as the recurring monsoon failures hitting South-East Asia, floods in Central and South America and the collapse of fisheries off the South American coast. And the southern oscillation associated with *El Nino* is an oceanic phenomenon involving big changes in atmospheric pressure across the Pacific between Australia and Latin America.

Thus the 1982-83 *Nino* wiped out crops and ravaged the western seaboard of the Americas by presistent storms, destroying much of the global anchovy harvest. In Australia, the associated southern oscillation led to severe drought, furious bushfires and dust storms which carried away 200,000 tonnes of topsoil. But computer scientists at Britain's Institute of Oceanographic Sciences, co-operating with colleagues in the affected Commonwealth countries, have now been able to model the *El Nino* phenomenon — and indeed they may soon be able to predict future *El Ninos*.

This will make dependable, very long range weather forecasting possible. As a result, comments the World Bank in a recent discussion paper, specialists can now be expected 'to provide at least a few months' advance notice of increased risk of climate-related disasters, such as a poor south-

west monsoon in India, drought in East Africa, Indonesia or the Brazilian Amazon or serious flooding in Peru or Ecuador. Advance information on seasonal climate fluctuations will make planning for the distribution of fertilizer or food relief more efficient. Construction projects could be timed to avoid flooding . . .' All of which make the Commonwealth and UN studies in early warning and disaster management a very realistic exercise.

The UN study was announced early last year after at least 17 national professional groups, including the Royal Society of Canada and the Science Council of Japan, had called for a co-ordinated worldwide research and training programme to combat natural disasters. Their case was supported by many concerned global organisations such as the International Council of Scientific Unions, the International Union of Geological Sciences and the International Association of Earthquake Engineering.

'Data processing backed by remote sensing offers the first and vital early warning', explains a specialist at the UN science and technology centre, 'while flood control technologies, safer building techniques and land surveying give planners the option to resettle populations in less vulnerable areas.' He adds: 'Land-based and airborne instrumentation can pick up the warning signs with great accuracy. Communications technology and micro-computers have been scaled to such convenient size and cost that it is almost criminal to leave poor and vulnerable populations defenceless in the face of predictable disasters. And if humanitarian concerns will not suffice, then the cold hard cost of cleaning up after floods, earthquakes and tidal waves should convince politicians at home and in donor capitals that a satellite dish antenna and a small computer in high-risk communities would be cheap insurance.'

The Commonwealth initiative may well be overdue. Computer models plotting the climatic change of the planet predict an up to 3.5 metre rise in the sea level in the next century, devastating coastlines and, in the absence of proper preparations, perhaps even drowning cities.

Much of London and the Thames estuary may well be engulfed by tides overwhelming all flood defences, according to recent projections published by Ulster University's Department of Environment Studies. 'In Bangladesh alone, 15 million people will have to move or drown within 30 years', says a specialist of the UN Environment Programme.

The process of change is irreversible, fuelled by the 'greenhouse effect' — the concentration of man-made carbon dioxide and other gases trapping heat in the earth's atmosphere, melting the icecaps and raising the sea level. Climatic change cannot be prevented. But it may be possible to limit its extent, delay its onset and institute measures designed to mitigate its worst effects — given global accord on co-ordinated action.

[Thomas Land is an author and foreign correspondent who writes on global affairs.]

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM: THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER?

by R. D. Kernohan

GOVAN, which is Glasgow's Left Bank down river from the Gorbals, has contrived two recent sensations. One was when it rejected Labour at the by-election after Bruce Millan moved to Brussels as an EEC commissioner, electing instead Jim Sillars of the Scottish National Party (and previously of the Labour Party and the breakaway Scottish Labour Party). The other was when its greatest local institution, Rangers Football Club, signed a Catholic who had played for the rival Celtic before setting out on some European travels.

There has been much debate in Glasgow since about whether this player is (in Glasgow's idiom) to be the 'Token Tim' for a club whose supporters sing them home to victory with Ulster Orange ballads like 'The Sash' and 'Derry's Walls'. But a more important Scottish question is whether Mr. Sillars is to be the 'Token Jim'.

Life is frustrating for Scottish Nationalists who believe that independence is their manifest destiny. A generation ago they longed for another by-election quickly after Mrs. Winnie Ewing won at Hamilton. It was slow in coming and when it did Labour held off the challenge with a good candidate in South Ayrshire: a Mr. Jim Sillars. After Govan it came quickly and close at hand in Glasgow Central. There was no momentum, no band-waggon, no repetition of Labour failures in campaigning and candidate selection. Instead there was a by-election on the same day as the European parliamentary elections which dismissed the last two Scottish Conservative MEPs. Labour, taking all the Scottish Euro-seats except Mrs. Ewing's Highland one, held Govan comfortably.

On paper there ought to be many consolations for the SNP. It polled well ahead of the Conservatives not only in the by-election but in the Euro-elections, taking more than 25 per cent of the Scottish vote against the Tories' 21 per cent and Labour's 42. It polled six times as many votes as the Democrats and nearly four times as many as the fashionable Greens. It could plausibly project a gain of about six seats at the next General Election to add to its present four. It also thought up more bizarre statistical consolations such as that 'our votes increased more than six times as fast as Labour's'.

It could claim for the moment, on this firmer evidence than mere opinion polls, to be the second party in Scotland, with talk of a two-party system excluding the Conservatives. It could, if it cared, argue on a higher plane that anyone taking a long view, back over a half century or so, might discern a sustained if at times staccato movement towards nationalism and therefore presumably towards Scottish independence. (It is, of course, even less fashionable in the SNP than in other parties to question whether it would actually unite to implement its principles and policy if it came close to an opportunity to do so.)

But one trouble with the SNP and for the most vociferous party-activist Scottish Nationalists is that their style, outlook, and ethos express exasperation and impatience, and never more so than when Mr. Sillars is making the running. Sharing a quasi-religious conviction that Scotland ought to be independent, they are apt to read the signs of the times in the way that one kind of Fundamentalist reads the Book of Daniel. The strength of conviction takes precedence over the weight of evidence and the balance of probabilities.

And the weight of evidence after the Glasgow Central by-election and the Euro-elections, notwithstanding the testimony of Govan and the poor showing of the Scottish Conservatives, is that the SNP's revival represents a powerful Scottish protest rather than the early stages of a national revolution.

That, of course, is how the SNP may reasonably be seen rather than how it sees itself. Its party strategy remains based on the assumption that the Conservative Government will emerge from its mid-term troubles and remain in power at Westminster, probably with even less Scottish support than in 1987. Then, according to the SNP, a national exasperation in Scotland will turn against Labour as dramatically as it has rejected Mrs. Thatcher.

Inspired by that conviction, the SNP (flexible and even opportunist in many respects, especially its conversion from anti-Marketeering to 'Scot tish independence in Europe') has even turned away a considerable tactical opportunity. Like the Conservatives, though after more heated internal argument, it has steered clear of the self-styled 'constitutional convention' which claims to represent all other shades of anti-Thatcher opinion: Labour, Democrat, trade union, local governmental, and ecclesiastical. Apart from the Tories, who could hardly be expected to join a convocation which anathematized Mrs. Thatcher in advance, the only really significant absentees from this offshoot of the earlier Campaign for a Scottish Assembly are the CBI and the SNP.

That may make the convention's short-term task easier. Its most difficult task, at least on the surface, will now merely be to reconcile the Labour Party's enthusiasm for devolution with the fears that a Scottish Assembly, especially one without proportional representation, would be dominated by the Labour Party machine in and around Glasgow. Even that difficulty may be overcome if Mr. Donald Dewar, whose capacity to sound eminently reasonable makes some people wonder how he ever got into the Labour Party, earnestly promises to give PR very careful consideration. That would leave the way clear for the convention to agree on a hundred and one ways that a Scottish Assembly and its executive could intervene in economic and fiscal policy. In the subsequent euphoria few people would point out very forcefully that formulae devised to frustrate and upset the economic policies of a right-wing Conservative Government might not be very congenial in practice to a Labour Government at Westminster, especially one excited by the taste of power after a long abstinence.

The SNP could have opted to use the convention as a platform. Conviction, principle, calculation, arrogance, obstinacy, contempt for some of the opinionated amateurs involved — or a mixture of these elements — have kept it out. Probably the main calculations are that the convention will make no real impact but that its deliberations, its findings, and the ambiguities almost inevitable in its outcome, will draw Scottish media and public opinion even farther into the kind of debate where at least the SNP offers a clear and coherent option, however unrealistic or unacceptable to the majority of Scots.

Meanwhile the majority of Scots are no more fond of Mrs. Thatcher than they were in 1987, though the great paradox of Scottish politics remains. This intense unpopularity of modern Conservatism, intensified by the hostility of the Scottish media, has not seriously hindered the operation of the administratively devolved system of Government. Mr. Malcolm Rifkind, like Mr. George Younger before him, has been a mildly popular as well as an effective Secretary of State. Even the hostile and at times hysterical media play a game of good guys and bad guys, with Mr. Michael Forsyth confirmed in the role of villain since he took over the chairmanship of the Conservative Party in Scotland. Probably Mr. Forsyth has three great virtues in the Prime Minister's eyes. He is bright, he held a seat which he was widely expected to lose, and he usually agrees with her.

But there is no sign that he can work political miracles. The Conservative Party in Scotland has been shrinking for 40 years, mainly through the disappearance of its old working-class support in the cities and the rise of the SNP (or in places the rising again to the old Liberal tradition) in the small towns and countryside. Labour has held its support rather than converted the rest of Scotland; any emotional or intellectual move to the left is more evident in the current tone and style of sections of the SNP than in conversions to Socialism. And Mrs. Thatcher's style, as well as some of her policies, have made life much more difficult for Conservatives (like Alick Buchanan-Smith) whose own style would be to appeal to the middle ground and the people who might vote Conservative without feeling themselves Tories.

There may, however, be some truth now in a Conservative assumption where the party has previously been found in error. Some Tories think that the party support in Scotland is now down to bedrock. Some of their predecessors also thought that things couldn't possibly get worse, only to discover that they did.

The argument now, which certainly appeals to Mr. Forsyth, is that the SNP is dangerous enough, and Labour so committed to unworkably extreme forms of devolution, that there may even be some political headway in adopting a very unionist posture. Tory devolutionists have either left the party — a few of them — or have been reduced to ineffectiveness, or have realistically concluded that there's not much point in stepping out of line for the sake of reforms so mild that they would be received with derision, not only by the SNP and the Scottish media

but by Labour people who resisted the Callaghan devolution plan of the 1970s. At the very least this line will consolidate the Conservative support in the Scottish business community, which remains intensely suspicious of new layers of government and taxation.

A rather similar argument applies in relation to the community charge, already in operation in Scotland and even more unpopular than the domestic rating system it replaces, if only because more people are affected. But there are no signs that the SNP's anti-payment campaign will either make the poll tax unworkable or to win many converts. The Government is denounced and Labour is embarrassed, with the realism of local councils pulling in a different direction from the emotions of local activists. The vast majority of Scots, however, will pay with varying degrees of reluctance, some indignant at what they regard as an unfair reallocation of the burden of local taxation and some simply indignant at being asked to pay at all after escaping the direct impact of domestic rates. And to a very limited extent there could even be a consolidation of the remaining Conservative support, if only because of fears that a Labour Government might end up restoring rates and adding a substantial local income tax as well. In Scotland at least those who feel hardest hit are not for most part Conservative voters.

But none of this defensive unionism and coolness under poll tax fire creates the conditions for a Conservative revival. The only realistic political assumption for the immediate future is Labour will have about the same number of Scots MPs in the next Parliament as in this one, even if inflation is brought back under control and if it becomes marginally easier than it was in 1983 or 1987 for Conservative candidates to claim that Scotland's only economic hope lies in learning to live with the market economy. The political mood formed in the age of pit, ship-yard, and vehicle-plant closures will not be dispelled even when the communities affected have made their economic and social adjustments.

The noisiest debate of the next General Election in Scotland will not be about whether the Conservatives ought to be displaced but how. Mrs. Thatcher (who presumably will lead the Tories vigorously enough) will still lose more votes than she gains in Scotland. The SNP will join in the denunciation heartily enough but it will come under two kinds of pressure which don't exist with much force in mid-term. The likelier it seems that Labour can command sufficient English support to come to power, the easier it will be for it to hold and even slightly extend its Scottish vote, especially if there is no revival of the Centre and no dramatic boost for the Greens. The SNP may even be reduced to holding what it has if the polls point to a close election for the United Kingdom as a whole. If Conservative defeat seems a real possibility it may even find life harder in its former Tory seats in North-East Scotland and in the few others where it hopes for gains.

And if Labour wins, or if there is a hung Parliament? Then perhaps the SNP would have an opportunity for which it is unprepared but to which it might adjust surprisingly speedily, exploiting the hesita-

tions which might develop in implementing a devolution scheme and insisting that whatever can conceivably be offered cannot be enough. The Labour commitment which the SNP at present professes to despise (either for its inadequacy or improbability of fulfilment) would be the Nationalists' greatest opportunity.

There perhaps lies the least satisfactory feature of the present Scottish situation and future outlook. In response to a situation combining problems of constitutional complexity and emotional sensitivity, the Conservative Government has had to barricade itself against any kind of legislative devolution whatever and Labour, despite its former doubts and hesitations, has committed itself to far-reaching changes. But the problem goes even deeper. Whatever Government succeeds the Conservative one — whether in 1991 through a Labour revival or at some later date with a new alignment of forces — will be committed to creating some form of national autonomy in Scotland, and probably to doing so in isolation and not as part of a wider scheme of devolution for the United Kingdom.

Moreover whoever carries out these 'reforms' will probably have made some kind of commitment to seeking some special Scottish relationship to the European Community, however unworkable. They will certainly, if the present mood in Scotland is sustained, have made commitments to giving a Scottish Assembly economic and financial powers which could give Britain some of the problems of a federal State without providing any of the means whereby federal States resolve them. The tensions might be considerable under even a Labour Government at Westminster. Would they be manageable if a Labour Government or new Lib-Lab pact was later overwhelmed by a new wave of radical Conservatism under some disciple of Mrs. Thatcher?

If Mrs. Thatcher were a more traditional kind of Conservative she might find some force in the argument that if this kind of change threatens to become inevitable it should be guided and restrained by legislation from a Tory Government. Twenty years ago Lord Home, encouraged by Edward Heath, started off on that road before the party changed direction. Mrs. Thatcher can hardly try the same line and in any event recognises that it couldn't achieve anything in Scotland's present mood. But, were she to win the next election and pass on the baton a couple of years later, would her successor necessarily see things the same way or face the same restrictions on real freedom of action?

The trouble for any reforming Tory in this area is that unless the SNP is doing well there is not much pressure for change; and when it is doing well many Tories worry about doing anything which might increase the emotional momentum of nationalism and (if that were possible) further stimulate the excitement it provokes in most of the Scottish media.

For the moment the situation is more stable than seemed possible after the Govan by-election. The SNP, having got thus far, is not likely to get much farther for the moment. Labour will put much more emphasis

on its alleged credibility as a Government at Westminster than on its devolutionary plans. The constitutional convention will bask in media flattery and a sense of self-importance, but will lack the influence it might have had if the Centre parties had been making much headway. Labour will pour on a little more flattery but stop short of commitments that tie the hand of a Kinnock Government, especially on proportional representation.

And probably for the next two years the most significant political feeling in Scotland, and the most acute division among the Scots, will not be about devolutionary arrangements or even independence but about whether Mrs. Thatcher should have another term. The pattern of Scots politics will be closer to that of the rest of the United Kingdom than for the past year or two, even though Tory support will lag far behind the level in England. Mr. Sillars' presence at Westminster will be a token of Scotland's frustrations rather than a pointer to Scotland's future.

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Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* are *Gods, Emperors and Babies: Takeo Doi and the Royal Wheedler* by I. S. Gillespie, *A Pensioner Looks at Politics* by Denis Ellwand and *The Prime Minister in the Twentieth Century* by Curtis A. Amlund.

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND KATHERINE MANSFIELD: FACETS OF A RELATIONSHIP

by Walter J. Strachan

MANY factors underlie the intense, strangely ambivalent relationship between Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield. It continued all through Katherine's writing life up to her death, January, 1923. It puzzled and haunted her rival up to within two months of her suicide, March 28, 1941, when she recalled KM's enlightened attitude (compared to her own) to the manuscript copy of Joyce's *Ulysses* which Harriet Weaver had hopefully brought over from Paris (April 18, 1918). 'There's something in this that should figure in the history of literature', observed Katherine.

Katherine Mansfield first met the Woolfs in 1916. She was twenty-eight. Virginia, with her first novel *The Voyage Out* already published, was her senior by six years. They discussed KM's novella, *Prelude*. Virginia thought their newly acquired Press — named 'Hogarth' after their house in Richmond — should put it on their list. 'I threw my darling to the wolves', wrote its author to the Hon. Dorothy Brett, one of the many friends she shared with Virginia Woolf. And, to the same correspondent (May 12, 1918), 'I saw Virginia Thursday. She was very nice . . . she *does* take the writing business seriously . . . My poor dear *Prelude* is still piping away in their little cage. They say it will be out in June. And won't the "intellectuals" just hate it . . .'.

We have Virginia Woolf's reaction to Katherine Mansfield at the initial interview: 'It struck me that she is of the cat kind . . . We (she and Leonard) both wish our first impression of KM was not that she stinks like a — well — civet cat that had taken to street-walking. In truth, I'm a little shocked by her commonness at first sight . . . when this diminished, she is so intelligent and inscrutable that she repays friendship'. Snobbery? It could not be jealousy — yet.

Virginia's portrait, written only a week after her rival's death, reveals the social gulf she felt between them: 'I could see her before me so exactly . . . She has the look of a Japanese doll, with the fringe combed straight across her forehead . . . Her eyes were beautiful . . . Her nose was sharp and a little vulgar . . . she wore short skirts'. A gut reaction. One can imagine Virginia, the fastidious daughter of a Pre-Raphaelite-style beauty, shrinking back — until reason prevailed. Virginia was certainly an intellectual snob. Her essay, *Am I a Snob?*, comes appropriately from one whose great-uncle had written *The Book of Snobs*. She enjoyed mixing with high society — the Cecils, the Sackville-Wests, etc; she admired their grand houses. Yet the gap between Virginia's and Katherine's status is not that wide. Sir Leslie Stephen's knighthood for services to literature may be accounted a notch higher than that conferred on Katherine's father, Sir Harold Beauchamp, distinguished banker and businessman in Wellington, New Zealand.

Certainly the different social attitudes of Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield, arising from their respective home backgrounds and education, contributed to their clash of temperament. Virginia was privately educated at the family home at Hyde Park Gate, chiefly by her parents. In contrast, Katherine Mansfield was the product of a free, open-air life in New Zealand and of two spells of formal education at Queen's College, Harley Street, eager to start her life in London as a writer.

Her pattern of social activity differed markedly from Virginia's. She disliked protocol; literary 'at homes' were anathema to her. 'I have nothing to say to "charming women". I feel like a cat among tigers'. What she enjoyed were frank exchanges of opinion with fellow-writers, D. H. Lawrence and VW in particular.

Lawrence was intimidated by formal occasions. John Middleton Murry, Katherine's lover, promoter and finally (May 3, 1918) her husband, who was staying with her in a cottage at Zennor next to the Lawrences, refers to an evening at the H. G. Wells's which might well have been a fiasco. DH insisted on wearing his (first) dress-suit. To put an agitated Lawrence more at ease, Murry 'with the help of a few pearl buttons and a piece of wire, managed to make himself presentable. Katherine tried to treat the whole thing as a joke'.

Virginia loved parties; they belonged to her life-style. At one period she entertained the senior and junior luminaries of Cambridge University with which she and Leonard had close associations.

Thanks to my friendship with James Hamilton Doggart — later to become a celebrated ophthalmologist — one of the guests at a party she gave at Hogarth House on January 14th, 1920, I am able to add to her hostess-view of that occasion (*Diary*, January 17) a guest-view of a party given the previous year by J. Tressider Sheppard (future Provost of King's College) at which two of the guests, Doggart and Miss Joshua, were also at Virginia's party. She describes them: 'Then there was the party... Miss Joshua in pale pink & shoes of Artemis... Doggatt *(sic)* the spruce innocent young man with eyes like trout streams'.

Concerning the Sheppard party (Gordon Square, December 1919) Doggart, in a letter to me, dated March 13, 1980, recalls the occasion: 'I remember it well, almost as though it were yesterday — Duncan Grant, Clive Bell, my Newnham friend, Cathy Joshua *and* Vanessa and Virginia in their lovely Victorian finery'.

Virginia was extremely clothes-conscious. The fact is reflected in her writing. For Mrs. Dalloway, it was 'Gloves and shoes; she had a passion for gloves; but her own daughter, Elizabeth, cared not a straw for either of them...'. In KM's stories our attention is drawn to clothes only when relevant to a particular situation. In *The Daughters of the Late Colonel* the question of mourning arises: 'Two black dressing-gowns and two pairs of woolly slippers creeping off to the bathroom like black cats'. KM's diversions on the 'Burberry' and the 'sea-gull' hat add humour to the characterisation in *An Indiscreet Journey*.

In contrast to KM's light-hearted attitude during the awkward evening

at H. G. Wells's, VW's dejection over an, admittedly, more disastrous situation, reveals her touchiness. The Woolfs had been invited to dine with the novelist, Rose Macaulay, on March 26, 1926. Virginia's diary-entry runs: '... about to dine at a pot-house with Rose Macaulay ...'. Condescendingly, she adds, 'an experience perhaps'. It was a disaster. Quentin Bell (Virginia Woolf, Vol. 2) tells us that Leonard and Virginia — still in their working clothes — were mortified to be confronted with guests in dress-clothes, not in a pot-house but a top-class restaurant. Leonard's hands, always subject to trembling, shook soup all over the table. Virginia, mis-hearing a remark about the Gold Coast as something to do with the Holy Ghost, 'disgraced herself'. She took her revenge in the diary, referring to the guests as 'second-rate writers in second-rate clothes'.

She was, however, in awe of genius and real talent — 'I have dined with H. G. Wells to meet Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett and Granville Barker and I have only felt like an old washerwoman toiling step by step up a steep and endless staircase'.

Any hint of adverse criticism upset her. Regarding KM's notice of her novel, *Night and Day*, she writes, 'KM whote a review which irritated me; I thought I detected spite in it'. In point of fact, Katherine had corresponded with Murry about the book. 'My private opinion is that it is a lie in the soul ... talk about intellectual snobbery, the book reeks of it, but I can't say so in the *Athenaeum*' (which Murry was editing). KM had a point; the heroine, Katherine Hilbery, is the author's unflattering portrayal of herself.

Perhaps more than Virginia Woolf, Katherine Mansfield was able to separate personal feelings from professional judgement. A few months earlier (August 19, 1919) she had written to Virginia: 'You would not believe me if you knew how often you are in my heart and mind'.

In spite of the fact that the two authors were now having weekly meetings, Virginia Woolf could write: 'I threw down *Bliss* (title-story of the volume published 1921) with the exclamation "she's done for" ... she writes badly too'. Compare KM's assessment of Virginia: 'I have read your article on Modern Novels (1919). You write so damn'd well, so devilish well'.

Virginia Woolf's struggle is to discriminate between her personal affection and respect for KM and her jealousy — strong enough to warp her literary judgement. She writes in her *Diary* (December 12, 1920): 'I was happy to hear K abused the other night. Now why? Partly some obscure feeling that she advertises herself; or Murry does it for her ... yet in my heart I must think her good ...' Four days later, still obsessed by the question: 'I've plucked out my jeolousy of K by writing her an insincere-sincere letter'.

These and other observations — too many to quote here — belong to her endeavour to understand KM and define her relationship with her. 'I should need to write a long description of her to arrive at my queer balance of interest, amusement & annoyance ...' (*Diary*, February 18,

1919). The 'inscrutable' woman remains inscrutable.

The difference of personality between the rival writers also emerges in their respective attitudes to the novelist, Sir Hugh Walpole. KM, in her reply to his complaint about her review of *The Captives,* does her best to make up for the hurt she had caused. 'I feel,' she writes, 'that Hugh Walpole's next novel is the one to look for'. VW is unsparing, 'I shall enjoy Walpole's elaborate defence of his creative zest for honours and cheques'.

Her wit can be devastating. She is describing an occasion at the Royal Society of Literature. Vita, herself a poet (her collection *Solitude* was published by the Hogarth Press) has delivered a lecture on 'Some tendencies of Modern English Poetry' (October 27, 1926). 'She was fawned on by the little grocer Gosse . . . Gosse will survive us all. Later, a kind of black doormat got up and appeared to be Lady Gosse'.

Humour is kindlier in KM's writing. The scene is a church in her unfinished story, *A Man and his Dog:* '. . . At the tail of the procession came Potts in a cassock so much too large for him that it looked like a nightshirt . . . His voice was a very light plaintive tenor. It surprised everybody; it seemed to surprise him too. It was so plaintive that when he cried, "For the wings, for the wings of a dove", the ladies in the congregation wanted to club together to buy him a pair . . .'.

In her assessment of KM's work, Virginia Woolf alludes to her 'direct flick at the thing seen which is her special gift'. Doubtless she envied her rival's broader compass; her empathy with the luckless and lonely, the frightened and defenceless: Miss Brill, Ma Parker, The Little Governess. She realised she lacked KM's powers of inventing fictional characters. In her attack on the Arnold Bennett method in the classic essay, *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* — 'I daresay it's true', she admits, 'that I haven't the "reality gift".' In its absence, she lifts her characters from life. Friends, relations, acquaintances mainly from her own social class provide the material. Sally Seton, for example, in *Mrs. Dalloway* is modelled on Madge Vaughan. As she prepares her most popular novel, she writes, 'Vita should be Orlando, a young nobleman . . .'

Most importantly, her own family, the Stephens, are transformed into the Ramsays in *To the Lighthouse* — a brilliant evocation of a tyrannical family-head. The leitmotiv — frustration — which stems from him — goes back to the piece the ten-year old Virginia wrote for her periodical, *Hyde Park News,* under the title 'To the Lighthouse'. I quote an extract: '. . . the boatman said there was a perfect tide and wind for going there . . . Master Adrian Stephen was much disappointed at not being allowed to go . . .'. (Thirty-five years later — in the novel which retains the original title — it becomes: 'He remembered his father saying, you won't be able to go to the lighthouse . . .' — '. . . as once before, if there had been an axe handy, a knife . . . he would have seized it and struck his father through the heart'.).

The Stephens's holiday home, Talland House, St. Ives, also had happier associations for Virginia. 'Why am I so incredibly and incurably

romantic about Cornwall', she wrote (March 22, 1921). She loved the sea; in *The Waves,* its changing moods reflect the evolution of seven young destinies. VW maintained her Cornish connection through visits to her old friend 'Ka' Fox, then wife of Will Arnold-Forster and living at *The Eagle's Nest* near Zennor (and where I, exploring the *genus loci,* was a guest, ten years after Ka's death).

Katherine Mansfield shared VW's affection for the sea. In her case it finds expression in *To The Bay.* In the setting of Crescent Bay she evokes her New Zealand childhood. Her struggle to complete it and the relief she felt is expressed in words curiously parallel to VW's: 'here in a few minutes, I must record, heaven be praised the end of *The Waves'.* KM writes, 'I've just finished my new book, thanks be to God. I wish there was one . . . I hope it gives pleasure to some'. To the Hon. Dorothy Brett: 'it's full of seaweed . . . and rather gritty sandwiches . . .'. The essence, of course, lies in the drama of a human relationship.

In 1918 Murry had sent her to Looe in south Cornwall, hoping the sea breezes might improve the state of her lungs. Although she loved Looe — 'tis lovely air', she writes, quoting her hostess, Mrs. Honey, 'but I wish I were in London (but you'd be angry)'. In fact, she resented Murry's absence. 'That's the one thing I shall grudge Virginia all her days, that she and Leonard were together' (November 20, 1919). She forgets Leonard Woolf's long exile in Ceylon before he could afford to marry.

Leonard proved to be a wonderful husband. Few could have coped, as he did, with Virginia's fits of depression and bouts of madness. The trouble for the Murrys was JMM's double commitment, as editor of *The Athenaeum* and to his job at the War Office. He could rarely, except briefly, and not always at critical times, join Katherine. She could no longer ignore the more alarming symptoms of her TB. She writes in her *Journal*: 'I shan't have my work written. *That's what matters.* How unbearable it would be to die — to leave scraps'.

The thought spurred her on. Despite continual changes of location — from a German pension in Bavaria to a Swiss sanatorium — despite her panic about her relationship to Murry ('Appalling night of misery, deciding that J had no more need of our love'), she continued to produce stories of a unique nature ('I do believe that the time has come for a "new word",' July 1919) that were to put her among the great short-story writers of the world. Including Chekhov, whose influence she admits and about which VW derides her — 'all the Tchekhovian stuff about life . . .').

KM drew on the wealth of experience in an early life characterised by many 'affairs' — she has been described as 'bisexual' — disillusionment with a first marriage, a brief infatuation with the French poet, Francis Carco, reflected in *An Indiscreet Journey* and *Je ne parle pas français.*

Apart from a harmless flirtation with Vanessa's husband, Clive Bell, Virginia Woolf's emotional life centred round a series of 'affairs' with female friends; the most intense with Vita Sackville-West, wife of a

tolerant Harold Nicolson.

Both Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield had experienced grievous family bereavements. In 1906 Virginia lost her favourite brother, Thoby. She is thinking of him as she writes the final words of *The Waves:* 'Against you I will fling myself, unvanquished and unyielding, O Death'. Katherine's adored brother, 'Chummie' was killed in a hand-grenade accident at 'Plug Street' wood in 1915. 'I think I have known for a long time that life was over for me, but I never realised it until my brother died'. It echoes Virginia's, 'Why is life so tragic, so like a strip of pavement over an abyss!'. Along with the disbelief of both writers in the transcendental, this outlook on mortality had the effect of intensifying their commitment to writing. It is expressed in Katherine Mansfield's early exuberance: 'O to be a writer, a real writer given up to it and to it alone!' and Virginia Woolf's, 'There's no trifling with words — can't be done; not when they're to stand for ever'.

This shared ambition to achieve literary work of permanent value goes a long way towards explaining their rivalry. Rightly or wrongly they felt that the triumph of one could be a threat to the other. This is borne out by Virginia Woolf's reaction to the success of KM's *The Golden Party.* She herself had just been invited to contribute to T. S. Eliot's new review, *The Criterion.* 'So what does it matter', she comments, 'if KM soars in the newspapers and runs sales skyhigh!' (March 12, 1922).

Less than a year later Virginia was writing, 'Katherine has been dead a week, & how far am I obeying her: "Do not quite forget Katherine", which I read in one of her old letters... When I began to write, it seemed to me there was no point in writing, Katherine won't read it. Katherine is my rival no longer... where is she who could do what I can't... Then... visual impressions kept coming and coming before me — always of Katherine putting on a white wreath'. She continues to be haunted by her even in her dreams. She records one in 1931: 'of how we met beyond death and shook hands'. It sealed, as it were, a compact between them that went back to May 31, 1920, when she wrote, 'more than ever I feel a certain understanding between us and a queer sense of being "like" not only about literature'.

Only after KM's death could Virginia confess: 'I was jealous of her writing — the only writing I have ever been jealous of... and perhaps from jealousy I saw all the qualities I disliked in her'.

The relationship with Katherine was a thing apart. 'To no one else', writes Virginia, 'can I talk in the same disembodied way about writing' (*Diary,* June 5, 1920).

Thanks to Virginia Woolf's *Diary,* so assiduously kept, we see how often KM was in her mind — 'the inscrutable' Katherine — an enigma, treated with alternate disdain and affection.

In the novel Virginia considers her best, James Ramsay is fascinated by the different ways the lighthouse appears to him. 'Nothing was simply one thing', he concludes. A not inappropriate epigraph, perhaps, to sum up the Virginia Woolfe-Katherine Mansfield relationship.

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POEMS

HOME

Christ keep the cliffs and coves,
The land that gave me birth,
And let no harm come near to them
When I am gone to earth.

Christ keep them as they were
When I was but a boy:
To walk the roads and come to them
Was all my summer's joy.

This was the land of my content,
Blue sea and feathered sky,
Where, after years away, at last
I came home to die.

Along the road a line of oaks
Sturdy and strong were here,
Beside the deer park of Penrice —
Now vanished like the deer.

I was young and head was high —
Brave heart, do not despair —
For cliff and cove, headland and bay,
Christ keep them as they were.

A. L. Rowse

ABOVE WESTBURY

Even in midsummer this is an empty room,
having the hollowness that connives at echoes,
larks, it may be, voices, a white galloping.

In winter it rings with absences, though you could
command whoever plays the music to depart,
risking absurdity. So many have sat here, asking

a blessing before going on, with the great sun
like love that cannot be directly looked at,
cannot be explained, breaking and entering.

Joan Downar

SCIENCE FICTION MEETS GOD

by R. R. C. Penfold

AT first sight there can be no connection between tales of the occult and science fiction, where one tells stories of miracles being performed by spells and incantations the other tells of events strictly regulated by computers and theoretical physics and yet, strange as it might seem, there are a great many similarities between the two — and the gap is getting smaller all the time.

On the pulp or 'cowboys in space' level the obvious example is the *Star Wars* trilogy. In these a strong element running through all three movies is The Force — a mystical power which gives the Jedi Knights their strength — which can be used for good or evil. Luke Skywalker represents the good and Darth Vader the evil, so that, on one level at least, this is a story of a struggle between good and evil. Classical mythology in a futuristic setting.

Coming even closer is the 1968 Hammer movie, *Quatermass and the Pit,* the pit in this case being either a coded reference to hell or a literal reference to a hole being dug underneath a disused London tube station which uncovers an alien space ship. According to the story these aliens came from Mars millions of years ago, in a ship powered by psychic energy. (A method of propulsion normally reserved for magic broomsticks and flying carpets.) Their purpose was to colonize the then primitive inhabitants of Earth, but this particular space craft became stranded in what was then a marsh and remained undisturbed ever since although psychic energy leaking from it was responsible for many mysterious events. Because of this, the area became known as Hob's End — Hob being another name for the devil — but when the alien craft is uncovered it projects a giant figure of the horned beast onto the London skyline which drives the population insane. Apparently, this was a device used to control the primitive human beings which is why the image of a horned devil remained as a race memory throughout the intervening centuries; but the aliens are defeated when Quatermass remembers that iron is the traditional weapon against the devil and uses some to short-circuit the apparition.

In this story, the connection between science fiction and the occult is obvious. The two themes are fused into one with devil worship being given a quasi-scientific plausibility, but this is a trend not confined to movies.

In his classic sci-fi *Foundation* series Isaac Asimov has followed the same route. Initially this was about the collapse of one galactic empire and the rise of another which was a storyline the first three books of the series *(Foundation, Foundation and Empire, Second Foundation)* remained faithful to, but then everything changed. In *Foundation's Edge,* the next book of the series, the human race is given the choice between going its own way or accepting the benign control of some powerful being capable

of influencing every creature in the galaxy. In effect, they are being asked to accept the rule of God and even though this particular God has a physical location in space the similarities are still too close to be ignored. A divine being of incredible power is prepared to save the human race from itself, if only they will let it.

There is also a similar mystical theme in Arthur C. Clarke's most famous story *2001* which became *2010* and then *2061*. Although the original movie made up in special effects for what it lacked in explanation, anyone who has read the books will know the story. Millions of years ago aliens visited Earth to colonize its primitive inhabitants and then, having done that, they disappeared leaving strange black monoliths to be found by the human race. This leads the latter into making manned missions into deep space where these aliens are discovered to be super-intelligent beings who have evolved beyond the need for physical bodies, but who are nevertheless capable of working miracles like the creation of a second sun. Science fiction terminology it might be but a super-intelligent, formless, being capable of miraculous deeds is a working definition of God even the most devout could live with. All it now needs is for Arthur C. Clarke to come up with a second race of aliens who are as evil as the others are good and the story could be told on two entirely different levels. It could be a battle between highly evolved creatures fighting for domination of the universe, or God and the Devil struggling for mastery of the heavens. The story would be the same, only the terminology would be different.

But the most complete of all is *Contact* by Carl Sagan. This is the story of man's first encounter with Extra Terrestrial Intelligence (or ETI, as it is known) which begins with a coded radio signal being received. Within the book Sagan explains how a simple series of numbers, which is all that was received, can be translated into an extremely complex message. In this case it is the plans for a space ship so that the human race can finally meet another intelligent life form, but when that happens science fiction stops and mysticism begins. At their one and only meeting the subject for discussion is Pi, the ratio of a circle's circumference to its diameter which is normally expressed as 22/7. This has been calculated to 100,000 decimal places without an exact solution being reached, but the aliens have taken it further. According to them, the numbers formed in the calculation create a pattern in much the same way as their original message to Earth although as yet they have been unable to decode it. All they can therefore know for sure is that, as the value of Pi is built into the fabric of the universe, the message must come from the creator of all things. So, in other words, Sagan has just proved conclusively that God exists, and he did it against a strict background of science fiction.

All of this would be unimportant if it related exclusively to the makers of blockbuster movies, but these men are serious writers with a background in science so where they go others can be expected to follow and, in fact, this has already happened. *The Forge of God* by Greg Norman is the story of how one group of unknown but all-powerful aliens try to

destroy the world for no accountable reason while another equally unknown but all-powerful group try to save it, also for no accountable reason. In the book all the human race can do is wait to see what happens and talk about the Earth goddess. So the symbolism is, at times, far from subtle.

But the question is, why are these people turning to religion? Neither of them is particularly devout nor are they associated with any fringe occult groups, in fact Isaac Asimov has written articles expressly attacking such things, yet the conversion has taken place and, with Asimov, it can be charted most accurately.

The first three books of his *Foundation* series were originally written as a series of short stories intended for publication in a monthly magazine while the others were only written as books much later — and in between came World War II. After that the atom bomb stopped being the stuff of science fiction and became instead the reality of Hiroshima and Nagasaki which fiction had to accommodate with books like *On the Beach* by Neville Shute. (The world has just destroyed itself in a nuclear war and only Australia survives, but a radiation cloud is heading towards it.)

In 1933, H. G. Wells wrote *The Shape of Things to Come* which Alexander Korda later turned into a film classic. In this story Wells predicted the war would start in 1940 and would only end in 1970, when men of science took charge of the world and re-established civilization, but throughout the book there is no mention of God or any other all-powerful controlling entity. Man and science are all it takes, according to Wells, and yet modern writers think differently.

Before the war atomic bombs were as much a part of science fiction as ray guns or inter-stellar flight and there is even the famous story of the American magazine *Astounding Science Fiction* being investigated by the FBI because its March 1944 edition carried such a story. Apparently the authorities were concerned about a possible security leak from the Manhattan Project, but it was far from being the first published story on the subject. As far back as 1895 a book called *The Crack of Doom* was published in which a mad scientist tried to destroy the world with an atomic bomb.

But after Hiroshima and Nagasaki everything changed. Then there was a flood of after-the-holocaust survival stories, ranging from fantasies like 'Mad Max' or 'Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century', to the pseudo-serious 'Threads' or 'The Day After', but they all shared one common theme: mankind was about to self-destruct. There was no hope left for the human race and it is possible to trace the development of this trend throughout the century.

Extra-terrestrial intelligence was not about to rid the world of nuclear weapons so a more powerful force had to be found and eventually science fiction met God, or his scientifically acceptable equivalent at least. The only question now is, if science fiction is turning full circle back to ancient mythology then where do we go from here?

A LOOK AT LENINGRAD

by Leo Muray

PAYING a tourist's visit to a country like the Soviet Union, still under an authoritarian regime is, perhaps, more interesting than a proper tour of media investigation. It is more relaxed, in any case. Seeing Leningrad is in some way inspiring. Founded by Peter the Great in 1703, it is the youngest capital in Europe. Moscow, of course, is the capital of the Soviet Union and also of the Russian Federation itself. But Leningrad has the air of the former capital, a more real one because of its history, that is still waiting to be restored to its former role unjustly taken away.

The first impression is puzzlingly disappointing. The airport is small and neglected with only a few aircraft, mostly Aeroflot. There is nothing like the bustle one expected to find at the second city of the Soviet Union, with five million inhabitants, capital of a province as big as England. The airport reveals right away the basic fission between performance and pretence. The city's beginning as St. Petersburg was painful and dramatic. Peter the Great decided that the marshlands surrounding the estuary of the Neva River was the right place to build a powerful vantage point for turning his Empire, which had no middle-class of any size, into a major European power. So he ordered his noblemen, the Boyars, to send as many serfs as required to build it, instead of paying taxes, to get the new capital started. But the ground is marshy. So the serfs had to place thousands of flagstones, brought from distant quarries, to firm the ground for the buildings. With poor food and shelter — Leningrad has only 30 days of sunshine a year — 200,000 serfs are believed to have died.

Then came the extravagant period of Tsarist rule: rows of 18th and 19th century palaces for noblemen and rich merchants, and office buildings that look like palaces. These are today surrounded by rows of stern Sixties and Seventies apartment blocks and dreary streets, as in other big conurbations, East and West. In the last war Leningrad was besieged by the German armies for two-and-a-half years. There was famine and constant shelling. 625,000 civilians and 300,000 soldiers died. A fierce monument, well away from the centre, reminds one of it as well as two small field guns, 12 miles further on, that show how far the Germans got. But it is intriguing that, in all the talks on the destruction caused, the Guide never referred to 'Germans', always to 'Nazis'.

The savagery of the fighting and the destruction was shown again and again when we visited Pavlovsk and Pushkin, once Tsarskoye Selo, 'the Tsar's Village'. They were summer residences of the Tsars and their noblemen. Elegant 18th century palatial country houses with lavish gilded decorations were similar, but in a grander style, than the Stately Homes of that period in Britain. Furniture, china ware, chandeliers, they are all there. But in nearly every room there are enlarged photographs of what the room, and often its roof, was like when the Germans had to retreat.

The restoration work is fabulously painstaking and shows the enthusiasm for the past that is evident all over old Leningrad. Much of the furniture, glassware and paintings had been hidden since the Germans advanced.

Italian architects and their Russian pupils had designed and built these palaces, both in the city itself and in these residences. The women members of the Imperial family, often, like Catherine the Great, of German ancestry, played a key role in the building and furnishing. Catherine the Great, to whom the Intourist Guide always referred as Catherine II, had to summon back a daughter-in-law, Maria Feodorovna, from her trip to Paris because she had been spending vast sums on paintings and furniture.

The Hermitage, the fabulous picture gallery on the Neva River in the old centre of Leningrad itself, shows that the urge to buy good paintings abroad had been passed on to two Jewish merchants, Shukin and Morosov, 80 years ago. In the last rooms, on the second floor of the Hermitage, when one is dumbly overwhelmed and exhausted by literally hundreds of paintings, starting with Leonardo da Vinci and earlier, there are the Cézannes, Monets and early Picassos which these two enthusiasts bought from the artists when visiting Paris. They are now, of course, the property of the state and parcelled out to Moscow as well as Leningrad.

There are magnificent churches and cathedrals like the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul or St. Nicholas Church, outside brilliant blue and white, with pillars in front, gilt domes, baroque and rococo gilt inside. But most of these churches are museums. Chesme church, for instance, is now a naval museum and in place of the altar there is a dramatic painting in violent colours of a Russian victory over the Turks in a naval battle, nearly 200 years ago, and also a plan showing the distribution of the NATO navies in the Mediterranean. In another, a long gallery shows the portraits of twenty generals of the Napoleonic wars, with a big complimentary one of the Duke of Wellington among them. St. Nicholas Church, full of Ikons, one or two of exceptional interest, and unusual with the Ikons surrounded by dozens of portraits of parishioners, was called a 'working church', that is it is still being used for services. This church had a second church upstairs. An English-speaking warden told us that throughout the revolution and siege, the liturgy had been said there every day since the church was erected in 1862. 'Tell the world when you go back', he said.

One day there was the 72nd anniversary of the October Revolution that brought the Bolsheviks-Communists to power. There were endless parades with floats and red banners. There were not many slogans. People gathered leisurely outside their apartment blocks. There were no serried ranks. Soldiers and police kept the parade from spilling into side streets. But it was leisurely and not combative. Two rather upper-class ladies from our party, watching the parade, stepped in by mistake and had to walk along to the end. Nobody took any notice of them. In the evening there were fireworks, with the banks of the Neva lined with expectant

families. Every time the rockets went up the warmly clad children cheered wildly. There were also, throughout the day, long queues of hundreds on the river bank to visit the cruiser *Aurora*, anchored in the Neva. Its sailors had started the coup that led to the seizure of power by Lenin in 1917. It is probably the oldest warship still afloat except for the *Victory*. When shown through the famous Winter Palace, city residence of the Tsars, we went through the elegant room in which the Bolsheviks and their sailors arrested the government of Kerensky, the hapless democrat. The *Aurora* is a symbol but the atmosphere of that anniversary day was rather that of a modest bank holiday in a provincial town that is not doing too well.

The night before, we had been to the Kirov Theatre, formerly the Manuilsky Theatre, for a performance of Gounod's *Faust*. It is a magnificent building in the Rococo style with five tiers of seats and two Imperial boxes. It was crowded. A few young people dressed in the latest informal western style were much observed by the others. There was a lavish cast with an excellent ballet thrown in. It was obvious that people are taking their culture seriously and want to show the West that they are in the ranks of the 'cultured' although Gounod's *Faust*, written in 1862, may not be seen as up-to-date in the West.

There were crowds everywhere and many organised parties in the museums and art galleries; reasonably cheerful queues and hardly any pushing. There are more pedestrains in shopping streets looking than there might be in the West but the magnificent Squares are mostly empty. The island where Peter the Great started and where there is an attractive little chalet-type white and yellow house, built to keep the first vessel he constructed is in the centre of an intriguing pattern of rivers, canals and bridges that make the centre of the city so attractive.

The guide, a formidable young lady and resourceful English speaker, never tried to sell us the present system or the present political ideology. In her accounts of the many places we visited she showed considerable interest in the history and the family of the Tsars. She dwelt, for instance, on the mystery of the death of Alexander I, grandson of the fierce Peter the Great, who had been involved in the killing of his son. There was the story that in southern Russia Alexander was supposed to have died of a lung disease but it was the body of a man who looked like him who had been buried and Alexander had become a monk somewhere. At Tsarskoye Selo, when visiting the last Tsar's summer residence, she said that he and his family 'had unfortunately been killed'. Being an experienced official she would know that she would be taking no risks. Her fierce nationalism showed when she talked about Peter the Great's victory over the Swedes 250 years ago. No internationalism showed.

We had been warned that we must keep a detailed account of all the roubles we spent and keep all the receipts for our purchases as well as a strict account of the hard currencies, pounds, dollars we were bringing in and taking out. But we were not bothered coming in or going out and the shops did not care very much about receipts. In the streets we were

openly accosted by tough young men with offers of caviar, fur hats, trinkets. They called 'ten pounds', 'fifty pounds'. One young man offered me a trinket calling 'ten pounds', immediately adding, 'I have changed my mind: one pound'.

In the hotel, crowded with cheerful young West Germans, there are hard currency shops and rouble shops. The sudden tenfold devaluation of the rouble produced a run on the latter by tourists. But one gets the impression that at the moment the ordinary public has not quite realised what has happened. In the town the shops are fairly empty.

We were given a frank, and therefore sombre, picture of the situation. That it was given at all without being asked shows how much the atmosphere has changed. People who had been on former visits stressed that the atmosphere had changed almost completely. People are prepared to talk and to question openly decisions taken by any authority. The air of infallibility has gone, Gorbachov can fail like anybody else. His failure would surprise few. His genuine success would surprise many.

Some of the details of what we were told stand out. Rents, for instance. The same rent for every square metre of an apartment is paid throughout the whole of the Soviet Union, from Leningrad to Vladivostok, from poorly constructed Stalin-time apartments to good flats in Moscow or Leningrad. The rents are low and have been fixed decades ago. It is easy to see that it will be politically dangerous to differentiate rents according to the place and the quality of the apartment. At present, we were told, three families usually live in an apartment, one room for each, and share the kitchen and the bathroom.

At the same time, the divorce rate is now around 30% of marriages. One can imagine what situations can arise in an apartment thus shared. This is the reason why the birthrate in Slav Russia, especially in the towns and cities, is low. It is the reason too for a curious tax. The Income Tax is low, 9%. But bachelors over a certain age have an additional Bachelor Tax to pay which is redeemed when they marry. The reason is said to be the high birthrate of the Moslem population of the Central Asian and Caucasian Republics. By the year 2000, about 30% of army recruits will be Asians, it is estimated. And, again, the shops are empty and consumer goods rare and expensive. A pair of shoes, we were told, costs half a month's wages.

One got the impression that people are not really interested in what is happening abroad. They seem to have got used to Gorbachov's visits there. These appear to have become a TV show, as in the West. What interests them is what they can buy, whether they can get better housing and, above all now, whether their jobs are safe and the money they kept under the bed because they could not buy anything can still buy something, once, as they hope, the goods at last are there.

NEW LIGHT ON JAMES BOND

by H. R. Harris

THERE is a remarkable similarity between the James Bond novels, as originally written by Ian Fleming, and the medieval stories of King Arthur and his knights. The structure of the Bond books is identical to that of the medieval stories, and many of the Bond characters have precise medieval equivalents. But what is most remarkable of all is that one medieval story — the tale of 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' — is followed so closely that each Bond book may be said to consist of two books: the modern thriller, with all the appropriate modern detail; and hidden inside it, the original medieval story.[1]

This is no mere passing resemblance. Every Bond book contains a whole web of medieval allusions, or 'clues', and if these are properly understood and laid end to end, you can virtually reconstruct the entire 'Gawain' story.

Let's begin with a very general look at the structure and characters. 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' opens with King Arthur and his court at Camelot, for the Christmas season. The villainous Green Knight appears, and throws down a challenge. This is taken up by Gawain, who was the leading knight and had a reputation as an accomplished lover. (He was sometimes known as the 'Ladies' Knight'.) He makes a long and dangerous journey to the Green Knight's lair. On the way he is subjected to prolonged tests: of valour, chastity and courtesy. He passes all these tests (i.e. he gets through terrifying situations, and resists the advances of a beautiful girl), and as a result is successful in his confrontation with the Green Knight. At the end, we learn that the adventure was thought up by the malevolent witch Morgan le Fay, who makes a brief appearance, mid-way through the story.

The Bond novels follow this pattern exactly. The base from which Bond operates is the court. Bond's chief, M., is Arthur. The '00' agents — the agents with the licence to kill — are the knights. Bond is Gawain, so that both heroes are leading warriors and accomplished lovers. A challenge is thrown down to M. by a villain who has many points of similarity with the Green Knight. Bond takes up the challenge. He makes a long and dangerous journey to the villain's lair. On the way he fights preliminary battles, and faces temptation from a beautiful girl. He enters the villain's lair and, provided he has passed all the tests and resisted all temptations, he overcomes the villain, and is rewarded with the love of the girl. If however he has failed a test (and there are three books where he does) his mission is tainted in some way with failure.

Thus in *From Russia With Love,* Bond commits the sin of getting into bed with a girl during the course of his assignment, and as a result does not vanquish his chief enemy, Rosa Klebb. By contrast, in the eight books where he achieves complete success, he remains, for the period of his assignment, as chaste as a medieval knight. It is one of the oddities

of the Bond books that James Bond, the most renowned lover in modern fiction, constantly rejects the advances of beautiful girls. This can only be understood by reference to the medieval blueprint that Ian Fleming was following.

There are precise clues to all these parallels. Arthur was Gawain's uncle. The medieval word for uncle was 'em'. The code name of M. for Bond's chief is therefore no letter plucked by chance out of a hat, but a specific clue to the fact that M. stands for Arthur. In one book he is actually referred to as 'Mr. Em'. In others, Bond and M. exchange coded signals in which M. is referred to as Bond's 'uncle', and Bond as M.'s 'nephew'. So there is a group of clues, all reinforcing each other, which indicate that Bond and M. are respectively Gawain and Arthur.

With the other characters, the link is that they are constantly described in the same terms, or shown in the same situations, as their counterparts in the medieval story. Thus the villains have the same characteristics as the Green Knight: a body that is at once enormous, broad-shouldered, and yet well-proportioned; a personality that is an odd mixture of the terrifying and the jovial; and various other unusual traits, such as a strangely coloured skin, excessive hair, and obscure origins. The girls are constantly shown in similar situations to the seductive lady of the original. Like her, they are nearly always part of the villain's household, and like her, they are the ones who initiate the seductions. In *You Only Live Twice*, Kissy's first meeting with Bond is virtually a word for word copy of the equivalent first meeting in the original.

The base from which Bond operates is either a luxurious hotel, or a sumptuous club. Like the court at Camelot, these hotels and clubs are invariably places of great splendour and refinement, and usually have some explicit connection with royalty. Thus we have: 'King's House', 'Queen's Club', *Le Roi Courtois* (i.e. 'The Courteous King'); the 'St. Regis' (i.e. 'of the king'); the 'Royal Bahamian'; and the 'Kristal Palas'. One club has the name 'Blades', and although this has no obvious connection with royalty, it is suggestive of 'swords', and, by implication, of an assembly of knights.

When Fleming departs from this procedure and calls one of Bond's hotels *Die Vier Jahreszeiten* (i.e. 'The Four Seasons'), he is not so much departing from the principle of a royal or medieval court, as setting up another and quite separate group of clues, all to do with the timing of events in the original story. These clues are all found in one book: *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*.

There is in the original story a striking passage describing the passing of the four seasons. This is echoed in the Bond book by the name 'The Four Seasons', and by two passages in which identical wording is used. Gawain leaves Camelot to seek out the Green Knight on November 1st (All Saints' Day). In the Bond book some prominence is given to a character called Toussaint (i.e. 'All Saints'). Much of the original story takes place at Christmas, and Gawain is left with nothing to do on the last three days of the year: December 29th, 30th, and 31st. The main

Bond action also takes place at Christmas, and Bond is left with nothing to do on December 29th, 30th, and 31st. The final clash between Gawain and the Green Knight takes place on New Year's Day, and so too does the final clash between bond and the villain, Blofeld.

So there are seven clues or parallels to do with the timing of events, and they are all to be found in one Bond book. This suggests that there is more to it than a chance matching of ideas, and that Fleming took a conscious decision to put this group of clues into this book.

Having thus established that there are around a dozen individual points of remarkable similarity, and that any unusual name or word is worth a second look, let us now go through the original story, episode by episode, and see how Fleming smuggles each one into the Bond books.

'Gawain' opens with a description of the court at Camelot. It is a place of great luxury and refinement, and everything is highly civilised. Then the Green Knight bursts in: a wild-looking, uncouth character, totally unlike the well-mannered people at the court. This is all echoed in *Moonraker,* where the elegant London club Blades, and its members, represent the court, and the loud-mouthed, vulgar Drax, the Green Knight. Gawain accepts a challenge from the Green Knight, in which he is allowed to strike off the Green Knight's head there and then, provided he submits to a similar blow from his opponent in a year's time. The Green Knight miraculously survives Gawain's blow, so Gawain is obliged to keep to his agreement. The Green Knight departs.

All this is of course far removed from the challenges which James Bond has to face, but it is a fact that the Bond books are filled with explicit and repeated references to blows to the neck, and death by decapitation. If somebody has to be killed, or the idea of killing comes up, the most likely method is some form of 'neck death'.

Some months later, Gawain gets ready for his perilous adventure. He goes through an elaborate arming ritual, in which every piece of armour, and every weapon, is described, but in the event none of these weapons plays any part at all in the final encounter with the Green Knight.

Similarly, in every Bond book there is a description of James Bond being armed with a gun, but the fact is that only once in eleven books (the very last) does he kill his main opponent with his gun. The original story is therefore constantly followed, and in two senses.

In the original there is at this point a detailed description of Gawain's shield. On the front there is a five-pointed star known as the 'Pentagle', and there is a lengthy description of its meaning. Each point represents an aspect of Gawain's goodness, and each of these five aspects is further divided into five. So there is considerable repetition and play on the number 'five'. In all the Bond books there is an unusual and repeated emphasis on the number 'five'. It is constantly being used where any number in the region of five would do. Thus, if Bond smokes, he will leave five cigarette ends; if he drinks, he will get through five bottles; if he stays at an hotel, he will be on the fifth floor, or in Room Five. Every Bond book contains at least five rather unusual, pointed references to

the number 'five'.

Gawain travels far and wide seeking the Green Knight, and on Christmas Eve finds himself in a cold, damp forest. Suddenly he catches sight of a beautiful castle, set in a tree-filled park, and protected by a massive wall. He rides up to it, and asks for shelter. He is warmly received, and given fresh clothes and a splendid meal. He meets his host: a genial character with a flowing red beard called Sir Bertilak de Hautdesert. Gawain stays at the castle until the early hours of New Year's Day. In due course we learn that Sir Bertilak is the Green Knight in a normal, human form, so Gawain is already on enemy territory. We also learn that the Green Knight's lair (a rounded mound with a cave-like interior) is a mere two miles away.

All this is echoed in the Bond books, some of it several times over. In *You Only Live Twice,* the villain lives in a castle which is described in identical terms to the one in 'Gawain'. In *Moonraker,* Drax's house in Kent, although by no means a castle, is cleverly made to fit the same pattern, in that it is on flat ground, surrounded by trees, and protected by an enormous wall. In *Dr. No,* Bond is entertained at the villain's castle, and given fresh clothes and an elaborate meal. In *The Man with the Golden Gun,* there is a description of a meal which is identical to the one served to Gawain. In *Moonraker,* Bond stays at Drax's castle, not knowing him to be the villain, and his host has lots of red facial hair. Drax's lair, the nearby Moonraker launching site, is a domed building, with a cave underneath. In two books, Bond stays at a villa called *Beau Desert* at this stage in the story, which comes pretty close to *Hautdesert.*

While at the castle, Gawain plays an elaborate game with Bertilak, in which each agrees to give the other his daily winnings — whatever they are. Bertilak goes out hunting, and hands over everything he catches: deer, boar, and fox. Gawain stays in the castle, and on three occasions is offered sexual favours by Bertilak's wife. Gawain resists her advances, accepting from her no more than kisses, and a magic girdle which she says will protect his life. He passes on the kisses to Bertilak, but keeps the girdle, eventually putting it round his waist. The girdle is an important element in the story, and is referred to variously as the 'silk', the 'lace', and the 'love-lace'.

In all the Bond books there is an elaborate or unusual game, played out between Bond and the villain. Among the more notable are the game of baccarat in *Casino Royale,* the game of bridge in *Moonraker,* and the game of golf in *Goldfinger.* In most of the books beautiful girls offer themselves temptingly to Bond, and most of the time he rejects them. In *Dr. No* in particular many of the details are identical to 'Gawain'. Bond and Dr. No make a bargain to exchange secrets. There are hunting scenes which correspond to those in 'Gawain'. The beautiful Honey appears, and is referred to as Dr. No's 'girl friend'. She offers herself on three occasions to Bond, and each time he rejects her. Shortly after this, Bond puts a silk sash round his waist. In *You Only Live Twice,* a tough Australian agent is given the incongruous name of 'Richard

Lovelace Henderson'. This name is mentioned in full on three occasions, but at no time is its use explained or followed up in any way. It seems to be a further clue to the idea of the girdle, or 'love-lace'.

On New Year's Day, Gawain leaves Bertilak's castle to keep his appointment. His journey takes him up steep hills, round a spur of rock, along a rough path, and down into a ravine. He reaches the Green Knight's lair, where he ties his horse to a lime tree. The villain appears, and in accordance with the terms of the challenge, deals a blow at Gawain's neck. However he merely snicks the side of the neck, drawing blood. He then stands back, leans on his axe, and explains that the whole adventure has been a test of Gawain's reputation. Gawain has passed, because he resisted the sexual temptations, and courageously faced up to the blow with the axe. However, because of his minor fault in not handing over the girdle, he has been given a minor wound. Gawain returns to Camelot, where his success is acclaimed.

All this is so far removed from '007', and everything normally associated with him, that you might wonder what possible connection there could be with the Bond books. But once again the fact is that all the details of these final scenes, down to the geography of Gawain's journey, and the Green Knight's mannerisms, are to be found in one Bond book or another. For example, in *From Russia With Love,* Bond leaves his car (i.e. his 'steed') beneath lime trees shortly before confronting the villain, Krilencu. In *You Only Live Twice,* at the same point in the story, the villain stands back, leans on a sword, and explains to Bond what he intends to do. This is followed by a beheading scene, in which Bond's only wound occurs when the villain's sword snicks the side of his flesh, drawing blood.

In all there are around five hundred clues or parallels, spread across eleven books, and when in the very last chapter of the last Bond book Fleming brings in the idea that Bond might be knighted for his many successes, he seems to set the seal on the concept of his hero as a medieval knight.

But perhaps the best clue of them all is one that occurs mid-way through *Dr. No.* It reads like James Bond's own personal clue to the whole exercise: 'It was grotesque, concluded Bond . . . dangerously grotesque, but it was no good wondering about it. He could only follow the lines of the gracious script'.[2]

NOTES:

1. 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' is a poem of some 2,500 lines, written in the latter half of the fourteenth century. The author is unknown. It can be read in the original Middle English (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1967), or in a modern translation (Penguin Classics, 1974).
   The James Bond novels, as originally written by Ian Fleming, were published over the period 1953-1965 by Jonathan Cape Ltd., and Glidrose Productions Ltd. There were twelve full length novels, starting with *Casino Royale* in 1953 and ending with *The Man with the Golden Gun* in 1965. All of these follow the medieval story closely, with the exception of *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1962) which is written from the heroine's viewpoint, rather than Bond's.
2. *Dr. No,* Chapter 13.

INIGO JONES — MYRIOSCOPIC ARCHITECT

by Muriel Julius

SIXTEEN years ago the Arts Council assembled a dazzling display of Courtly life in England in the seventeenth century. They called it 'The King's Arcadia — Inigo Jones and the Stuart Court'. It was spectacularly shown in Jones's finest building, the Banqueting House in Whitehall.

He was a genius, far in advance of his time in England, who imported the classical style from Italy and brought English Renaissance architecture to sudden maturity. One could not but be fascinated by this shaggy, bearded man whose talents equalled or eclipsed those of the kings and courtiers among whom he lived. It was he who designed their houses and chapels, who mounted their masque entertainments with an ingenuity marvelled at and imitated even today; who created sumptuous costumes and wrote plays.

Recently across great oceans, this son of a Smithfield clothworker has become something of a cult figure. 'Where?', you may ask. Only in America, of course. In a country where even a peanut farmer believes he could become President, and one of them did, the romance of a poor commoner, considered 'the single most important person in the history of the arts in seventeenth century England', has magical appeal.

This year Martha Beck, dynamic director of New York's Design Centre arranged an exhibition, 'Inigo Jones — Complete Architectural Drawings', that drew unprecedented crowds — two thousand on a Saturday — for an architectural show. It enjoyed equal acclaim at the Frick Art Museum in Pittsburg. But there were no plans (or money) to bring it to Britain. Perhaps the impressive plea by John Harris, former Curator of the Royal Institute of British Architects' Drawing Collections, published in *The Independent* made the Royal Academy see the light. Thanks to the generosity of no fewer than four sponsors, a display of one hundred and thirteen drawings opens in Burlington House on the 15th of December. Very fittingly, they will be shown in the Private Rooms, remodelled about 1720 by the 3rd Lord Burlington in the Palladian style. For a vast new public, provoked at last by Prince Charles, to interest itself in the civilising influence of architecture, this homecoming for the great works of its finest native son is essential viewing.

Inigo Jones was born in London in 1573, only nine years after Shakespeare; he is first recorded as being a 'picture-maker'. He was a brilliant draughtsman, his designs sometimes bursting with extravagant fantasy, sometimes plain and elegant. The beauty of his drawings was acknowledged by no less an expert than Sir Anthony Van Dyck, the finest portrait painter of the Carolean age, as 'not to be equalled by whatever great Masters in his Time, for Boldness, Softness, Sweetness and Sureness in his Touches'.

The exhibition includes several portraits of Inigo Jones and, a special

treat, the rarely seen painting by Van Dyck which belongs to the Hermitage in Leningrad. In 1736 forty-five volumes from Jones's Library — the only architect's library to survive from the Renaissance — were presented to Worcester College, Oxford. They include works by Aristotle, Vetruvius, Plato and Euclid as well as volumes on architecture by Alberti, Palladio, Scamozzi in the original Italian editions — a language Jones spoke fluently. Some volumes will be exhibited. All are copiously annotated in his hand.

It is remarkable that Jones's fame as architect should have remained supreme when so few of his buildings survive. In London, only three. His masterpiece, the Banqueting House (1619-22) perfectly expresses his conception of architecture — 'solid, proportionable according to the rules, masculine and unaffected' — as well as his adoration of Palladio although every element has been subtly transmuted. Sacheverell Sitwell wrote of it: 'It is the most beautiful building in London; there is nothing whatever that can compare with it except St. Paul's, and it is worthy in every respect of the hand of the great Italian architects, Sansovino, Vignola, Palladio'. In his Guide on London, Nikolaus Pevsner writes: 'One should remember . . . that Queen Elizabeth's Banqueting House of 1581 had had a ceiling painted to look like holly and ivy . . . and also hanging from the ceiling, feigned grapes, cucumbers, pomegranates and so on.' The sobriety of Inigo Jones must have been overwhelming to those who, for the first time, beheld his magnificent Saloon — and exact double cube — 55 by 55 by 110 ft. Then the Queen's Chapel at St. James's Palace (1623-27) built especially for King Charles's Catholic Queen, Henrietta Maria,— a classical church with a coffered vaulted ceiling, a vast Venetian window and a pedimented facade. Covent Garden was developed by royal licence in the 1630s, for the 4th Earl of Bedford. Here Jones created the first London square, a piazza with terraced uniform houses and a Tuscan church on its western side. Today, only the church, St. Paul's and a fragment of the square survive.

In 1614 King James I gave Greenwich to Queen Anne for life. In 1616 building began on the Queen's House, the first purely Italianate building in England and therefore of seminal importance. It had only reached the rusticated ground floor storey when work stopped; and the Queen died. It was completed for Queen Henrietta Maria in 1635. It has been much used and misused — at one time as a school for delinquent boys. Closed for five years for restoration, it is hoped it will soon re-open to the public.

Of the work Jones did at Oatlands Palace, Nonesuch, Somerset House, Theobald's Palace and the Prince's Lodging and Stables at Newmarket, nothing remains. In 1630-35 Jones created a sumptuous white and gold chapel in Somerset House for Henrietta Maria. It was damaged during the Interregnum, restored in 1660 and reluctantly demolished by Sir William Chambers in 1775.

Inigo Jones is thought to have travelled abroad with Lord Roos to France, Germany and Italy as early as 1598. In 1603 he joined the 5th

Earl of Rutland on a visit to Denmark. There he was presented to King Christian IV and, on his return to England, entered the service of his sister, Queen Anne of Denmark. From 1604 onwards he worked uniquely for the Crown. In 1605 he was commissioned to design the costumes and scenery for *The Masque of Blackness* devised by Queen Anne as an entertainment for herself and her ladies to dance in. This was the first Stuart Masque and it began a collaboration with the playwright, Ben Jonson, that continued for twenty-five years. By 1631 both men had become arrogant, self-centred and inordinately vain and the final, famous break came when Jonson published the text of *Love's Triumph through Callipolis* and put his name as author above that of Inigo Jones, on the title page. Prior to that, they produced a series of dazzling entertainments, as fine as anything seen at the Medici Court in Florence.

The Masque of Blackness told the fantastic story of the twelve daughters of Niger, the Aethiopian river-god, and their introduction to Albion. Participants were dressed as blackamoors and nymphs, tritons and mermaids, monsters and nereids. Describing the finale, Sir Dudley Carleton wrote: 'The curtain falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves, which seemed to move, and in some places the billow to break . . . The Masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow'.

Another masque had a hell scene complete with fire and smoke that vanished in an instant and, in yet another, a gigantic globe of gold seemingly floated in mid air. To achieve these effects, Jones invented utterly new techniques with complex scenery and elaborate lighting effects. He was the first to develop the proscenium arch and three dimensional scenery. His use of flats and shutters and the machinery by which transformations were effected are still used today. The costumes he designed were bejewelled and magnificent.

These masques were none of your two and a half hours in the stalls, punctuated by a twenty-minute hassle for drinks in the interval. Played before a small and select audience, they could last as long as twelve hours and cost as many thousands of pounds to produce — today's equivalent of about £300,000. Most of them were performed only once. Jonson later regretted 'the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit', wasted on 'the short bravery of the night'. Francis Bacon dismissed them as 'but Toys'. But what very expensive toys!

From 1622 these entertainments were held in the Banqueting House until 1635, when the Rubens ceiling paintings were installed exemplifying the glories of Stuart monarchial rule. For fear that the smoke from the stage lamps would damage them, a new 'masquing house' was erected nearby.

Long before that, Jones had become known to Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Arundel. Extremely grand, the Earl was the most knowledgeable art connoisseur of his day; the first to make a collection of Greek and Roman antiquities and later to buy the four hundred Leonardo da

Vinci drawings, now one of the great glories of the Royal Collection at Windsor. He was in favour with Prince Henry, the precociously gifted Prince of Wales. The Prince had a brilliant intellect, was a brave sportsman, an excellent shot, a collector of art and antiquities, destined for greatness. At the age of sixteen, he had his own establishment in St. James's Palace and a considerable entourage. In 1611 he appointed Inigo Jones his Surveyor of Works. With the unfailing bathos of real life, he caught a chill after a game of tennis and shortly afterwards died, aged eighteen.

Jones had not been happy in the Prince's employ and, late in 1613, he travelled to Italy in the train of the Earl of Arundel. It was on this visit that he perfected his Italian and studied their great Renaissance architecture. On his return to England in 1615 King James appointed him his Surveyor of Works, a post he held throughout the reign of King Charles I also. The masques continued, one, sometimes two a year. In 1615 the title was *The Golden Age Restored.*

With the death of James I in 1625, uncouth and notoriously homosexual though he was, the golden age began to dim. If Charles was urbane and mannerly, he was not nearly so astute a politician as his father. The new King was a connoisseur; his collection of paintings — the greatest ever formed by a British monarch — took Rubens's breath away when he saw it in 1629. He indulged his adored French wife who surrounded herself with a baroque entourage of Catholic chaplains, negro servants, monkeys and dogs and one small dwarf. She inflamed the English fear of popery. Their extravagances were enormous. In 1628 Charles outbid Cardinal Richelieu for the Duke of Mantua's paintings. Rubens, the most expensive painter in Europe, was chosen to paint the ceilings at Whitehall. The King's military exploits in Europe were ill conceived, disastrous and costly.

The masques, ever more elaborate, continued. Ben Jonson, the greatest writer of these entertainments, had tried over the years to make them moral and doctrinal as well as pleasurable. He dared, in an honest way, to lecture the Court; to remind it of the realities of people's dissatisfaction. Charles would have none of it. He wanted something polite, spectacular and reassuring. Inigo Jones was his man: he would provide the magnificence they desired: more amenable collaborators were found. Inigo Jones always used the masque as a means of expressing the King's will. *Britannia Triumphans,* written by Sir William Davenant, was performed on January 17th, 1638. Charles had been ruling without Parliament for nine years. The masque was about Ship Money, concerning a case which was even then being tried in the Courts. Charles was cast as Britanocles, the glory of the western world, who had reduced his own and distant seas to order (by the suppression of piracy which was the official justification for Ship Money) and brought to his land a knowledge of arts and sciences, the result of his imposition of order. The first scene was set with new town houses leading across the Thames to the restored St. Paul's Cathedral. The next was, 'A Horrid Hell'; the third scene a mock romantic

forest and the finale was set in the architectural glories of the Palace of Fame, with the British fleet sailing into a haven. It epitomised a totally unrealistic view of events.

The last Caroline masque, *Salmcida Spolia,* took place in 1640, on the eve of the Civil War. Charles, still the Divine King, is cast as Philogenes, lover of his people, a patient, suffering, Christ-like hero doomed to live in adverse times. Suffering or not, it is amusing to learn that 'the habit of his Majesty and the Masquers attending Philogenes was of watchet richly embroidered with silver, long stockings set up of white; their caps silver with scrolls of gold, and plumes of white feathers'. The Queen, who also took part, and her ladies were dressed in 'Amazonian habits of carnation, embroidered with silver, with plumed helms, baudrickes with antique swords hanging by their sides'.

During all of Charles's reign, Jones carried out a variety of architectural works. 1625: Alterations to Dover Castle. Banqueting House at Theobalds Palace. 1626: A clock house at Whitehall. Queen's Cabinet Room at Somerset House. 1627: Park Gate at St. James's. 1628-31: River stairs at Somerset House. 1631: A garden arbour at Oatlands Palace. Covent Garden Development. 1631-32: Lodge in Bagshot Park. 1633: Work started on St. Paul's Cathedral. 1634: a Lodge in Hyde Park. Finally 1639: Alterations to Wimbledon House.

Very little is known of Inigo Jones in his last years. The Civil War broke out in 1642 when he was nearly seventy years old. In July of that year, he was in attendance on the King at Beverley and lent him £500. In 1645 he was taken prisoner at the storming of Basing House. He was disgracefully treated and carried away only in a blanket. His estate was sequestered but restored in 1646, on payment of £1,045. From then on, he swam with the political tide, working for Lord Pembroke, a Parliamentarian, the owner of Wilton House. Too old himself, he entrusted the work there to his pupil and nephew, John Webb. The celebrated double-cube room at Wilton, considered the most beautiful single room in England, epitomizes his style of interior decoration — gravity and repose combined with great opulence.

Jones died in Somerset House on 21 June 1652. To his influence we owe the Palladian revival by Lord Burlington and William Kent, at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In conclusion, I quote the critic Paul Goldberger, writing in the *New York Times* on 9 April, 1989: 'It would be virtually impossible to recall an exhibition that so gracefully weaves scholarship and visual pleasure into a seamless whole'. A graceful tribute to a multifarious talent.

The exhibition, sponsored by *The Economist,* Intercraft Designs Limited, The Kleinwort Benson Group in association with *The Financial Times,* continues at the Royal Academy, Piccadilly, London, until 25 February 1990.

LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

by Laurence Green

ONE of the strongest line-ups in its history, featuring more films than ever — 170 in all from 38 countries — marked the 33rd London Film Festival. Beginning life as a 'festival of festivals', this was a 'small but beautiful' event, conceived somewhere between the hors d'oeuvres and the port at a dinner party hosted by Britain's oldest film critic, Dilys Powell. Of the 15 films screened in its inaugural year, there were works by Kurosawa, Fellini, Visconti, Bergman, Satyajit Ray, Clair and Wajda, not to mention Torre Nilsson and Elia Kazan. Not bad for a beginning — and incidentally Ray is the only director from this original line-up who had an entry in the festival which has just ended.

As the number of films has increased — making choice a very difficult task for the serious, discriminating festivalgoer — so has the number of cinemas involved, away from the two screen National Film Theatre — to a dozen other venues around the capital. There is now, however, a real problem which seems to grow each year and that is the sheer volume of entries, making it a virtually impossible task to see as many films as one would wish. All that one can hope to do is to get a flavour of what's on offer, and assess the quality and trends in international cinema.

Another question raised by the festival is the relationship between films and television: in particular, should films made for 'the box' be screened at an event which proclaims itself 'an international film festival'? If the sole criterion of entry at the festival is that only films made specifically for showing on the large screen are eligible, this would preclude the 17 films officially classed as 'UK entries', as in almost all the cases funding has come from and distribution is by the BBC or Channel Four. Yet, ironically, one of the best British films on view — Ian Sellar's impressive debut, *Venus Peter*, whilst listing Channel Four as one of the production companies involved in its making, was made specifically for the cinema. Based on the novel *A Twelvemonth and a Day* by Christopher Rush, this warm and involving film set in the Orkney Islands in the late 40s about a boy's obsession with the sea — at one point he actually imagines he is his grandfather's boat, the Venus Peter — transcends its literary origins and has a strong visual appeal, so that the viewer can virtually smell the salty tang of the water and hear the piercing cries of the seagulls. What makes the film so refreshing is the absence of sentimentality, the fine camerawork by Gabriel Beristain, complementing the winning performances, especially Gordon R. Strachan as Peter and Ray McAnally, in his last and perhaps one of his best remembered roles, as the grandfather.

This film managed to get right into the mind of a child with a clarity and warmth that made it truly poetic. Also on the theme of childhood, this time innocence corrupted, comes Ann Turner's striking first feature, *Celia*. It is the start of the long summer holidays in Melbourne, Aust-

ralia. The year is 1957 and Celia Carmichael has just turned nine. Her world is made up of best friends and arch enemies, story book monsters and oaths of everlasting loyalty. Her closest friends are her granny and her pet rabbit, Murgatroyd. Life, though, is beginning to change. The girl's familiar world of backyards, blood brothers and blissful innocence is about to end. After her granny dies, the next door neighbours are hounded out of town for their political beliefs and her beloved rabbit is taken by the Government in a state-wide muster. Celia learns that she must either give in or fight back. Told through the eyes of a child, the story encompasses a subtle examination of a whole era. An imaginative and memorable film which derives much of its strength from its assured performance by Rebecca Smart as the protagonist of the title, this certainly does not give nostalgia a bad name!

Errors of Youth reveals more the errors of judgement made by the authorities during the Brezhnev era than it does about contemporary Soviet society. Boris Fruhmin's 'road movie', as he himself calls it, is one of the last shelved Russian films to be released in the period of perestroika. The story itself seems innocuous enough at face value but what made it unacceptable to the authorities and caused it to be suppressed was that it showed a hero with no future. Fruhmin's implicit criticism of the Communist system is skilfully conveyed, aided by strong performances and a well written script.

What happens when a man gives up everything for the cinema? The answer comes in Giuseppe Tornatore's delightful *Nuovo Cinema Paradiso.* Salvatore (Jacques Perrin) returns to his native Sicilian village where as a boy he had worked at the local Paradiso cinema and had saved the life of the former projectionist (Philippe Noiret in excellent form) when the cinema burnt down during a fire. He acquired a fascination for movies from the blinded man whose job he took over in the rebuilt Paradiso. A transitory love affair with a local girl comes to nothing as films prove a more potent attraction. This ironic and affectionate work is as revealing about Italian movies as it is about the changing face of cinema itself. A bit overlong but richly rewarding.

Few films in the festival could have a more apt title than Jim (Down By Law) Jarmusch's engaging and wholly original *Mystery Train,* in which three separate short stories of odd-ball foreigners, spending a night in a run-down Memphis hotel, neatly interlock. There are two young Japanese tourists on the pilgrimage to the shrine of that legend of rock n'roll — Elvis Presley. There is a woman who arrives in town bearing her husband's remains and has to wait for a flight back to Rome, who has a chance encounter with a stranger claiming that Elvis is very much alive and that he actually picked him up hitch-hiking. Finally there is a girl down on her luck (and her money) who has just broken up with her boyfriend. Adding to the eccentric flavour of the film is the inert night clerk and bellboy at the hotel who seem like remnants from some glorious past but now find the hardest job is just to keep awake. On one level this is about strangers in a strange land, but — with the

help of Robby Muller's masterly photography — it is also very much about the process of filmic story-telling. I was mesmerised.

A fresh twist to the eternal triangle is provided by Bertrand Blier in his witty, detached and ironic comedy of sexual manners and morals, *Trop Belle Pour Toi!*, for in this story the wife (Carole Bouquet) is the beauty and the mistress (the admirable Josiane Balasko), with whom the husband (Gerard Depardieu) becomes infatuated, is his plain, far from tempting, typist. A cool, sophisticated look at human relationships which perfectly illustrates the saying 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder'.

The most controversial — and one of the best — films on show was Denys Arcand's brilliant *Jesus of Montreal.* Comparisons with Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ* are inevitable but this film is more astute and thought provoking and its witty observations on the hypocrisy and bigotry of those who have distorted Christ's teachings have a particular relevance today. Indeed, the parallels between the biblical story and the events portrayed 2,000 years later shows how little we have learnt in the intervening years. A small theatre group takes on the task of staging a Passion Play in Montreal. Their actor-director transforms the traditional version into an unorthodox interpretation of the Passion, in which Jesus is portrayed as the son of a Roman soldier and Mary as an unmarried mother. Although the production strikes a chord with the public, the church is outraged. What follows is at first predictable, then tragic. Much of the strength of the film comes from the fine ensemble acting, especially Lothaire Bluteau in the lead role. I was most amused at Arcand's swipe at what he sees as the Pharisees of our own times — the advertising industry — the scene in which 'Jesus' wreaks havoc at an audition for a beer commercial after a female member of his troupe is ordered to strip or get out, is cherishable. A film that leaves you shaken and stirred!

Swiss director Alain Tanner makes a marked return to form with *The Woman from Rose Hill.* A farmer marries his mail-order bride, Julie, a black girl from a distant island, but she refuses to consummate the marriage and is befriended by Jean, the son of the owner of a local brick firm. He becomes infatuated with her against his father's advice. However, when Julie gets pregnant, the law conspires against her. A sensitive and moving study of how tolerance and reason can give way to prejudice and narrow mindedness, this fine film benefits from a strong performance by Marie Gaydu as the wilful, stubborn Julie. The visual splendour — Hughes Ryffel's scope imagery — illuminates the bare open spaces of farm and countryside, often shrouded in mist. It is not hard to see what upset Swiss audiences in the latent racism that erupts as a kind of defence mechanism against outsiders.

The *Malpractice* of the title of Bill Bennett's absorbing fictional drama refers to medical malpractice. Based on a variety of actual cases, this is about a woman's third pregnancy which goes wrong as the harassed and over-worked junior doctor, who takes over in the absence of the consultant, makes a series of blunders which leaves the baby permanently

brain-damaged. Despite the grave concern of the nurses, whose advice the junior doctor ignores, and of the consultant, inevitably the medical profession closes ranks until the woman's desperate determination to discover the truth prompts a nurse to reveal what happened. The woman's marriage comes under strain but justice eventually triumphs. The hand-held photography and long takes, coupled with the totally naturalistic performances, gives the film a sense of urgency. I doubt, however, if a hospital would have opened up its medical records quite so readily in Britain as in Australia.

Some films begin unpromisingly but develop into rather engaging vehicles for those prepared to stay the course. Such was the case with Norman Hull's off beat black comedy *Ladder of Swords.* My heart initially sank at the thought of watching Don Demarco (Martin Shaw), a down-at-heel 'traveller' trying to train his reluctant dancing bear into a big-time circus act, while tormented by his drunken wife (Eleanor David) and harassed by an obsessive, mean-minded detective (Bob Peck). But enter bourgeoise secretary (Juliet Stephenson), who, in one of the most unlikely screen romances for years, falls for Demarco, and the couple find themselves on the run while events take a turn for the bizarre. Thaddeus O'Sullivan's atmospheric photography (the story is set on the Northumberland moors), together with a virtuoso sequence in a fun fair and a delicious performance by Juliet Stephenson, give the film a certain flair.

Literary works of merit do not always make good cinema but Patrice Leconte's version of Georges Simenon's novel *Monsieur Hire's Engagement* works extremely well. This is a haunting psychological thriller-cum-love story centring on a repressed and misanthropic middle-aged bachelor (Michel Blanc) who obsessively watches his female neighbour (Sandrine Bonnaire) across the courtyard. Following the murder of a 22-year-old girl, Monsieur Hire, as he is known, becomes the chief suspect. However, with Simenon nothing is as it seems. Fluid camerawork in which light and shade serve to heighten mood and atmosphere, an absorbing narrative, first rate performances and a striking score by Michael Nyman result in an intense, poignant film that provides considerable food for thought.

The American writer Elmore Leonard is not well known in England but things should soon change after the arrival of Abel Ferrara's screen adaptation of *Cat Chaser,* based on the author's own script. An ex-soldier, now a Florida hotelier, begins a passionate affair with the attractive wife of a former South American head of the Secret Police, only to become involved in a plot to deprive the latter of his secret cache of money. Basically this is a story about isolation and involvement and, although initially difficult to follow, the film settles into a sharp, hard-hitting thriller, punctuated by the wit and observation of Leonard's best prose. A true original!

Welcome to sleaze city in the shape of Uli Edel's brave but belated version of Hubert Selby Jnr's disturbing novel *Last Exit to Brooklyn*

which was the subject of a prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act. This no-holds-barred screen version set amongst the thugs, prostitutes, pimps, transvestites, homosexuals and union men and their wives in New York in the 50s lacks the raw power of the book but still manages to present a bleak and moving view of the way in which poverty brutalises people struggling to maintain their humanity against all odds.

Piravi means 'birth' in Malayalam. The film *The Birth* also heralds a major new talent in Indian cinema — Shaji — whose new film marked the most impressive directorial debut in the whole festival. Based on a real life incident which occurred during the State of Emergency, the film revolves round an 80-year-old man (masterfully portrayed by Premji) who anxiously awaits the return of his only son, an engineering student, from Trivandrum. Day after day he trudges to the bus stop to meet him, but returns at night convinced that he will arrive the following day. The eerie silence in his house, which his aged wife and unmarried daughter share, highlights his feeling of desperation and impotency. Gradually he realises that something terrible has happened, but what exactly? Shot in the stunning landscape of Kerala, the film uses the elements of rain, thunder and lightning to remarkable effect, evoking the feeling of helplessness that an individual faces when confronted with an oppressive regime. Pure cinematic poetry.

A number of the films, including *The Birth* and *Jesus of Montreal,* have already been shown at other major festivals but if a prize was awarded for the best discovery at the London Film Festival it would surely go to Shusuke Kaneko's beautifully realised *Summer Vacation 1999.* Four boys remain in their boarding school over the summer holidays of 1999. They are rocked by adolescent love for each other, and one of them apparently commits suicide. Weeks later, a boy identical in looks, but somehow different, joins them. It is as if the boy had somehow cheated death or even been spiritually reincarnated. Eventually another suicide occurs — was it murder or did it really happen? Kaneko adds an entirely new dimension by having the boys played by girls in the Japanese Takurazuka theatrical tradition, stressing the chaste androgyny and sensuality that pervades the film. The innocence and sincerity of the young cast and the total absence of nudity perfectly conveys the joys and uncertainties of youth, while the superb colour photography by Takama Kenji adds a timeless, dreamlike quality. A truly pleasurable experience.

Literary Supplement

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Betty Abel

People of the Black Mountains: The Beginning. Raymond Williams. Chatto & Windus. £13.95. *Foucauld's Pendulum.* Trans. William Weaver. Umberto Eco. Secker. £14.95. *Goatsong.* Tom Holt. Macmillan. £12.95.

Shortly after his untimely death in September 1989, at the age of 66, Raymond Williams's last novel was published. Entitled *People of the Black Mountains,* it is a long account of the history of settlers in Wales, between the rivers of Wye and Usk, in the fertile region of the five smaller rivers rising in the Black Mountains, — 'in a valley the shape of your hand'. Present-day characters weave in and out of the dramatic story, linking the landscape and its people closely whilst showing at each stage why particular cultural groups chose sites especially suited to their way of cultivation. The rivers, hills, dales and woods still yield inescapable evidence of presences whose work and dialogue Williams brings vividly to imagined life in a way which only an accomplished writer could achieve. The time scale is vast, geological, stretching back into prehistory; but the writer's individual scene is always clear-cut in its human environmental implications.

A young Welshman, Glyn, returns to his grandfather's remote cottage with his family to find the old man has gone on one of his customary walks into the mountains. The deserted house can give clues to his route for it contains a painstakingly built up relief map, made over years by old Elis whose chief study is the history and geography of his beloved Welsh hills. Already familiar to his sons and grandsons, the map is to be a central fact in the story for Glyn can set off immediately with its guidance to look for Elis. On his quest, he finds the evidence the old man has suspected exists, of the settlement of the river basin through the centuries by men whose cattle could graze there and whose new skills of pottery and tool making needed an abundant supply of water.

On his night long search Glyn comes finally to realise that his grandfather will not be found for he has been absorbed into the beloved landscape, never to return to his cottage home. The realisation brings not only pain but the understanding of a quest that has for long years been his grandfather's and has become his own. The continuity of generations is demonstrated as well as the link between a land and its people. The whole chronicle takes us as far as the Roman invasion. On the way there are beautifully written passages describing such little known ceremonies as the building of a Long House by former nomads; and a moving account of the beginning of the art of exact measurement, introduced by a traveller who styles himself Measuring Man, heralding the dawn of scientific certainty. This pageant of a book is beautifully written: on his journey in search of buried history, Raymond Williams shows an acute sense of the elements of survival and of how strongly the past affects the present. The length of time taken in reading it is well spent.

A different kind of historical tour-de-force is the novel by Umberto Eco, an Italian professor of linguistics, entitled *Foucauld's Pendulum.* Translated by William Weaver, this book is really an enormous commentary on other books,

especially most of the acknowledged great works of all the ages. Eco provides a superior detective story concerned with universal conspiracies as they may be discovered, yet only at first half believed in, by scholars playing an initially mocking game of hunt the spies. They begin to suspect that they have uncovered hermetic secrets. These secrets are embodied in the 'world's password' which, when known, allows entry to a gigantic computer called Abuafia. In it is contained the explanation of all the world's powers hidden in a myriad places, in sources as diverse and incompatible as the Torah, the Koran and the novels of Barbara Cartland. The science of numerology is heavily involved alongside the esoteric calculations of the Rosicrucians, the Knights Templar, the Zionists and the Jesuits. Finding the world's password is the obsession of three formerly sceptical editors in Milan who, besides inhabiting at will all known book repositories and libraries, are empowered to commission books for a publishing house dealing in the literature of diabolism. They discover an active, all-embracing plot. Its course seems ultimately to be circular: to keep the secret in order to keep the secret.

The title refers to two Foucaulds. The tale begins with the French physicist, Jean Foucauld, who in 1851 proved the rotation of the earth by means of a pendulum. He also invented the gyroscope, developed the science of optics and greatly improved the daguerrotype. The narrative both begins and finally returns in a serpentine circle to the freely swinging pendulum, by way of references to the linguistic theories of another Foucauld. Michel Foucauld's project was another universal quest, an historical one, with the stated aim of deconstructing texts and revolutionising literary and linguistic criticism. Deconstruction involves regarding the author of a text as peripheral in its construction, on the grounds that he has merely attended to the signs well enough to be able to transmit messages contained in the influences of his environment, including those of people around him. He is not, therefore, the author but the translator of what he has written. Into this depressing picture Michel Foucauld introduced an even less exciting prospect: he was, before his early death, engaged in a history of sexuality in which he tried to prove that sex is 'a field of signs calling for decipherment'.

Eco, himself a semiologist, brings the Foucauld linguistic reference into the method used by his editors to decipher the signs they read, rather than into the context of the plot itself. The 'plot' is in any case contentless. The final answer swings back on itself after multifarious adventures suffered and, it may fairly be said, enjoyed by the reader, the author and evidently the participants. Eco's novel is well-nigh impossible to explain but it is a brilliantly executed demonstration of the connections between all plots, whether popular or academically obscure and therefore respectable.

Tom Holt's novel, *Goatsong*, is set in fifteenth century Athens. Its unusually outspoken hero is a boy called Eupolis who keeps goats, is irreverent towards his elders and is nevertheless a serious writer of comedy for the recently invented Athenian theatre. Aristophanes, the only stumbling block in his way to fame, weaves his drunken way in and out of the scenes; Sophocles himself appears; Pericles is engaged in building the Parthenon; Socrates is writing and teaching whilst Cleon the tyrant is slowly destroying the prototype of democracy. The only fictional character is Eupolis himself whose name, implying both the good citizen and the well-being of the city, predisposes us in his favour. His early life and rise to fame as the greatest comic writer of the age take place against a background that is completely convincing for the author is a classical scholar specialising in the period he describes.

NON FICTION REVIEWS

THE DEMON LOVER

Cassanova, a New Perspective. J. Rives Childs. Constable. £14.95.

> '. . . a frank face, and the head held high, well
> attired . . . he is of bold and disdainful character,
> but, especially, he is full of the gift of gab
> and, as such, witty and learned.'

Casanova's successes everywhere in European society and notably with women, his meticulous accounts of his journeys and his conquests, and his assessment of himself on each occasion, are as nothing in comparison with the captivation he has exercised for some two centuries over a legion of followers, some of them his biographers, the 'Casanovists'. One of the most distinguished of these is the author of this book, a former American diplomat, who died last year, but who first read of Casanova's adventures when on service in Cairo in 1930, and was devoted to him — or to them — for well over 50 years. His study is testimony to the existence of a Casanova industry even more impressive than the legendary (?) exploits of the best-known Venetian since Marco Polo. And not all of *his* tales, after all, are deemed to be the whole truth.

This biography is an expanded version of an earlier study, written in 1961, and drawing on Casanova's *Memoirs* and the host of works on or about him. Childs himself compiled in 1956 an annotated world bibliography of works on Casanova, which, since 1958, has had annual supplements. Though a biography in form, his book is much more: by the use of the Venetian archives and a massive literature, this is an ambitious attempt to check the veracity of as many of Casanova's references as possible, in order to prove the substantial accuracy of everything that Casanova confided to his memoirs: from his childhood in Venice, the child, it seems, of itinerant actors, his innumerable love affairs (with the discreet changing of some names, of course), his eminence in the various courts of the Italian states and then at the Court of Louis XV, to his last 13 years in Bohemia, and his tragic decline in Dux, when acting as librarian to the kind Count Waldstein. Here he wrote his *Memoirs*, and much else. Along the way he met — and was able in his memoirs to recall, *verbatim*, his conversations with — Voltaire, Mme. de Pompadour, Boswell, Dr. Johnson, Louis XV and Benjamin Franklin, to name only a few. It is a story therefore of Casanova's 'interminable wanderings' from Venice *via* Corfu, to Constantinople, Cologne, Turin, Florence and Rome to Vienna, Warsaw, Paris and London. As a piece of detection, how successful is it?

The extent of the research, and the scholarly apparatus, are impressive. So is the range, since Casanova, educated for the church, was chemist (and therefore 'magician'), lawyer and financier, lover and wit, spy and card-sharp. The man, despite his zest, his style and his pride in his conquests, and his accounts of them, remains, however, as elusive as the Pimpernel. We do not know how he financed himself (except hawking the idea of a lottery, by sponging on others — and for a time being imprisoned because of it — and by living on

his charm, his presence, and a considerable command of Italian literature), or how (and why) he travelled so restlessly, and so far. What we have is a lengthy, almost indigestible, list of names, and careful accounts of all who crossed his path. Many of them are real, and we are given ample corroboration of that; but too often there are admissions of incorrect chronology in the *Memoirs*, and of anachronisms and anomalies. While saluting the industry that went into this book, the evidence for Casanova's veracity remains unconvincing: his *Memoirs* seem to be, in fact, a fascinating string of anecdotes of the great and famous he met (or said he met), attached to a personal chronicle, parts of it fictitious, from which a legend in his own life-time was brilliantly built. This is a tribute to the spell that that legend has cast over two centuries of dedicated, (and deceived?) readers. It is also a reminder of the international character of European 'learned' society in the eighteenth century. Casanova emerges as largely his own creation, a virile but cheap-jack edition of Benjamin Franklin — or of Horatio Bottomley?

ESMOND WRIGHT

MOZART IN VIENNA

Mozart: The Golden Years, 1781-1791. H. C. Robbins Landon. 272pp. 215 illustrations, 32 in colour. Thames and Hudson. 1989. £14.95.

A great deal has been written about Mozart in recent years, but much of it is not very accessible to the general public. Professor Robbins Landon tries to make it so. He takes into account all the relevant research, including the most recent, and adds some of his own. The evidence for every statement is meticulously documented. But the general reader need not turn to the notes at the end of the book; nor need he be put off by interesting technical details and musical analysis. He can take them in his stride as he follows Mozart's progress through the ten years after he settled in Vienna.

A year before the present book Professor Landon published *1791: Mozart's Last Year.* The two books are obviously linked and in reversed order can be taken as one two-volume work. In the book just issued the events recorded end with Mozart taking his rival Salieri to a performance of *The Magic Flute.* Little more is said about that opera, and major works of his last year, such as the Requiem, are merely mentioned. Mozart's career before 1781 is briefly recapitulated in the first chapter, entitled Prelude. The main part of the book, before Mozart fades out in arcane freemasonry, describes his life in Vienna, the circumstances in which his music was composed and performed and glimpses of his personality, all set in an evocation of the social context.

The penultimate event of the story is Mozart's last meeting with Haydn on 15 December 1791, the day Haydn left Vienna for his triumphal visit to London. Professor Landon has published several important books on Haydn, and relations between the two composers are well discussed. An impressive knowledge of the period is apparent throughout.

This is a handsome book. The illustrations are not only attractive but greatly help the reader to imagine what it felt like to live and enjoy music in Vienna in the 1780s.

BRUCE PATTISON

HITLER'S No. 2 MAN

Göring, A Biography. David Irving. Macmillan. Illustrated, 573pp. £16.95.

Mr. Irving fills an important gap with this biography of the man who was second to Hitler throughout their Reich. We know more than enough about Hitler, but nothing like so much about Göring. This biography now tells us all that we need to know, from all the sources that have become available, along with some things that are new to us.

Mr. Irving is far from unsympathetic to his outsize subject. He gives us a favourable picture of Göring's background, family life and early career. His father was a 'haughty' governor of what is now Namibia, then German South-West Africa. Mr. Irving does not tell us that the Germans there practically wiped out the aboriginal Hottentots.

The son had a marked career as a fighter pilot in the First German War, 1914-18 and won the Iron Cross. In Sweden, as a good Nordic, he captured the wife of a Swedish Count; after living with her for some time he made her his wife, and was heart-broken when she died. He became equally devoted to a second wife, a divorced German actress. Göring was a good family man.

Footloose and penniless, like many ex-service-men, he joined Hitler's movement and thereafter was under his spell. In November 1923 Hitler and Ludendorff — who had been head of the German Army in the 1914-1918 war — began a Putsch in Münich which was intended to overthrow 'miserable Jewish rule' in Berlin. They had the collusion of the local authorities. One of these, von Kahr, failed them at the critical moment; in the murders of June 30, 1934, which were masterminded by Göring, he had von Kahr murdered.

Göring had been wounded in the *mêlée*, was given first-aid by the wife of a Jewish furniture dealer and taken round to a clinic. It was owing to this wound that he became a morphine addict. From time to time he put up a struggle against his addiction, but some of his extravagant, even monstrous, characteristics may have been due to that.

His vanity and exhibitionism were outsize, like his corpulence and luxury, his transvestism, his dressing up like a Roman emperor in silks, his perfumes and cosmetics. He did not use lipstick, but rouged his flabby jowls. Nothing of this diminished his popularity; Mr. Irving tells us that the Germans were devoted to him from first to last — as they were to Hitler, though on a different level. The divine Führer was an 'Übermensch', more than human.

Many people thought Göring cowardly — he certainly kept out of the danger zone as much as he could (so did Hitler). This seems hardly fair, at least undiscriminating: as a young man he had shown plenty of physical courage. What was wanting was moral courage — in that very German. He said that in direct confrontation with Hitler his heart went into his pants. So that he was always submissive and came round to whatever Hitler wanted. Even when his judgment differed — and may have been better — it was always, *Jawohl, mein Führer, Jawohl.'*

Over the Night of the Long Knives, 30 June 1934, he took the lead as 'Murder Manager' in Prussia, while Hitler managed these little local difficulties in Münich. Among the scores of people murdered were not only old comrades like Röhm and Gregor Strasser, Nazi rivals, but the ex-Chancellor, General Schleicher and his wife, and others against whom Göring was paying off personal scores. All day, while the murders went on, 'he kept President Hindenburg *au courant'* with what was going on.

The respected, and respectable, Hindenburg had let Hitler into power by

the front door and given him indispensable support. Now, when these murders were over, he publicly congratulated Hitler on the 'victory'. Mr. Irving tells us that the German people rolled up enthusiastically behind it. 'The National Socialist régime emerged from the Night of the Long Knives with its domestic popularity enhanced.' He describes this as 'that odd inversion of public ethics that characterised the decade'. This is too sweeping and undiscriminating: there were people elsewhere who recognised from that demonstration that the régime was a murderous one that would stop at nothing.

Nor did it. It was honeycombed by feuding and treachery within, among themselves. We learn, what is new, that Göring informed the British beforehand of Hitler's intended onslaught on Russia and even the date of it — so that Churchill was able to alert Stalin. Göring was opposed to the campaign against Russia, but dared not say so.

At his trial at Nüremberg he said that he did not know much about the extermination of the Jews, and had the effrontery to say that he did not suppose that the Führer did either. Throughout this book it is obvious that anti-Semitism was at the core of National Socialism all through. Anti-Jewish jeers and insults are on their lips regularly, a grand source of popular appeal. Even so, one could never have imagined the full horror of the Holocaust, carried out with the usual German efficiency. It is in line with Hitler's personal order that all airmen dropped from British bombers should be executed.

Mr. Irving highlights Göring's performance at his trial at Nüremberg. He was a good actor and rose to the occasion for his final appearance on the public scene. He was able and could make rings around the stupid American prosecutor Jackson. Mr. Irving calls the British prosecutor more 'fortunate'; he should have said, to be fair, more intelligent. It took Maxwell-Fyfe to bring home to Göring his responsibility as the second man in a régime that had committed these crimes of every sort against humanity. To Mr. Irving the responsible British prosecutor was just a 'bullying barrister'.

He at least was capable of dealing with an arch-bully, pinpointing a murderer, bringing out the truth. Mr. Irving realises that Göring was a congenital liar, who believed at least some of his own fabrications. Didn't he know of atrocities? Wasn't it Göring himself who thought up the bright idea of making all Jews wear the Star of David? — so that then they could be harried and beaten up in the streets. Not a murderer? But at Nüremberg he said, 'it was a damned good thing I wiped them out', former comrades and all.

To Mr. Irving, the performance was Göring's 'this last battle for his country', 'scattering immortal lines', with 'his immense ability and knowledge'. He had knowledge all right: he knew perfectly well all that they had done. But to Mr. Irving the trial was just a matter of 'each side used its own dirty tricks'. A Jewish doctor, in giving evidence, over-rode the dictates of medical *ethics*! — as if it is a breach of ethics to bring home his responsibility to a murderer, if on a larger scale than usual.

Göring was the real creator of the Luftwaffe. In 1940, without provocation, without warning, his bombers suddenly eviscerated Rotterdam. Mr. Irving describes this: 'Göring's air force had now displayed its familiar power'. When in 1941 Göring went shopping for art objects in Amsterdam — largely loot confiscated from Jewish owners — it is remarked, 'the Jews were noticeably fewer'. When the British executed their heroic retreat from Dunkirk to fight again another day, it is described merely as 'abandoning their Belgian and French allies'. It may fairly be said that Mr. Irving sees things from an odd angle.

A. L. ROWSE

MONARCHY AND KINGSHIP

The Princes of Orange: The Stadtholders in the Dutch Republic. Herbert H. H. Rowen, Cambridge University Press. 253pp.

This is a book about many things: personalities and dynasties, the concepts of kingship and succession, and above all about the quest of a nation for an identity, for credibility, through a family. It is also the story of great wealth, great courage and great talents, ingredients not vouchsafed in all three qualities to many.

Herbert H. Rowen, Emeritus Professor at Rutgers University, has made an important and memorable contribution to what has been written in English about the Princes of Orange, drawing, as the bibliography amply testifies, on a wealth of English and Dutch sources.

The preface contains an important and refreshing look at the meaning of monarchy. The Princes of Orange were not monarchs of the Netherlands until 1814, so what was the nature and source of their power? Rowen says: 'My studies of the French monarchy have made me aware of the importance of distinguishing between monarchy and kingship . . . monarchy is best used as a precise word for the Aristotelian concept of the rule of one person; kingship for a historically evolved kind of political status and power. To speak of absolute monarchy is to commit a tautology; to speak of an absolute king is not. Put in another way, an absolute king is indeed a monarch; a constitutional king (or equivalent crowned head under another title) is not.'

This is more than a conversation piece; does it mean that executive presidents like Mitterand, Bush and Gorbachev are really monarchs without the name? (Mitterand is actually a prince anyway — one of the co-princes of Andorra!) and does it mean that Elizabeth II is not a monarch at all?

Beginning with this fascinating theme, Rowen then traces the rise of the Princes of Orange from the beginnings of nationhood in the Dutch Republic to the transmutation of the United Provinces into the Batavian Republic under Napoleon. It is indeed, with gaps, an historical evolution of political status and power. I feel that Rowen does not emphasise enough the principality of Orange and the origins of the family in an ancient enclave in Provence, one of the remnants of the Kingdom of Arles, 'an archaic inconvenience.' It was because of this tiny base that William the Silent and his successors could claim to be Sovereign Princes. They could claim judicial equality with the King of Spain himself, although it was the equality of 'the elephant and the mouse both being mammals.' Nevertheless William could say he held Orange 'as my own free property'. It had been left to him in the will of his cousin René of Châlons, perhaps in consequence one of the most important testaments in European history.

The rise of the Netherlands or United Provinces (the Northern Netherlands as opposed to the Southern, who remained loyal to Spanish and Austrian Habsburgs) was also the quest for political identity, which apparently could only be achieved by association with a great family; something which happened also to newly emergent states in the nineteenth century: Greece, Albania, Bulgaria, Belgium itself. Elizabeth I was offered the sovereignty of the Netherlands but declined. It would be another century before the Prince of Orange sat on the English throne, bringing about a personal union between Britain and the Netherlands.

At first the Princes were cautious. William the Silent, (*Le Taciturne*, better translated perhaps as 'The Sly') never proclaimed himself a king or any other

prince than that of Orange, but he was Stadtholder — a type of head of state, first of some of the Provinces, then of more, and this office evolved into something unique, *sui generis,* which marks the Dutch constitution out from other countries. However, the United Provinces had abolished the centralising monarchy of the Habsburgs only to find it necessary to set up a surrogate monarchy. William's second son, Maurice, who followed him in the stadtholdership, refused to become count or duke in the United Provinces; 'the vanity of titles was not one of his vices', but in order to ensure the continuation of his family in office he urged his brother Frederick Henry to marry. On the birth of his children Frederick Henry became a dynast, 'one who mingled his destiny with that of the state he ruled or served'.

During the seventeenth century the United Provinces were one of the most important or 'first-rate' powers in Europe. Frederick Henry secured a most important dynastic marriage for his son (who was to become William II) by marrying him to Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I of England. It was the first of three marriages into the British royal family. Queen Beatrix is descended from the third of these marriages, that of Princess Anna, daughter of George II, to William IV of Orange; while Queen Elizabeth II is herself descended from William the Silent through the progeny of Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I who married Frederick of the Palatinate, one of William's grandsons.

William IV of Orange was the first of his family in whom the Stadtholdership became hereditary, another advance on the road to kingship, in 1747. A good deal of agonising had gone on when William and Anna only produced a daughter, Caroline, as to whether there could be female succession to the stadtholdership. The Netherlands had had a long and successful experience of women rulers in the form of regents, governors and duchesses in their own right. It was decided that a female stadtholder would be called a *gouvernante,* and she might marry only with the approval of the States (the Congress or Parliament). If she married, her husband might represent her as captain-general and in the Council of State. In any event, the provision for making the stadtholdership hereditary in both lines proved unnecessary, for a son, to be William V, was born in 1748; but it proved prophetic, in the light of what was to happen to the House of Orange after 1890.

It is one of the curiosities of genealogy that no male members of the House of Orange were born for over a hundred years, until the birth of the present Prince of Orange in 1967. But then there always were more female than male members of the House. William the Silent had nine sisters and nine daughters. William II, the only son (who had an only son) had six sisters. It seems significant that at the time of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the Princes not only finally lost the principality of Orange (although they retained the title after a great deal of family infighting) but the Treaty 'marked the definite passage of the United Provinces from the status of a first-rate power to that of the second rank'. Yet by this time the United Provinces had long gained international status and credibility and perhaps in the eighteenth century were only looking for a head of state. The later princes were not of the same calibre of their ancestors. Thomas Jefferson, himself more than a president, described William V as a 'half-king'. But the experiment had succeeded; a kind of political status and power had been accorded to the House of Orange.

It was, moreover, a unique experience; as Rowen described it himself, 'neither fish nor fowl', but of great worth for all that, and worthy of the scholarly examination this author gives it.

MICHAEL L. NASH

A SINGLE MAN

Isherwood's Fiction; The Self and Technique. Lisa M. Schwerdt. Macmillan. £29.50.

Christopher Isherwood, as a man and as a writer, was basically a rebel. He rebelled against his upper middle class background, against the conventions of English society and (as Lisa M. Schwerdt points out in her perceptive study) even his homosexuality can be seen as an aspect of his resistance to accepted forms of behaviour. Isherwood chose to spend most of his adult life outside England — in Europe and America — where he felt free from family ties and traditions and was ultimately able to come to terms with the conflict between the spiritual and sensual aspects of his nature.

After his first two novels about English life between the wars, he developed his intimate, first-person technique of writing transposed autobiographical fiction which he was to pursue for the rest of his career. *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* and *Goodbye to Berlin* are remarkable for their evocation of a society in the process of decay in the 1920's and 30's and for their endearing and entertaining characters who in real life might be thought of as disreputable and amoral. But the dandyish con-man, Mr. Norris; the flighty gold-digger, Sally Bowles and the callow toyboy, Otto Nowack, all emerge as delightful eccentrics because they are seen through the eyes of the sympathetic observer who never loses his sense of humour. And here we have the inimitable quality of Isherwood's writing — the charming, casual, light-hearted style which seems so effortless, but disguises a careful economy of structure and a deep underlying seriousness.

It was not until 1954 in his novel *The World in the Evening* (misjudged and misunderstood by many critics) that Isherwood took a major step forward by allowing his narrator — now called Stephen Monk — to become involved in complex emotional and sexual relationships. Here Isherwood stops being the detached observer when the narrator falls in love with and marries a woman novelist, Elizabeth Rydal. The story is handled with subtlety and perception and has a quality of inevitability which one senses in Elizabeth's illness and early death, in Stephen's infidelities and his regrets and in the way in which the memory of his dead wife affects his second marriage and eventually helps him to develop as a person.

Christopher Isherwood spent many years studying Indian mysticism and writing and translating a number of books on the subject, yet except for some minor characters, there is no significant religious influence in his fiction until his final novel, *A Meeting by the River,* which is a brilliantly faceted study of the reconciliation between two brothers — one worldly and sensual and the other sensitive, spiritual and about to become a monk. It is clear that Isherwood probed deeply into his own experience in writing this book which can be seen as a reflection of the conflicts within his divided nature.

His best novel is *A Single Man;* a short, succinct and moving portrait of a middle-aged homosexual academic whose lover has recently died. In this book Isherwood at once crystallised his own inner life and presented a poignant study of bereavement and loneliness.

Lisa M. Schwerdt has written a penetrating study which she explores Isherwood's fiction in terms of his deepening self-discovery and his use of the first-person technique. Wisely she gives us enough biographical detail at the right moments to reveal the novelist's emotional state when he was writing each of his books.

Considering the fact that Ms. Schwerdt is clearly a percipient critic, it seems surprising that she has chosen to use the theories of the psychologist, Erik Erikson, as a peg on which to hang her thesis. In her introduction she outlines Erickson's ideas on the psychological stages of life and the search for personal identity, then she tells us that through Erikson we will get to the heart of Isherwood's work. We have no indication that Isherwood was a follower of Erikson and, even if he was, this is a gratuitous premise on which to base the book. The frequent quotations from the psychologist are more obtrusive than elucidating and, since Lisa M. Schwerdt shows a genuine understanding of Isherwood, one feels that her own original ideas on his life and work would have been sufficient to make this an enlightening book.

ROBERT RUBENS

MURDER WILL OUT

Murder Will Out: The Detective in Fiction. T. J. Binyon. Oxford University Press. £12.95.

The British have always had a soft spot for the amateur detective in fiction. He may have been either bumbling away and stumbling on the solution or outwitting the police officer who must at times have been educationally sub-normal not to see the solution three chapters before our hero brought all the suspects to the library and, whisky and soda in hand, patiently explained the problem until he came to the criminal. Perhaps that should read 'he or she', for there has been a long tradition in detective fiction for female investigators starting with Baroness Orczy's, Lady Molly who obtained the release of her husband falsely convicted of murdering his grandfather's solicitor. And male or female they have almost exclusively come from the middle and upper classes, with backgrounds similar to those who borrowed the tales of the exploits from Harrods, Mudies or Boots lending libraries. They have been lawyers, and doctors, accountants, journalists, priests, missionaries, rabbis, academics, and young men and women with too much money and time on their hands.

T. J. Binyon, himself a crime novelist of note, has assembled them all in line, from Holmes through Nero Wolfe and Lord Peter Wimsey to the day of the private eye and V. I. Warshevski. He has considered the bungling, and not so inept, police officer through Gaboriou and Hanaud to Maigret and the boys of the 87th precinct. He has also included some of the oddities and gentlemen crooks, the Saint, Raffles, Blackshirt in this history of the detective in fiction. As with Julian Symons' earlier book which covered much of the same ground *Bloody Murder,* Binyon is much stronger on the Golden Age rather than the tougher present day. There is no mention at all of Elmore Leonard, David Lindsay or Charles Williford both of whom have been around long enough to merit a reference. Indeed Williford's Miami police officer Hoke Mosley is one of the best creations in the last decade. Robert Parker's Spenser merits one line and a little further back Dennis Wheatley and James Hadley Chase have been totally omitted. It can be argued they were thriller writers rather than true 'detective' writers but then so was Sapper whose almost formal detective novel *Temple Tower,* which looks over its shoulder to Conan Doyle is also sidelined. Nor does George Sims merit mention and yet he wrote fairly structured detective novels set amongst antique dealers. More serious is the omission of Lawrence Block's ex-policeman Matt Scudder.

Yet, perhaps, all this is carping. Binyon clearly has both a love and know-

ledge of the genre and he communicates it beautifully. As a reference book alone it is worth its weight; as a history it stands along with *Bloody Murder* and that is high praise. Possibly it was written a little while ago because no mention is made of the death of Margaret Millar, the more versatile wife of the better known Ross Macdonald. A second edition could, perhaps, include some of the major modern omissions. JAMES MORTON

VERY FREE SPEECH

Lowspeak: A Dictionary of Criminal and Sexual Slang. James Morton. Angus & Robertson. £3.99.

Culling from all sources — the army, the navy and the air force, prisons and prisoners, cops and robbers, fellow-lawyers, probation officers, social workers, exponents of black slang and scholiasts of the less respectable nuances of Yiddish — combing the columns of rare and esoteric lexicons, Mr. Morton, himself a criminal lawyer of twenty-five years' duration, *peine forte et dure*, has painstakingly put together precisely the book which he would have welcomed when, in the early days of his metropolitan criminal defence practice, he came ear to lip with a heterodox clientèle possessed of the gift of tongues impenetrable. Babel's famed tower had nothing on Mr. Morton's gallant attempts at interview room exchanges.

It is, in purely practical terms, impossible to speak too highly of *Lowspeak*, for it provides the key that unlocketh the door to the dark places of the human heart — and trousers. It is, indeed, the argotian equivalent of Kennedy's Shortbread-eating primer — once so familiar to generations of Latin-swotting schoolboys. All of us, with the possible exception of a few learned judges — What, pray, is a tealeaf, Mr. Morton? — know a word or two of the criminal patois or argot, but there is indeed a whole vast territory of common (very) parlance which is as unintelligible to most of us as Dr. Zamenhof's Esperanto or Lancelot Hogben's Interglossa. Some of it can boast, like many a London criminal family, a lineage stretching back to the days of Dickens, and well beyond. Much of it derives from rhyming slang, a jargon originally designed to defeat the understanding of the ear-wigging peeler, bobby, fuzz, Bill, pig, tithead, filth, that is police or policeman. But, as the lexicographers keep telling us, language is a living thing, subject to strange metamorphoses: sleazy used to mean flimsy, prestigious used to mean practising juggling or legerdemaine, prevaricating is currently being used to do the work of procrastinating. And not only do the precise shades of meaning change equally in 'slanguage', but new words are constantly being imported — just as respectable 'vocabularians' brought 'tomato' home from Spain.

With all the flittery nimbleness of a committed lepidopterist, Mr. Morton has cast his wide-sweeping etymological net far afield — America, Canada, Australia, South Africa, the West Indies — to capture the latest hatchings from the word processors and zealously pins them down beside florid specimens from the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. His book is chockey-full of *outré* and recondite revelations. To read it carefully is to find oneself an initiate of a weird kind of underworld freemasonry. As we of this age of televised enlightenment all know, porridge is imprisonment, but how many of us 'on the outside' are aware of the old stir tradition that if a con does not choke down his final bowl on the morning of his release he is set fair to become a recidivist? Seek and ye shall find . . . much to amuse, intrigue and scandalise you in this wickedly entertaining manual of cunningly contrived secret verbal dexterity.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Sea and Sardinia. (Olive Press. £6.95.) D. H. Lawrence wrote this delightful account of his visit to Sardinia in the twenties. It was then still a mysterious untrodden island, which fitted in well with Lawrence's somewhat dramatic description of his travels, starting with Sicily. Attilio Brilli has an introductory piece, *The Island of Voices,* which sets the scene.

Samuel Johnson on Shakespeare. (Penguin. £5.99.) This addition to the New Penguin Shakespeare Library should be widely welcomed. It is edited with a substantial Introduction by H. R. Woudhuysen. The purpose of this selection is 'to make Johnson's most interesting critical ideas about Shakespeare more widely available. It offers newly edited and modernised texts of all Johnson's major pieces of Shakespeare criticism, including a large number of his critical and explanatory notes'. The volume certainly provides much material otherwise difficult to ascertain quickly.

The Narrow Ground. (Faber and Faber. £4.95: US $8.95.) This study of Northern Ireland since the plantation of Ulster 1609 by A. T. Stewart, the historian of Irish history at the Queen's University, Belfast, has been widely acclaimed since its first publication in 1977. It is now issued in a revised paperback edition. It has five historic and contemporary themes, namely Problems of Plantation, Signals of Siege, The Politics of Presbytery, Patterns of Conflict and Modes of Minority. He argues that 'the deepest cause of division is not religion but national allegiance, and even that is not absolute'.

The Unquiet Countryside. (Routledge, £30.00). Professor G. E. Mingay is the Editor of this absorbing series of articles on the English countryside from the seventeenth century to the end of the Victorian era. We are given a very different picture from the common impression of a warm and friendly relationship between landowner or farmer and farm worker. 'By the early nineteenth century the bulk of English farmworkers had come to constitute a landless proletariat' whom their employers 'had come to regard as "hands", a labour force to be managed as economically as possible'. The first article by J. H. Porter covers crime in the countryside during the period 1600-1800; this is followed by John Stevenson's piece covering the bread riots. The notorious Swing riots are covered by the Editor. John E. Archer has two articles, covering the almost universal practice of poaching, and arson and animal maiming. F. M. L. Thompson discusses the relations between landowners and the rural community, Pamela Horn writes on Labour organisations, and David Jones discusses rural crime and protest in the Victorian era. These last three articles are taken from *The Victorian Countryside.* The other contributions are original work. All the articles include bibliographical notes.

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AUSTRALIA'S NORTHERN TERRITORY: 'CROCODILE DUNDEE' COUNTRY: PART 2

by Keith D. Suter

THE Australian Land Councils are now sophisticated. They employ a fairly large number of staff as well as contracting outside consultants for legal advice and to assist in negotiations with mining companies. The Land Councils discern between good and bad companies and are developing strategies to play a more dominant role in the industry. Additionally, the 1976 Act and the royalties thereby imposed have meant that a larger share of the companies' profits have been ploughed back into Australia — including the Northern Territory — than would otherwise have been the case. Since some of the royalties are paid to Aboriginal communities, they reduce the need for government welfare and lift the socio-economic conditions in which the traditional owners live.

The Territory's most controversial form of mining is for uranium. Australia has an estimated 30 per cent of the West's total uranium reserves and is sixth in a list of producers after Canada, the USA, South Africa, Niger and Namibia. Over fifty locations of uranium deposits in Australia have been publicly gazetted and there are three mines in commercial production. Uranium was first discovered in 1906 at Radium Hill, South Australia. A second deposit was found in 1910 at Mt Painter, South Australia. Both were mined before World War II for their radium. Radium Hill was reopened and, along with Rum Jungle in the Northern Territory, supplied the uranium to fuel the American and British nuclear bomb projects after World War II and until the early sixties. Between the late 1960s and mid 1970s discoveries were made in Australia of some very large deposits. Included in these were the three large deposits of Jabiluka, Ranger and Koongarra in the Territory. In 1975, possibly the largest known deposit in the world was found at Roxby Downs in South Australia.

Uranium mining touches many raw nerves. First, there is the continuing problem of Rum Jungle. Rum Jungle was the first major uranium mine in Australia. The mine stopped operating in 1971 but has continued to be an environmental problem of massive proportions. The tailings dam at Rum Jungle has been repeatedly breached by monsoonal rains and the adjacent river has been polluted by toxic elements and radioactive

materials. Pollution extends over a 100 square kilometres area and will continue to poison the land and water for many years. The Rum Jungle experience is not a good omen for other uranium mines.

Second, Aboriginal people were for a long time opposed to uranium mining on their land because the contamination of water supplies and the spread of radioactive pollution, directly and indirectly, endangers their lives; sacred sites of vital cultural and spiritual significance would be destroyed and white settlement brings problems like alcoholism, prostitution, drug addiction and disease, which continue to have disastrous effects on Aboriginal communities.

Additionally, in the Northern Territory the largest uranium deposits are on Aboriginal land bordering Mt Brockman — the sacred Dreaming Place of the Rainbow Serpent, Djidbe-Djidbe — which, if disturbed, will bring destruction to humankind. The Aboriginal people have long respected the earth-energies of uranium ore, acknowledging also its potentially powerful and harmful qualities through myths 40,000 years old. At Narbarlek in Arnhem Land, Queensland Mines Ltd drilled within the sacred Green-Ant Dreaming site — Gabo Djang — without the consent of the Madjawarr custodians. The Aboriginal people believe cyclone Tracy, which wrecked Darwin on Christmas Eve, 1974 was the first warning of Gabo Djang.

However, under the terms of the Aboriginal Land Rights (NT) Act, Aborigines have no right of veto, which means they have limited bargaining power. They are only entitled to negotiate the terms and conditions under which mining will take place; they cannot say 'No' to mining. If they refuse to negotiate, or if agreement is not reached through negotiation, the Australian Government can bring in an arbitrator of its own choosing who will decide the terms and conditions of mining, whereupon the Government can sign on behalf of Aborigines. Under the Act, mining companies can only enter Aboriginal land if they have a permit from Aboriginal owners. They can only explore for minerals with the permission of the Federal Minister for Aboriginal Affairs and the Land Council. If Aboriginal people give permission for a mining company to explore for certain minerals, and that company later finds those minerals and wishes to mine them, Aboriginal people cannot say no. To give agreement to exploration, is, in effect, to say 'yes' to eventual mining.

Third, the Australian Government is under pressure from the nuclear industry to accelerate uranium mining. The Labour Government (which is split over uranium mining) has a compromise policy which allows uranium production from only three Australian mines, two in the Northern Territory and South Australia's Roxby Downs. But the industry claims that based on known reserves alone and demand forecasts, Australia could double its 1987 total export of 3,700 tonnes within 2-3 years, boosting the industry's value to more than A$800 million a year. At least four unexploited uranium reserves could be brought on-stream relatively quickly to exploit the perceived growing lag between world demand and supply. These include the Jabiluka reserve in the Northern

Territory, considered one of the world's richest deposits with 207,000 tonnes of yellowcake.

Finally, the issues of Australia's role in the mining, milling and export of uranium remains among the greatest environmental concerns in this nation. Australia's politics have a 'green' tinge at present, with the unprecedented election of five 'green' MPs holding the balance of power in Tasmania's State Parliament. The Australian Government is therefore under pressure from its own Labour branches and some parts of the general public to resist the pressure from the uranium industry. Many Australians oppose the industry's expansion and would prefer to close it down — uranium mining is, therefore, unlikely to become a larger industry in the Territory.

The Territory's latest growth industry is tourism. The 1987/88 financial year saw 878,000 visitors generate A$398 million for the Territory's economy, compared to 330,000 visitors generating A$84 million eight years previously. Visitors from Australian States currently account for 51 per cent of visitation to the Territory, and international visitors 19 per cent. About 9,000 people, or 13 per cent of the NT's workforce, are directly involved in the tourism industry. The tourism boom is reflected across Australia — and Australians have been slow to recognise the extent of the boom. Revenue from international tourism is running at more than A$3 billion a year, placing the industry ahead of export revenue for beef, wheat, sugar, and non-ferrous metals. Every overseas tourist was worth as much to Australia as six tonnes of sugar, 10 tonnes of wheat, 27 tonnes of coal, or 64 tonnes of iron ore. Although a somewhat tasteless comparison, it may be apt, given the sort of treatment tourists can expect when they arrive at some of Australia's airports, notably Sydney. According to the travel industry, tourists can face delays of between one and six hours in being processed through customs at Sydney Airport. Baggage handling is inadequate and facilities generally substandard.

The Territory's tourism industry also creates some controversies. Ayers Rock (Uluru) and the adjacent Olgas (Kata Tjuta) provide a good example. Ayers Rock is estimated to be about 600 million years old (about half as old as the earth itself). Covering 3.3 square kilometres and measuring 9.4 kilometres around the base, Ayers Rock is 2.4 kilometres wide and 3.6 kilometres in length. To climb to the summit 348 metres up and return to the base generally takes about two hours. The Olgas (Kata Tjuta, or 'Many Heads') may have originally consisted of a single rock dome whose size would have dwarfed that of Ayers Rock today. But over millions of years, erosion caused the creation of the 36 domes which now cover about 36 square kilometres and reach up 546 metres at the highest peak of Mount Olga. Collectively, the Olgas are thus a far bigger geological formation than Ayers Rock.

More than any other place, Ayers Rock and Australia's heartlands around it convey the vast size of the nation and the remoteness and raw beauty of the Outback. Aborigines are believed to have inhabited the

area around Ayers Rock for at least 10,000 years, but it was not until 1872 that European explorer Ernest Giles sighted the Olgas and named them after Queen Olga of Würtemberg. The following year, William Gosse became the first European to reach Ayers Rock, naming it after Sir Henry Ayers, the then Chief Secretary of South Australia who later became Premier of that State.

By the 1940s a dirt road linked Alice Springs and Ayers Rock. Dusty and rutted most of the year and impassable in the wet, it was not surprising that between 1931 and 1946 only 24 visitor names were recorded on the summit of the Rock. The first official tour of Ayers Rock was conducted in 1950. In 1959, the first leases were granted for motels at Ayers Rock. Until a few years ago, the vast majority of visitors used to spend just one night at Ayers Rock. But since world-class facilities were provided at the nearby Yulara Resort, many people stay longer. Visitor numbers have more than doubled since the Yulara Resort was completed. On October 26, 1985, the Commonwealth Government transferred the title of the Uluru (Ayers Rock/Mount Olga) National Park back to the traditional Aboriginal owners, who in turn leased it back to the Commonwealth for 99 years. The Park is now run by a Board of Management with an Aboriginal majority. The hand-back was opposed by both some Territory politicians and the local media and the Federal Opposition. One controversy has been, then, that Aborigines could not be trusted to run the National Park. The passage of time has weakened this claim.

A second controversy arises out of trying to cope with all the additional tourists. As already indicated, the rest of Australia is having difficulty in this matter, why should Uluru National Park be any different? Uluru National Park is an Aboriginal National Park and as such, is in the early stages of development. Non-Aboriginal and Anangu rangers work together to look after the land. The Park has a new direction, emphasising the cultural importance of the area as well as its environmental aspects. Before return of title, Anangu had little or no say about tourist contact. They were gawked at, photographed and exploited. For the most part, they preferred not to have day-to-day contact. Now they are in charge of the National Park and are in a position to direct tourist behaviour. They are still learning about the dynamics of tourism and coming to terms with their new powers of self-determination.

The latest controversy has arisen over money: a study of the economy of the Uluru-Katatjuta National Park shows that the Aboriginal traditional owners are not getting a fair share of the income. It says the benefits received by the traditional owners are '... certainly not consistent with the return that a non-Aboriginal land owner would expect from owning such a valuable asset'. The report was commissioned by the Central Land Council in preparation for the renegotiation of the lease arrangements due in 1990. The 99 year lease provides for an annual rent of A$75,000 (£37,000) plus 20 per cent of the park entrance charges. It provides also for a revision of the lease conditions every five years. Econo-

mists from the University of Sydney analysed public income and expenditure directly connected to the park. They found that the Federal and Territory Governments received more than A$12.5 million from park entrance fees and various taxes. At the same time, in 1987/88 the traditional owners were entitled to only A$128,000 under the lease conditions. This means the owners of the land are getting just one per cent of the amount that Governments alone are making from the park. The report highlights the considerable income generated for commerce and non-Aboriginal employees in the nearby township of Yulara. Yulara is a NT Government controlled township just outside the boundaries of the Park. According to the researchers the income generated by Yulara in 1987/88 amounted to at least A$40 million.

The researchers also looked at the projected estimates of tourist numbers. Last year 270,000 people visited Uluru. This is expected to steadily increase to more than 600,000 visitors in 1997. While such numbers will mean an increase in the money received by the traditional owners from their percentage share of entrance fees, the report points out '... it will also put more pressure on the delicate ecology of the area and the Aboriginal community at Mutitjulu (the community at the base of Uluru).' The report goes on: 'This fact in itself may be the basis for a greater proportion of revenues from the Park to be directed towards the community at Mutitjulu and the traditional owners of the land'.

Responding to the report, Central Land Council Director Pat Dodson (an Aborigine and former Catholic priest) said it provides the hard data necessary to enter the renegotiation of the lease, 'Uluru, like the other major tourist destinations in the Northern Territory, is on Aboriginal land. What is clear from this research is that while Aboriginal people and their land makes an enormous contribution to the NT economy, not much of the benefit is getting back to the traditional owners. No non-Aboriginal land owner would tolerate receiving peanuts while governments and businesses make fortunes'.

This dispute is, ironically, a sign of some progress in Aboriginal affairs. It would have been inconceivable as recently as two decades ago, that Ayers Rock would revert to Aboriginal control and that Aborigines would be complaining about their inadequate share of profits from a business venture. When the *Crocodile Dundee* movies were filmed, Aborigines insisted on a payment for the use of their land in the Kakadu region. Aborigines are still often second class citizens in their own land — but some are learning fast.

[Dr. Keith D. Suter is Foundation Director of the Trinity Peace Research Institute, Perth, Western Australia.]

BENAZIR BHUTTO: THE FIRST YEAR

by Frances Harrison

ON December 2nd, 1989, Benazir Bhutto celebrated one year of power in Pakistan; but how much does she have to celebrate? Her government has not managed to pass a single bill through parliament yet.

Many of Ms. Bhutto's problems stem from the nature of the support she gained in the elections of November 16th, 1988. Her party, the Pakistan People's Party or PPP, won 38.7% of the popular vote which did not put it in an especially strong position. The PPP found itself without a clear majority and reliant on independents in spite of having won more seats than all the other parties put together and being the only party to win seats in all four of the Provinces. In the Province of Punjab, the largest and most populated and wealthiest area of Pakistan, the opposition party, the Islami Jamhoori Ittehad (IJI, Islamic Democratic Alliance), gained a strong position, which was to prove troublesome for Ms. Bhutto's government.

In the elections at the end of 1988 it was often said that clearly defined policies were not the deciding factor, but personalities, slogans and images. One opinion poll found that 24% of those voting for the opposition did so because they thought it was led by a strong man; 18% of those voting for the PPP did so because of the memory of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and 22% for his daughter Benazir Bhutto. In general the poll found that 41% of votes were influenced by personalities and a further 12% by 'braderi' or clan considerations.

The election campaign met with two snags for the PPP. First, Benazir Bhutto was still recovering from the birth of her first child in September 1988. Rumour had it that Benazir had disguised the date her baby was due so that elections would not be called deliberately at the expected time of her delivery to prevent her campaigning. The second hitch was the issue, that arose at the last minute, of identity cards. The question was whether all Pakistani voters, who are supposed to possess identity cards, should show them at the polling booths in order to be allowed to vote. The official view was that this would check electoral fraud. However, the PPP view was that many poorer people, especially women in rural areas (who tended to vote for the PPP), did not actually possess identity cards and would be disenfranchised. The debate went to the courts and eventually it was concluded that it was necessary to produce an identity card to vote.

Three days after the National Assembly elections, Provincial Assembly elections were held. No-one expected national issues to sweep the country for local issues normally predominate in these provincial elections. The key result was in the Punjab, where the opposition leader, Nawaz Sharif, emerged triumphant over the PPP. Although the PPP won a majority in Sind, results in the other two provinces were incon-

clusive.

Immediately after the elections it became obvious that the PPP needed support from outside if it were to form a ministry. Encouraged by success in the Punjab, Nawaz Sharif did his best to form an opposition coalition. For some time it seemed as if he had the tacit support of the President, Ishaq Khan. Thanks to constitutional amendments made under President Zia-ul Haq, the role of the President had become significantly more powerful. Tussles between the President and the Prime Minister were to plague politics during the following year.

After much uncertainty, Benazir Bhutto was finally sworn in on 2 December 1988. This followed an agreement between the PPP and the MQM (Mohajir Qaumi Movement). The MQM is a party of Mohajirs, or middle class immigrants from India who settled in the Sindhi towns of Karachi and Hyderabad. The past few years have seen increasing ethnic violence between Mohajirs and indigenous Sindhis and also Pathan tribesmen from the North West Frontier region, making Karachi one of the world's most dangerous cities. The MQM managed to extract concessions and commitments from the PPP to redress their grievances. They also entered into agreement with some independents. Equally important was an agreement reached between Benazir Bhutto and the army. It was widely rumoured that Benazir had to promise not to interfere with Afghan policy in return for being allowed to assume power. It is also probable that the Americans were happy with Benazir forming a government — ironic, because Benazir's father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, blamed the Americans for toppling him because he had refused to abandon the idea of Pakistan producing a nuclear or 'Islamic bomb' as it was called.

On coming to power, Benazir announced a number of measures to relax the control exercised by Zia-ul Haq's regime. Many political prisoners were set free, bans on trade unions and student unions were lifted and the press was supposedly freed. In her first address to the nation after coming to power, Benazir Bhutto promised to honour her election manifesto and also seek to eliminate all forms of exploitation. However, the PPP had made very ambitious election promises: land reforms, notoriously difficult to implement; a doubling of the expenditure on education and housing construction; electricity output was to be increased sixfold by the end of the century. These and other promises were aimed at the poor, who traditionally vote for the PPP.

Economically Benazir was unable to justify these rhetorical promises. She had the misfortune to inherit the country's worst budgetary crisis. The national deficit as a percentage of GNP had almost doubled in the past six years, resulting in a desperate resort to heavy borrowing and the cessation of all development work. The economy was also severely affected by floods in 1988 which made a dent in the agricultural growth rate. Since the agricultural sector accounts for one quarter of Pakistan's GNP, the rate of growth of the country's GNP had fallen when Benazir took power.

Worse still for the Bhutto government's popularity was the IMF agreement, signed by the caretaker government, just before the November elections. This carried at least one proviso damaging the new government: the abolition of subsidies on basic items such as food and fuel, which hit the poorest. The IMF agreement came at a time when prices were already rising by an annual rate of 10%. The cynical suggested that the signing of the IMF agreement was the parting gesture of a bad loser.

Aside from resort to foreign borrowings, the Pakistan government had two difficult options for redressing the financial crisis. Cuts in non-development expenditure seemed an obvious area, in particular the defence budget, but sadly this was obviously unacceptable to the generals looming menacingly in the wings. The alternative would have been tax increases, but it was guaranteed to trigger public discontent.

As it turned out Benazir took another path — that of privatisation. In July 1989, during a visit to Britain, Benazir announced that the banks, the energy and transport sectors would be privatised. In particular 30% of the national airline, PIA, was scheduled for privatisation. The first flotation of shares is planned for May 1990. It was ironic that Benazir should bring Thatcher-style privatisation to the developing world, for her father was responsible for nationalising large parts of Pakistan's economy. Critics of the privatisation scheme say that since Pakistan's stock markets are at a fairly rudimentary level the government may have difficulty in persuading the public to buy the shares. It was proposed that company employees should be given the opportunity to buy some of the shares, but this has been dismissed as unrealistic. The economic initiative, encouraged by the World Bank and the IMF, seems strangely in contrast with the PPP's socialist rhetoric. With an average per capita income of about £200 a year, very few Pakistanis could afford to buy the shares. The Minister for Water and Power however, whilst in Britain, stated that: 'Privatisation is socialism because it distributes income among more people. It is also Islamic'.

Benazir's government, having won the arduous battle for power, immediately faced political as well as economic challenges. Ethnic violence in Karachi broke out again in mid-December — a reminder that a civilian government alone would not solve many of Pakistan's problems. Political problems began immediately with Nawaz Sharif, who had opposed Benazir Bhutto for the post of Prime Minister, and now controls the Punjab. He has shown little sign of real compromise. Most in the Province, even a year ago, believed Nawaz Sharif would do all he could to destabilise Benazir's government at the centre. It was even thought initially Nawaz Sharif would refuse to meet and talk to Benazir.

In Baluchistan, problems erupted as early as mid-December 1989. In the National Assembly elections the Jamiatul-Ulema-e-Islam (JUI) party, which was on friendly terms with the PPP at the national level, won the largest number of seats. However in the formation of a provincial ministry, a picture emerged that owed very little to national politics.

The caretaker Chief Minister, Mr. Jamil, from the main opposition party, the IJI, remained in office, but with PPP support. Since the government of Mr. Jamil stood little chance of surviving its first no-confidence vote, the provincial governor dissolved the provincial assembly on December 15 and called fresh elections. It was widely assumed that Benazir Bhutto had connived at the dissolution in Baluchistan so as to give the PPP a second chance. She denied such charges. This incident gave the opposition its first cause for complaint and also angered Baluchi nationalist groups.

Memories of Benazir's father's handling of Baluchistan were awakened. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had sent the Pakistan army into Baluchistan for several years to fight tribesmen who, he said, were separatists endangering national security. Armed insurgency against the central government continued for many years, but many regard it as triggered off by Zulfikar's cavalier dismissal of the North West Frontier government which opposed him. Benazir, however, was to lose her battle against the Baluchistan assembly, for the issue went to the Province's High Court in late January. It ruled that the dissolution was unconstitutional. Subsequently a new coalition government was formed with support of most groups except the PPP.

Some of Benazir's greatest successes were to be on the foreign policy front. In December 1988 Pakistan was chosen to host the South Asian regional summit meeting of heads of state. Benazir Bhutto met Rajiv Gandhi and they formed an agreement not to attack each other's nuclear installations. At home, Benazir came under criticism for not bringing up the Kashmir question with the Indian Prime Minister, however. These cordial relations continued during 1989, with further agreements on travel between the countries and shared border patrols. With the new government in India it is hoped that the progress made will not be reversed. The Indian government is reliant on the Hindu fundamentalist BJP party which some fear might impede good relations with Pakistan. More likely is that the BJP will just impede good relations with Muslims within India and not destroy improvements in relations with Pakistan. One achievement was Pakistan's re-entry into the Commonwealth on 1 October 1989, 17 years after having left in protest against the UK's recognition of Bangladesh, after the 1971 civil war. This was another of Benazir's decisions that upturned the work of her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who had been responsible for Pakistan leaving the Commonwealth.

During 1989, Benazir Bhutto has come under criticism for concentrating on visits abroad, where some say she has been more popular than at home. Domestically the PPP has spent so much of its time just surviving that it has done very little. The system of PPP appointments, which gave posts to inexperienced politicians who then used their positions, it is said, to distribute patronage to their political clients, caused a furore. So did the appointment of Benazir's mother as senior minister and her father-in-law as Chairman of the Republic Accounts Committee.

The PPP has been so involved in tussles with the opposition, led by Nawaz Sharif, that it has been unable to give much attention to policies. By-election results at the end of January 1989 confirmed the Punjab as the opposition stronghold. In March 1989 the PPP tried to retaliate against Nawaz Sharif and bring him down by encouraging dissidents within his party, the IJI. Nawaz Sharif managed to defeat such moves by winning a fresh vote of confidence in the Punjab Assembly on March 13th.

Gradually other PPP alliances have come under strain. The PPP in Sind has needed to maintain its support amongst its mainly Sindhi and Pathan supporters in Karachi. But the PPP's supporters were in conflict with those of the MQM, with whom the PPP has an alliance in the Province. A result of this was renewed ethnic violence. In the North West Frontier province, the PPP's alliance with the regionalist, left-wing Awami National Party (ANP) there ended. The ANP said the army was unwilling to see the post of provincial governor given to them, because their party strongly opposed the mujahideen activity in the Province.

Riots in Islamabad, the capital, over the Salman Rushdie affair, which left 12 people dead in February, reinforced the potency of religious feeling, threatening the PPP which some see as lacking in Islamic fervour. The government had banned Rushdie's book some time before but for some this was not a sufficient response. Clearly, this has made Benazir's government even more cautious about relaxing Islamic measures established by General Zia before her.

If Benazir had wanted to rid the country of Islamic laws discriminating against women, as she promised in her election manifesto, then the constitution would have been her sticking point. The late General Zia's eighth amendment to the constitution, in 1985, not only introduced Islamic laws but also gave the President more powers than the Prime Minister. The amendment cannot be altered without a two-thirds majority in the Senate, or upper house of parliament, which at present is dominated by the opposition. This has caused friction with President Ishaq Khan who has a wide range of discretionary powers. The President argues that his powers include the right to control military appointments. In August 1989 a row developed over whether the Prime Minister had the right to dismiss the chairman of chiefs of staff, Admiral Iftikhar Sirohey. Ms. Bhutto wanted to retire Sirohey because he would be replaced by General Aslam Beg, chief of army staff, who has kept out of politics since his appointment last year. She also wanted to prove her power over the armed forces. Relations since then have been strained between the President and Ms. Bhutto.

During the year another feud developed between the Central Government and Nawaz Sharif in the Punjab. The federal government has taken action against companies owned by Mr. Sharif and in response two officials of the Federal Investigation Agency were arrested in mid-September by the Punjab government and charged with murder and

kidnapping. The Bhutto government has also accused Mr. Sharif of having given help to Sikh terrorists from the Indian Punjab, which Mr. Sharif denies. Both sides have held public rallies where they have attacked each other bitterly.

Finally, this antagonism culminated in the opposition moving a no-confidence vote against the PPP government at the centre. Many observers thought Ms. Bhutto's time was up. She certainly had little in the way of positive development to show for her time in office. What triggered the motion was the belief that the MQM in Sind had finally abandoned its alliance with the PPP. Members of the National Assembly had to be closetted away to protect them from bribery and intimidation. Opposition members were installed in the hill resort of Murree, near Islamabad, and PPP members were put in the remote northern valley of Swat. As it turned out, Benazir did win the vote of no-confidence, by 12 votes. Immediately the opposition declared their intention of bringing another no-confidence motion as soon as possible. However, there is uncertainty as to whether the Pakistan Constitution allows another motion to be tabled before six months have elapsed.

If nothing else, the no-confidence motion brought home to Benazir Bhutto the need to effect some compromise with the opposition if she wanted to remain in power. Shortly after the vote, all of Benazir's cabinet and special advisors and assistants tendered their resignations, whilst reiterating their full confidence in Ms. Bhutto as their leader. This cleared the way for a cabinet, reshuffled to include some opposition members, which it is hoped will lead to more of a coalition-style government. Benazir's special advisors had been much criticised for wielding power without ever having been elected.

That Pakistan has a weak central government could be said to augur well for the democratic process in the country. Neighbouring India now also has a similar sort of government. However, the PPP rode to power on the ticket of democracy and if it fails, so also may popular hope in the benefits of democracy fail with it. While Benazir Bhutto and Nawaz Sharif fight it out, ordinary people see few signs of progress.

[Frances Harrison is working as a journalist on South Asian politics.]

US FAILS SUGAR ALLY

by Ian Christopher

DOMINICAN politicians are outraged at what they see as a stab in the back for their support of US foreign policy in the Caribbean. Washington slashed the Dominican Republic's sugar import quota from 433,660 tonnes in 1984 — already less than half the volume in the late 1970s — to 112,000 tonnes in 1988. And even though the US has recently been forced to ease import restrictions because of the devastating drought in North America, Santo Domingo's sales quota is still only 160,311 tonnes.

The loss of this protected market, where sugar is sold at the market support price US20.4c per pound, about twice the price on the world market, has sent the Dominican Republic's sugar industry into a nose-dive. Income from sugar exports fell to US$146 million in 1986; from US$533.9 million in 1981. Sugar's share of export earnings fell to 20.4% from 44.9% in the same period. In less than ten years the economy's engine has seized up.

President Joaquin Balaguer, who has long been one of Washington's staunchest allies in the region, has tried to get the US to change its mind; the sugar quota was high on the agenda of his talks with former President Reagan in March 1988. The US Congress is not blind to the political feast protectionism offers opponents in the region. Senators J. J. Pickle and Sam Gibbons have put forward a Bill that would restore sugar sales to their 1984 levels, but the administration is itself divided on what policy to follow.

Meanwhile, since Moscow stepped in to help to support the Dominican sugar industry in 1982, relations with the Soviet Union have steadily improved. Last year, foreign minister Donald Reid Cabral announced a three year agreement to export 409,000 tonnes of sugar to the USSR, at a price in excess of the market level. It is now the Dominican Republic's second most important sugar market after the US.

Santo Domingo realises that a return of the US sugar import quotas to their former level would only be a temporary solution to the industry's ills. Ultimately its future depends on a radical reform of the state sector, including the diversification into more profitable agri-business.

The state-run Consejo Estatal de Azucar accounts for 62% of sugar production from its 12 mills, but with the costs averaging US$20.c per pound — more than double the current world market price — it has run at a loss throughout the 1980s and currently has debts of more than US$200 million. In contrast, cane yields and sugar recovery rates at the privately owned Central Romana — which produces 32% of the country's sugar from one mill — are significantly higher.

Central Romana was a subsidiary of Gulf & Western of the US between 1967 and 1984, when it was sold to a consortium of local managers, led by Carlos Morales Troncoso and two Cuban Americans,

Jose and Alfonso Fanjul. Restrictions on the profit repatriation have ensured that any money made by La Romana has been ploughed back into new machinery and sugar research.

A well maintained railway system keeps transport costs low, and the mill's processing capacity of 11,800 tonnes every 24 hours is more than double the average of CEA mills. Production costs at La Romana are less than half those in the state sector and are low enough to be covered when selling on the world market. The company also makes a profit on its US imports quota share, calculated on past production levels, and sales of furfural — a solvent produced from cane waste — and molasses, used in rum distilling.

Conditions in the *bateyes* — villages for the Haitian cane cutters — on La Romana plantations are poor, but they are markedly better than those in the state plantations. Wages are higher, and, unlike the CEA plantations, which have not paid up their contribution to the government national insurance scheme, workers may use state medical care and the company's own medical facilities and schools.

Morales's appointment as head of the CEA in 1986 was intended to shake up the state sector. Unfortunately, he lacks the funds to transform it into a profitable enterprise. A central bank loan of 120 million pesos (US$24 million) for restructuring, granted at the time of his appointment, was not even enough to cover the backlog of repairs. Further loans are unlikely: there are more pressing claims on the government and, under pressure from the IMF, the authorities are determined to see the CEA pay for itself.

In 1987 the two state sugar mills were sold. Rationalisation plans are also thought to include the closure or sale of another four by 1990. Production was cut back to 442,713 tonnes last year, the lowest level this decade, and further reductions are likely. The CEA has also sold 1,770ha through the central bank for tourist development. At the end of his first harvest as CEA director, Morales claimed to have cut the company's losses by 40%.

Even more radical is Morales's diversification policy. Taking advantage of the Caribbean Basin Initiative, which allows fruit exporters to enter the US free of duty, the CEA has begun to plant citrus, pineapples, African palm and mangoes for export to the US.

Funds have been provided by partnerships with Dominican and foreign companies. United Brands of the US has sponsored a 1,000ha pineapple plantation and processing plant, the Dole Food Company has leased another 12,000ha and Juan Barcelo, a Dominican company, plans to plant 540,000 orange trees.

But the reorganisation of the sugar industry has led to concern about jobs, especially when the unemployment rate is already 28%. Most CEA mills are in rural areas where, as union leaders point out, there are few alternative sources of employment. The CEA has done little to allay the unions' fears; it denied there were plans to rationalise the industry only weeks before the two mills were sold.

A PENSIONER LOOKS AT POLITICS

by Denis Ellwand

SURPRISINGLY little mention has been made in Britain of the decision by pensioners' organisations in West Germany to establish a new political party to represent their interests. It is to be known as The Grey Party, thus adding a new shade to the political spectrum.

Faced with the question whether a similar development could be expected in this country, Mr. Jack Ashley MP, who has a unique record of championing the causes of many sections suffering a raw deal and is certainly not lacking in concern for the elderly, said that he did not anticipate this. He gave as one of his reasons the fact that in Germany they have a system of Proportional Representation which makes it easier for new parties to carve out a niche for themselves and, thereby, begin to influence the general consensus as the Greens have effectively demonstrated.

That we, in a minority in the European Community, do not yet have such a system has been made painfully obvious by the experience of the so-called centre parties whose efforts to create a 'third force' in British politics have only resulted in disproportionate advantage to the Tory Party which has won three successive General Elections, gaining a huge majority of seats on the basis of a minority vote in spite of the wide opposition to many, if not most, of its key policies.

Another difference between the two countries has been cited as the very much larger proportion of over 60s in West Germany, now estimated as about one third of the total population. The extra burden that this places on the age-group that produces the national wealth underlines the significance of the higher standards of care and support enjoyed by German pensioners as compared with our own.

Since the proportion of pensioners in Britain is also growing, it is to be expected that the political influence they exert will grow accordingly. This article does not, however, seek to advocate the creation of a Grey Party here, but the German initiative is not without interest to our eleven million pensioners who are well aware of the contrast between the way they are treated and the standards prevailing in the rest of the Community. It is a scandal that the level of basic pension in Britain, as well as the range of peripheral benefits, continues to lag behind those of all but one of our European partners. This is in sharp contrast to the generosity that successive budgets have been able to afford for the wealthiest tax-payers. Therefore, even if it is not appropriate to imitate the initiative of our German counterparts we will wish their endeavours every success and hope that they will have a positive effect on the content of the anticipated Social Charter so far as all Europe's pensioners are concerned, including the British. Nor is it out of place to observe that everyone is, in a sense, an apprentice pensioner and that the standards

established today determine the pattern for everybody's future.

The Government has a stock answer, whenever critical comparisons are made, by pointing to the fresh encouragement it gives to company pension schemes, PEPs and the like which can certainly make retirement more comfortable for those who can afford to make some sacrifice of present living standards. However, these measures do nothing for a whole generation of present pensioners who came to retirement *before* graduated pensions and SERPS could make any real difference to their situation and *before* the plethora of new private schemes had begun to take off. Nor are the new opportunities very meaningful to the millions of low-paid workers who, so far from being able to put something aside for their old age, have to have recourse to Income Support to make ends meet from week to week. This category includes a very large number of women, many of them part-timers, particularly in the low-paid service sector: and, ironically, it is women both in Britain and Germany who have the longer life expectancy.

That the basic State Pension in Britain is quite inadequate is made fully clear by the high proportion of pensioners who qualify for additional Social Security benefits. The Government's favourite doctrine of Thrift and Self-Reliance is turned into its opposite when savings accumulated by people who wish to be able to leave something for their children are obliged to eat into their savings before they can get additional help from Social Security.

In the same way, the emphasis on care in the community becomes an empty phrase for all those families on limited income who have to choose between putting money into schemes to support their own old age and making their best contribution to the sustaining of their elderly relatives. The Government, of course, has a stock answer to this criticism as well. It argues that the purchasing power of the pension is fully safeguarded by the formula of annual uprating in step with inflation. It does not also point out that not only are the adjustments always made after the event, but wherever there is a shortfall between pension and cost of living that gap is increased by the same proportion.

At best, the formula can only be a recipe for pegging pensions permanently at the same relative level, since the severing of the link with wages, which was one of the first actions of the Thatcher Government in 1980 which has effectively prevented pensioners from sharing in any rise in prosperity. All this was particularly glaring in 1989 when not only was inflation already significantly higher than the October 1988 figure, on which the April 1989 uprating was based, months before the increase came into effect but it has been continuing to rise ever since.

One notes that the Trade Unions in both the public and private sectors have taken full account of these facts and are successfully insisting on awards somewhat higher than the current rate of inflation. They are further encouraged in this by the example of the lavish increases which many company bosses have awarded themselves. One, therefore, hopes that the Trade Unions will now see their way to take the pensioners'

case on board. They should do this not only out of solidarity with their retired members but also out of enlightened self-esteem with an eye to their own future.

The other potential ally to which many will look is, of course, the Labour Party. But pensioners are not fully satisfied with what Labour has on offer at this time. Labour recently made the estimate that, as a result of the severing of the link with wages, every single pensioner is now £11.50 per week worse off than would otherwise have been the case and every pensioner couple £18 worse off. Hence Labour's pledge to increase the pension immediately it is elected (by £5 per single pensioner and £8 per couple) goes less than half way to restoring the position and the gap will clearly widen as a result of last year's round of pay awards, all of which were running well ahead of the April pensions uprating. True, Labour supports the principle that the link with wages should be restored but, understandably in view of all the landmines that the present administration has been zealously laying for any replacement Government to have to cope with, Labour is not able to commit itself as to how soon it would be able to reinstate that principle. So it does look as though pensioners, and particularly the generation referred to above, are going to have to reconcile themselves to being left in the cold for some time to come unless some new prospect can be opened up.

Pensioners increasingly are coming to recognise that time is not on their side. They do not, at least as yet, see this as requiring the formation of a new party (there are already enough pensioner organisations) but rather as demanding a far greater sense of urgency and determination on the part of the opposition parties to bring about the earliest possible replacement of the present uncaring Government. As it is, each of the Opposition Parties seems to be working on the happy assumption that the avalanche of unpopular legislation is progressively isolating the Tories and thereby improving their own electoral prospects day by day.

Labour, in particular, seems to be convinced that this inexorable process will ensure that their recent advances in the opinion polls will continue until, by the time of the next General Election, they can confidently look for an overall majority capable of forming the next Government. This view conveniently avoids the need to consider deals with other parties or such questions as possible coalitions or electoral reform. However, pensioners are not alone in that they cannot afford to suffer under the Thatcher Government for a single day longer than is absolutely necessary. All sections of the population have an interest in putting an end as soon as possible to the sweeping restructuring of our whole society along blinkered monetarist lines. Every new 'radical reform' is a further millstone around the neck of any successor Government and it is a feature of the current Parliament's legislative programme in particular that its new measures are designed to be as difficult as possible, if not actually impossible, to reverse.

Pensioners are impatient to see a new caring Government elected and a lead in this direction could well secure their several million votes,

thereby ruling out any tendency to organise separate pensioner political action out of frustration. The same holds true for single parents, the homeless, the long term unemployed, the millions of low-paid workers and the thousands, including many elderly people, on hospital waiting lists as well as all those becoming increasingly anxious about the growing and urgent threats to our global environment.

As the desired election will not, in any case, take place tomorrow, for their part pensioners are beginning to voice the demand for a substantial increase in the basic pension now, outside the annual pattern of updating. The imminence of Poll Tax and water and electricity privatisation as well as continuing inflation add urgency and justification to this demand. A figure of £10 per week across the board is being mooted in several areas. The point about this demand is not only that it would mean an immediate and overdue improvement in pensioners' living standards but it would also mean that, given that a successor Government will have huge preoccupations to cope with and might, therefore, have to proceed rather cautiously, the task of establishing social justice for pensioners will be alleviated to the extent that we can extract some significant part of what is needed and deserved from the present administration.

This is clearly financially possible when the Government is toying with the idea of devoting hundreds of millions of pounds to softening the impact of Poll Tax in its early years, so as to quieten the opposition to it until the next General Election takes place. The longer the wait for that election the more successful this tactic can be, especially as all manoeuvres of the sort will be weighted to undermine Labour-controlled councils. The key to getting the whole show on the road is acceptance by Labour of the need for Proportional Representation. Faint hearts in Labour's ranks who are afraid of taking this bold step should reflect that as we are the odd ones out in Europe, it is not inconceivable that sooner or later we may be obliged to introduce it in some form or other. Better to enhance the party's democratic credentials by embracing it willingly now.

Finally, voters should ask themselves whether the risk of coalition government, which is alleged to be implicit in PR, is really such a terrible thing. Is it not better to initiate and develop a broad national consensus based on caring principles that can have a permanent future than to win a short-lived overall victory, only to see it fall to another of the notorious swings of the pendulum to which our present electoral system is chronically prone?

[Denis Ellwand is chairman of Telford Pensioners' Action Association.]

THE WILDING PROCESS

by John Elsom

IN the ageing process which normally accompanies the reading of yet another arts policy document, I realised that it is now nearly twenty-one years since I first ventured into print on this contentious subject with my book, *Theatre Outside London.* It is a definitive milestone; but I wish I could tell from its carved and mossy letters how far we have come and how far, oh Lord, to go. One milestone is much the same as another in the arts policy journey; and in the intervening years, theatres have entranced and exited, and the unemployment rate among actors has stayed much the same, and nothing significantly has changed.

For the past ten or eleven years, however, the conviction has hardened in (and with) my arteries that the chaos in the arts merely reflects what is wrong with our system of government. All administrations have been guilty of acts of philistinism and bad faith, not just towards artists, but towards Britain as a whole; and this rottenness extends downwards into the details of our everyday lives. That is why we keep having to write and commission arts reports. We know that something is wrong, but we lack the political courage to face the consequences of setting it right.

The latest survey was commissioned by the current Arts Minister, Richard Luce MP, from the civil servant who until recently headed the Office of Arts and Libraries, Richard Wilding CB. Mr. Wilding delivered his report, *Supporting the Arts, a review of the structure of arts funding,* as befits a good civil servant, exactly on time, in September, 1989; and my first impression, on reading the opening pages, was that he had done a good job.

Let me re-word that. It was not so much that he had done a good job, but that he was making several vital concessions to common sense and my point of view, the two being synonymous. This is very unlike arts research shemozzles in general, and much to be applauded. For example, my argument has always been that the effect of arts subsidies was not to enlarge the arts market but to marginalise it, to make it a small and decorative factor in a much larger field of endeavour which is not perceived to be artistic at all.

This is illustrated by the way in which the current Chairman of the Arts Council, Peter Palumbo, has revived an old idea that a certain percentage of the costs of a new building project should be spent on commissioning works of art. The architecture of the building itself is not perceived to be artistic, only the lumps of symbolic plaster which decorate its forecourt. The Barbican of ill-fame contains many such token gestures towards the arts. The wind-swept Sculpture Court, forever empty even of lovers, springs to mind. But this does not prevent it from being a monstrously ugly building.

Wilding, however, does acknowledge that the arts cover a much wider area of activity than has been hitherto recognised; and he also concedes

that the subsidised sector of the arts is a mere fraction of the whole. This is another significant development, for in the past the Arts Council has behaved as if it is only the subsidised sector which really counts. Wilding proposes that the Arts Council should act as a forum for all the arts, subsidised and commercial, amateur and professional, alike; and by bringing the Crafts Council into its framework, he has significantly enlarged the Arts Council's terms of reference.

In the dim pre-Thatcherite past, the competition between the subsidised and the commercial sectors of the theatre was unfairly biased against the commercial side. The subsidised theatres reduced their seat prices, with the help of grant-aid, to a point where the commercial theatres could no longer compete. The growth of the subsidised theatres therefore was more than matched by a decline in the commercial sector; and the net result was a shrinking of the theatre system. This reasoning is no longer quite so appropriate, for the subsidised theatres in a desperate search for more money, have jacked up their seat prices; but it is gratifying to observe that Mr. Wilding has acknowledged that this problem could exist.

But what is the real size of the arts market? In the mid-1970s, when I was a spokesman for the Liberal Party's Arts and Broadcasting Committee, I happened to mention in a three-party debate that I couldn't understand why subsidies to the car industry (which were then more than four times the size of the Arts Council's annual grant) should be regarded as investment, whereas subsidies to the arts should be regarded as charity. The arts employed more people than the car industry and, unlike the car industry, provided an overall profit to the country.

I deemed this to be a self-evident fact, but it provoked a heated response from my opposite numbers in the Labour and Tory parties, and a word of warning from the Liberal Party itself. Of course, the arts (they argued) were not as important as the car industry. Had I considered the knock-on effects of the car industry to all the suppliers and manufacturers of component parts? And the car industry was obviously *useful*, in a way that the arts were not. 'Well,' I replied, 'books seem to me as useful as cars and if you doubt my words, you should try to learn Russian by taking apart an internal combustion engine.'

Within a year, the statisticians had got to work, and the politicians had examined the results, and there were facts and figures to back up this silly analogy; and, lo and behold, they all agreed that *many* more people *were* employed by the arts than in the car industry and that, yes, the arts did show an overall profit to the country etc; at which point, every politician who ever sidled with an ingratiating smile on to an arts platform would announce that the arts employed more people than the car industry and showed a p. to the c. to boot, as if it were a startling new fact. Meanwhile, the car industry had shrunk and under Thatcher had lost its subsidies; and the whole point of the analogy was lost.

This fatuous exchange, however, provoked a new statistical game which consisted of trying to tot up the size of the 'arts industry'. It will come as no surprise that different definitions of the arts produced different

national figures. If the arts are seen as part of the leisure industry (and include broadcasting, the press, arts-based tourism etc), the figures indicate an arts market of £14-to-£20 billion. If the arts are connected with industry and heritage, including commercial advertising, design and architecture, the figures indicate a market size of £36-to-£40 billion. But this is monopoly money. The real value of such statistics is, firstly, to prove the very small part which Arts Council subsidies play in these proceedings, less than 1% of whichever whole one chooses, and secondly, to expose the sloppy definition of the arts.

Wilding links the arts with 'leisure'; and takes a rather low national figure, nearly £14 billion, which represents 'total consumer expenditure in the UK on all forms of recreation and entertainment in 1987 (including football matches, theatres, newspapers, books, tapes and TV sets)'. In this, he is at odds with a former Treasury official, Mr. J. T. Caff, who in August 1979 brought 'heritage' into his definition of the arts (*Contemporary Review*, January 1980) and concluded that we spent 0.65% of our national income on the arts. Wilding ignores the whole field of art in industry (advertising, industrial design, architecture); but includes crafts. A pot made by hand should be regarded as artistic, whereas one made by a machine, such as a Wedgwood vase, is not.

He quite rightly stresses the link between the arts and broadcasting, and points out that the BBC spent £160 million on arts programmes, which in itself is more than the current grant to the Arts Council. But he does not follow up Lord Annan's telling point that broadcasting needs to be considered as an art in itself, not just as a supplier of arts programmes. Thus, David Attenborough's *Life On Earth* series is not art, whereas *Arena* or *The South Bank Show* would be. Arts are only the arts if they are clearly labelled the 'arts'. The writers, composers and photographers who contributed to *Life On Earth* must be artisans, which is not the same thing at all.

This specious distinction absolves Wilding from the necessity of taking a look at the government's White Paper on Broadcasting *(Contemporary Review* March 1989), which is such a horrible mixture of bad and indifferent news for the arts. One of the central problems which has afflicted the arts for generations has been that the government has controlled and determined the overall size of broadcasting. It has determined the license fee, the management structure, the nature of the franchises and even, to some extent, the mix of programmes within the various channels. The White Paper, which is about to become a government bill, apparently wants to enlarge the market, and to open it up, which sounds like good news; but unfortunately, it is also designed to restrict freedom of expression by establishing no less than five layers of censorship. It provides more opportunity for businessmen to make money, less for programme makers to make good programmes.

Although Wilding pays lip service to the idea that the arts and broadcasting should be more closely linked, he makes no reasonable proposition as to how this can be done, other than by suggesting that the

Arts Council should take the lead in doing it. Indeed, his report nods in many similar directions without reaching any conclusions. It concentrates its attention, however, on a much narrower topic, the relationship between the Arts Council and the Regional Arts Associations (RAAs).

This is really a continuation of the theory, outlined in yet another arts policy farago, *The Glory of the Garden* (1984), of devolving the power of detailed grant-giving to the regions and of reducing the size (in manpower) of the central Arts Council. Wilding subscribes to the view that the Arts Council should be a supreme guiding influence within the arts system, accountable to the Minister alone, while leaving the actual implementation of its policies to the RAAs. He notes that *The Glory of the Garden* hasn't actually produced better gardening or more flowers. There is still a lot of confusion and bitterness between the central agency and its 'client' regions; and he proposes a different structure, one which would incorporate the Regional Arts Associations into the deliberations of the Arts Council itself. He also proposes to call them Boards (*pace* Elsom, c.1977) which is a much more managerial word and to reduce their numbers from 12 to 7.

Again this is an old idea. The Liberal Arts Panel argued in 1981 that the Arts Council should consist primarily of elected representatives of the Regional Arts Associations, thus turning the Council from an appointed body to an elected one. Wilding does not want to go that far. The representatives of the RAAs should not have a majority on the Council, but merely a guaranteed and comparatively large minority, 7 out of 24 council members.

Well, there are many other possible constituencies, if this is considered desirable. The arts unions, the various management associations and even consumer associations spring to mind. But Wilding wants the Council to stay amateur, in line with the good old English amateur tradition, and a-political, in line with the good old English principle of autocracy by stealth. Wilding is frightened of any signs of genuine democracy, and so he invents a formula for co-operation between the regions and the metropolis, which stops short of significantly changing the system.

Nonetheless, Wilding has conceded the point that the Arts Council *is* an elitist body, in the polite sense of the word, namely a collection of prominent individuals who may not know much about the art but do know the Prime Minister. All he lacks is the courage to contemplate alternatives, except those which he can knock down; and unfortunately he still does not understand the scale of the arts in Britain, despite his figure of £14 billion plucked from thin air for his introduction.

This is demonstrated by his embracing of another familiar Elsom-ite *motif*, circa 1980, which is to establish a data base for the arts in Britain. This is also an idea overtaken by events. When it was first put forward, computers were not on everybody's desk. They were large cumbersome affairs in universities and major companies. Therefore, a single data base

seemed plausible, at least for certain art forms. It would prove a growing library of arts information and statistics to which all those who had a terminal and a communications link could have access.

Nowadays the theory of a few big computers has been replaced in practice by a large number of desk-top computers which can communicate with one another. It is therefore much more important and practical for arts companies to use specially designed arts software on their PCs, in order to help them to converse. To centralise all this information is, at this stage, an unnecessary and expensive luxury; nor would it help with what Mr. Wilding sees as the main problem with arts funding, the defining of the arts.

Unfortunately, this can't be done, or at least not in a way which would help Mr. Wilding. The arts do not consist of various objects, institutions or even jobs. The arts are a process of perception, like science. If you were trying to define science, you would not start by asking, 'Is it a car? Is it a chemical compound?' You would try to analyse the reasoning process which lies behind all scientific activity. It is the same problem with the arts. 'Whereas scientists are concerned with the pursuit of factual knowledge, artists are preoccupied with the shaping of experience' (*The Shaping of Experience,* 1985). Through the arts, we discover and express the many kinds of values which affect our lives; and this explains (i) why it is impossible to estimate the total market for the arts, for they permeate our lives, and (ii) why governments handle them so badly. Governments are always trying to rig the value systems of society to help them win the next election.

The crowning impudence of this report comes in the way in which Wilding imputes 'chaos' to the arts themselves, not to government. Indeed, he even expresses the opinion that 'in the arts world . . . some degree of chaos is a good thing and inseparable from necessary freedoms'. It needs to be said without any equivocation that the kind of chaos about which he is talking stems directly from government and restricts the freedom of the artist.

Why can Mr. Wilding not tackle the problem of relating the arts to broadcasting? Because he is responsible only to the Minister for the Arts and Libraries and not to the Home Office which deals with broadcasting. Why can he not talk about heritage or the commercial aspects of the arts? Because he is not writing for the Minister for the Environment or the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry.

The chaos comes from the top. Artists have to cope with it. But let nobody believe that the chaos is unintentional. It is not a cheerful untidiness. It is deliberate. Governments talk about freedom of speech, but in practice, as the White Paper on Broadcasting demonstrates, they always try to restrict it. They talk about the 'arm's length principle', which certainly helps to protect individual companies from direct government interference. But in the larger structures which control the arts in Britain, government interference is everywhere. It operates through a network of boards of the great and the good, and the regional equivalents,

on which artists are for the most part quite unrepresented. The chaos to which Wilding refers is a unholy congress of *quangos.*

But there is one fact which emerges unbidden from his report. The great absence-of-being, which has always bedevilled the government's handling of arts subsidy matters, is the lack of critical debate concerning the arts themselves. Into this void, all kinds of prejudices rush. Sir William Rees-Mogg and Mrs. Whitehouse want to defend the family. Local councils want to encourage community art, whatever that may mean. A certain proportion of funding has to go to women's art, ethnic art and art for the disabled. These are not aesthetic criteria at all. It is a kind of social engineering with a propensity to backfire. Instead of, for example, guaranteeing a black artist the right to be heard, it limits his or her opportunities for advance. It is a very eighteenth-century approach, a place for everyone and everyone in place.

You can't attack the Arts Council for its lack of artistic taste because it has never pretended to have one. In effect, the government uses such cliches as 'the best for the most' without having any idea as to what the best in art could mean. The national companies must represent the best in British art because we have paid the most for them. For credibility's sake, the Arts Council relies on part-time, unpaid, 'expert' advisers; but their deliberations never reach the light of day. What all these reports about the arts reveal is the lack of a coherent philosophy about the arts. It is bureaucracy feeding on bureaucracy, nothing more.

Again, typically, Wilding recognises that fact; but instead of meeting it head on, he once more tinkers around with the place mats on the top tables. 'You must feel very gratified,' a friend of mine said to me, 'that the Wilding Report has acknowledged so many of the points that you have made in the past'.

I feel nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I feel as if I have been stranded at a derelict country railway station, hungry and tired, waiting for a train which may or may not come. On the platform there is one chocolate vending machine, which should take twenty pence pieces. Only it doesn't. You can see the possibility of chocolate, but the slot resists the coin. After much banging, the slot accepts the coin; but the machine doesn't deliver anything. The coin simply slides through and lands on the ground.

There are many signs in the Wilding Report that the penny has at last dropped; but he has offered no solutions. I am curious to know how this could happen. Were his pension rights at stake? Mr. Wilding is, of course, an honourable man. So are they all, all honourable men. But honourable men can not only be trapped inside a dishonourable system. They can help to run it. I wish him an honourable retirement, and many sleepless nights writhing with guilt, and a garden in which nothing grows, and holidays on a Mediterranean island where the Greek government leaves its lunatics. It is only what the poor man deserves.

POEMS

by Philip Vann

DREAMS OF A THWARTED CZECHOSLOVAKIAN VEGETARIAN

The citizen did not yearn for
western goods — videos, stereos, compact discs
— but for fresh fruit juice
widely and easily available
and grapes, oranges and apples
set out as at a banquet — as glimpsed once
at an ordinary Viennese grocer's shop.

'Only the rich and influential here
can be vegetarians.'

His stomach — queasy
with too much fat, dumplings, delicious cakes,
pork, bread and synthetic orange juice —
gave him dreams
of May Day
under the Strawberry Flag —
whole divisions of crates
of bananas, avocados, pineapples
parading through mouth-watering streets
to celebrate
The Overthrow
of Meat.

FLICKERS OF TRASH AND FREEDOM IN BRATISLAVA

In the polluted town
where the river flows uneasily
and no fruit and veg
grace shop or table;
where surliness or period high-camp
are what waiters serve
their customers,
and where Greens are criminals —

each night the population settles down
to Austrian TV and radio —
a distant world

across the Wire —
actually a kilometre near.

The world that can hardly be visited,
that cannot be attained,
but only dreamt.

Quiz shows, adverts,
news, documentaries, plays, soaps —

flickers of Trash and Freedom
in the Danube night.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

My son is in Switzerland.
He left in '68.
We visit him once a year,
his father and I.
The hotels are so clean.

If he came home,
he would be housed
in a prison cell.

I catch sight
of him
in a Prague street
queuing for books
or buying flowers
for someone nice.
It is not him.

He was such a principled young man,
full of righteous anger.

In a clean Swiss hotel room,
I weep
for my own exile.

[Philip Vann visited Czechoslovakia in April and May 1988 on a British Council Research Award to study twentieth century painting there.]

SOCIAL CHARTERS I AND II: STRASBOURG AND BRUSSELS

by Cosmo Russell

CURRENT discussion on the Social Charter, of which the European Commission has produced a draft which has encountered quite firm opposition from the UK Government, is in a sense surprising. The draft states that the need for it is due to the social policy required in the light of the Single European Act and the completion of the single internal market by 1992. Both have been accepted by the British Government which has in the past accepted the social policy carried out by the Commission within the Community, also deriving benefit therefrom. Surprise is the greater because there has been a European Social Charter signed by the Member States of the Council of Europe, including the United Kingdom Government, which entered into force in 1965 and has therefore been operative for twenty-four years. This Charter was intended to be a counterpart of the European Human Rights Convention of 1950. Both were designed to give positive interpretation to the rights laid down in the Universal Declaration of the United Nations of 1948; the first in the context of human and political rights, the second performing a like function for economic and social rights. When achieved, the European Social Charter was acclaimed as one of the great social documents of the twentieth century and it was adopted without question by the then British Government of Mr. Macmillan.

There seems to be a valid case for comparing the two Charters to see if there is any real difference between them. The first task is to place the rights protected side by side. There are nineteen in the first, twelve in the second. The first has also seventy numbered paragraphs each of which spells out some special feature of the general right protected; the second has thirty-two explanatory details.

Social Charter I

1. The right to work
2. The right to just conditions of work
3. The right to safe and healthy working conditions
4. The right to a fair remuneration
5. The right to organise
6. The right to bargain collectively including the right to strike
7. The right of children and young persons to protection
8. The right of employed women to protection
9. The right to vocational guidance
10. The right to vocational training
11. The right to health protection
12. The right to social security
13. The right to social and medical assistance
14. The right to benefit from social welfare services
15. The right of physically or mentally disabled persons to vocational training, rehabilitation and social resettlement
16. The right of the family to social, legal and economic protection
17. The right of mothers and children to social and economic protection
18. The right to engage in a gainful occupation in the territory of other Contracting Parties
19. The right of migrant workers and their families to protection and assistance

Social Charter II

1. The right to freedom of movement
2. The right to fair remuneration and freedom to choose and engage in an occupation
3. The right to improvement in living and working conditions
4. The right to social protection
5. The right to freedom of association and collective bargaining
6. The right to vocational training
7. The right of men and women to equal treatment
8. The right to information, consultation and participation of workers
9. The right to protection and safety at work
10. Protection of children and young persons
11. The right of the elderly to a decent living standard
12. The right of disabled persons to social integration

Social Charter I was adopted at a time when Council of Europe membership was 14; now it is 23. By May 1989, the Council confirmed that 20 Member countries had signed the Charter and 15 had ratified it. On May 5, 1988, 9 Members signed a Protocol to the Charter, later joined by a further Member, making 10. The Protocol guarantees four further rights.

1. The right to equal opportunities and treatment in occupational and employment matters, without discrimination on grounds of sex.
2. The right of workers to information and consultation within the undertaking.
3. The right of workers to take part in the determination and improvement of working conditions and working environment.
4. The right of the elderly to social protection.

However it should be noted:

1. Article 4 of the Charter (paragraph 3) recognises the right of men and women to equal pay for work of equal value while the preamble calls for social rights, without discrimination on grounds of sex.
2. Article 6(1) provides for joint consultation.
3. Article 6(2) allows for the regulation of terms and conditions of employment, by means of collective agreements.
4. The specific reference to protection for the elderly is new, since there is no direct reference thereto in Charter I.

Social Charter II in the Commission's draft is, however, in apparent line with the Protocol. Both correspond to the Community notion, ventilated well before both Protocol and Draft of social partnership between both sides of industry. But while the notion of partnership, albeit by no means absent from Charter II, is spelled out more precisely in Protocol and Draft, there is no reference to workers' participation in management or service on the Boards of undertakings.

The real difference between Charters I and II is that I was designed as a statement of intentions, to be realised by the signatories over time in relation to their respective economic capacity. Charter II appears designed for immediate acceptance by all Community countries. By way of illustration, Article 20, 'Undertakings', of I states that all Members should select five rights from a group of seven. These are:

— the right to work
— the right to organise
— the right to bargain collectively
— the right to social security
— the right to social and medical assistance

— the right of the family to social, legal and economic protection
— the right of migrant workers and their families to protection and assistance

Having contracted such provisions as they are able to accept, the Members send a report at two yearly intervals on the applications in question to the Secretary General of the Council of Europe, who will inform the Committee of Ministers. These reports are examined by a Committee of seven experts selected from a list submitted by Member Governments. The Committee, who will be assisted by a representative of the International Labour Organisation in a consultative capacity, will report to a Sub-Committee of the Governmental Social Committee composed of one representative per Member country. This Sub-Committee will in turn report to the Committee of Ministers. The Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe will receive reports of the Committee of experts and will give its view thereon to the Committee of Ministers. ILO participation recalls the contributions made by that organisation in drafting the Charter of 1960. By a majority of two thirds of its Members, the Committee of Ministers may make to each Contracting Party necessary recommendations.

In the case of Charter II, Member States commit themselves to take such steps as are appropriate and to mobilise all the resources that may be necessary in order to guarantee the fundamental rights contained in Charter II. The Commission is also instructed to report on the implementation of its principles in parallel with the implementation of the Treaty of Rome as amended by the Single European Act.

So why is Charter II thought necessary? It hardly seems so, in view of the Commitments of Community countries to a Charter that all, in their membership of the older Council of Europe, signed so long ago with the exception of later Members, Spain and Portugal, both of whom have signed and Spain has ratified. At the Summit in Madrid, the United Kingdom Prime Minister, in recording reserves on the proposed Charter II, produced a copy of the older Charter I, saying with a smile 'we have our Charter'. Did Mrs. Thatcher include the Protocol? Looked at in Draft, Charter II gives little more than is explicit in I. Charter I provides for review and comment by all Governments represented in the Committee of Ministers. The Commission's report will go to the Council of Ministers, the European Parliament and the Economic and Social Committee. Since the Commission, as in all reports, must consult Governments in the first place, implementation will also remain with Governments on II as in I.

However, the Community of twelve is more tightly knit than the Council of Europe of twenty-three. Yet, within the older pattern of progressive attainment, it is reasonable to suppose that the rate of progress might be more rapid although there are some surprises. Belgium and Luxembourg have never ratified the original European Social Charter. The Netherlands ratified as late as 1980. So far as one can gather, the United Kingdom is not yet among those to have signed the protocol. Again, this may seem surprising because there seems to be little in Charter II which Britain has not accepted years ago in Charter I.

THE PRIME MINISTERSHIP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

by Curtis A. Amlund

THAT the Prime Ministership of the United Kingdom, despite its having been influenced in diverse ways by a succession of Conservative, Liberal and Labour Prime Ministers and despite its having been affected by the circumstances of war and of economic downturns, has still retained its resiliency late into the twentieth century is the suggestion of this piece. Reference is here made of course to the institutional side of the Office and not just to the individual personages who have served, however briefly or extendingly, as Prime Minister.

To say that its organisational structure, at least temporarily, has necessarily been altered to meet the demands of wartime and of disruptions to the economy of the country seems axiomatic. What is obvious is that the two world wars in particular had more than ordinary impact on the institution of the Prime Ministership.

It hardly needs to be emphasised that a centralisation of power is invariably likely to take place under wartime conditions that are not always militarily favourable to a nation state. Both world conflicts impelled the Prime Ministers at the time, specifically Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, to form a small War Cabinet to facilitate the giving of greater focus on the immediate demands of war. The idea was that a smaller body of members should be composed either of ministers without portfolios or departmental responsibilities, who could serve as generalists, or those with portfolios who could function as general advisers at the highest level of the Government. In either case both kinds of ministers were to transcend the more narrow focus of individual departments and respond to more general issues before a war-dominated administration.

That the new institutional arrangements of wartime, some of which have been subsequently copied in part during peacetime, had success is attested to by Great Britain's having emerged on the winning side in both world conflicts. This is not to say that these new institutional structures of and by themselves resulted in victory, but rather that they did provide a fulcrum for enabling the War Cabinets to 'get on' with the job of concentrating governmentally on the broader issues of war and peace.

What is doubtful is whether the same measure of administrative success could have come about if the Cabinets had retained their usual peacetime size and if no conscious effort had been made to provide generalists at the top who were without portfolios, or others who were, with departmental responsibilities. What is evident is that members of the War Cabinets were enabled through such arrangements to utilise their administrative expertise and political sensitivities to the larger task of mobilising the country for prosecution of all-out war.

One consequence resulting from the introduction of new wartime

Cabinet arrangements has been the incorporation, at least in part, of similar structures in peacetime in order to deal with economic crises and financial stringencies of one variety or another. For instance, it is questionable if the post-World War Two effort of the Labour party to nationalise certain industries could have been accomplished with the relative ease that it did if there had not been precedent for large-scale operations that were part of the work of the Government in the two major wars of this century. In other words, the planned society of war-time, which is what occurred both in the First and Second Wars, had implications especially for the post-1945 period. The point is that it has been the Prime Ministership that has shown capacity to adapt to new structural innovations, by responding to policy changes effected by the two major political parties when either has been in control of the House of Commons and of the Executive.

Another result of the historical circumstances just cited has been the assistance given post-war Cabinets, whether Conservative or Labour in composition, to maintain, at least during the initial planning of a new policy or programme, a detached stance toward involvement by the permanent civil service, whose personnel serve either party with equal ability. What new institutional arrangements have done, then, is to furnish politicians of either major party when in Government with more space or room for manoeuvre over the short-term in espousing innovative new policies or programmes. At the same time, the demonstrated capacity of the Prime Ministership to adjust to change has strengthened the person of the PM himself/herself in dealing with members of the Cabinet, whose politicians are likely to represent different constituencies within the political party and governmental apparatus.

It hardly needs to be stressed here that the proven adaptability of the Prime Ministership, to which Lloyd George added a Cabinet Secretariat in the First World War, has doubtless elevated the perception which citizens have of the Government in power. One manifest aspect of the functions of a democratic government is its capacity to so conduct itself that the public perceives it to be resilient and adaptable to change, particularly in a society like the British, where emphasis has long been on tradition and where the showing of continuity, especially by the Monarchy itself, has been integrally important to the functioning of the governmental system.

That the demonstrated adaptability of the Prime Ministership has also had favourable inferences for the continued resiliency of the Monarchy is suggested. To illustrate: the decision of King George VI to remain at Buckingham Palace early in the Second War, despite the building's having been partially damaged by German bombers, was visible evidence to the public of the adaptability of the Monarchy to change — in this instance an unwelcome change which, more generally, affected a major part of London. The relevant issue is that if the Monarchy could adjust to such exigency, the inference was, symbolically and historically, that it could also adjust to a peacetime environment where the two major political

parties would contest with one another for control of the House of Commons and where Government policies would call in a major way for rather far-reaching alterations in the traditional relationships between government and the private sector of the country's economy.

In this century there has been another development in the institution of the Prime Minister, an evolving strategy by Lloyd George in particular. What is being referred to is the attempt on his part to presidentialise the Prime Ministership. Thus, the World War One Premier carried to the furthest degree yet the presidentialising of the person and, accompanying it, the Office of Prime Minister. Actually, this sort of political activity was initiated by William Gladstone in the previous century when, not necessarily to the appreciation of Queen Victoria, he made direct appeals to the electorate in order to gain popular support for policies he favoured for the Government of the day.

This concept of a personal, direct relationship between high official and the electorate was pushed forward by Lloyd George in his tenure, and it must be said that he did it all with a certain verve. Such approach was projected again during World War Two, when Churchill, acutely conscious of the necessity to maintain morale under wartime conditions, would walk about the streets to see for himself the nature of destruction wreaked by the German air force in the previous evening's raid.

Despite this tendency towards the presidentialisation of the Office, the Prime Ministership has been able through successive PMs from both major political parties to retain a noticeable programmatic and institutional bounce and, while resisting the presidentialising tendency, to keep the Office in closer touch with its more traditional forms and roles in the British system of government, where the PM remains accountable to Parliament and through it to the electorate.

In spite of the trends mentioned, the unmistakable movement towards the centralisation of power in wartime and a subsequent increase in the powers of the central government in peacetime, the changing institutional arrangements both in war and in peace that are disruptive of established ways of doing things and the intermittent effort at presidentialising the Office, the Prime Ministership still retains its long-held resiliency in adapting to change in this, the later part of the twentieth century.

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GODS, EMPERORS AND BABIES: TAKEO DOI AND THE ROYAL WHEEDLER

by I. S. Gillespie

WHEN the Japanese psychiatrist Takeo Doi was asked what had been the attitude of his nation to the late ruler Hirohito, he replied darkly, 'One might say that the Emperor was treated as a baby'. At which gem of inscrutability the Western mind automatically 'boggles'.

There is a widespread belief — held both by outsiders and by the right wing of Japanese intelligentsia — that an intrinsic difference exists between their compatriots and the rest of mankind. This has been given the name *Nihonjinron,* or the 'ideology of uniqueness'. It is sometimes associated with the weather, (*fudoror,* or theories of climate) or more often with cultural tradition (*yamato damashii*). It is significant that this view is also held by Takeo Doi, who is perhaps the Japanese Freud. Born into a Christian household, he is the former Director of the National Institute of Mental Health, Professor at both Tokyo and the International Christian Universities, and at present a practising psychotherapist. In the manner of Freud, he derives his theoretical basis from the environment of infancy. But, unlike the Viennese Master, he invokes linguistics rather than medicine or mythology. An entire vocabulary exists, he maintains, for the circumstances of Japanese childhood, which is not to be found in Western languages — a subtle terminology surrounding the interaction between parent and child, for which there is no translation. This is reflected not only in the emotional and institutional bonds of adulthood but also, quite remarkably, in the mutual expectations of public and monarch.

One of Professor Doi's reasons for doubting the existence of a Western equivalent to the Japanese nursery scene has been his inability to extract from his American associates an adequate translation of the common Japanese word *amae* — the noun-form of the intransitive verb *amaeru* — which he was finally forced to expound as 'to depend and presume upon another's benevolence'. This is apparently what Japanese babies *do* — in stubborn defiance of Meiji Edicts or General MacArthur's programme for Westernisation. American babies, it seems, can get no closer to this amiable behaviour-pattern than 'wheedling'— which, as any parent knows, is not the same thing at all. For, obviously, *amaeru* indicates a satisfied baby — one who knows he can 'depend and presume', whereas the wheedler is uncertain of his reception. Wheedling is the sound of anxiety. Similarly, in traditional Japan, the Monarch has for centuries enjoyed the certainty of knowing that he can 'depend and presume' upon more than benevolence, in fact the worship of his subjects.

While we may accept that Western royalty need not receive this degree of adoration, it seems a sad reflection on our culture if our children cannot experience *amae.* Possibly, this can be explained as a semantic

confusion derived from the absence of 'grown-up' language in the western nursery — the gap which permitted the entry of psychoanalysis with its astonishing neologistic inventions. The implications of this conceptual gap are far-reaching, for not only is the nest-vocabulary of the west (now labouring under the horrific term, 'motherese') degraded to the level of kitsch, but the maternal situation, for all its retrospective importance in psychotherapy, follows its terminology into the realm of the spurious. Moral values until recently taken for granted have lost 'weight', joining those trivialities of life which Kundera has dismissed as its 'unbearable lightness'.

The two mystiques linked by the Japanese: those of a sublime monarchy and a majestic infant, have in the West suffered vulgarisation, expanding in size while diminishing in status. Without question, the British Royal Family work hard at saintliness, as if coached by Geertz in the 'myth of the exemplary centre'. But their moral duties are constantly swamped in the popular press by the sartorial. Similarly, babies, the scientific importance of whom has never been greater, have not recovered in cultural status from the slander of the sixties, which assessed them both as advertising gimmicks and as bait in the great patriarchal conspiracy. Stateside, the spiritual status of the foetus has risen along with religious fundamentalism, but post-natal clouds of glory, never thick, have evaporated. Among the varieties of pagan revivalism released by the religious emancipation of the 19th century, the worship of the divine child has attracted the least attention.

Child divinities in the west, even in the golden age of pantheism, have never competed with the gods of Olympos or Valhalla. At best, the childhood of some deity was celebrated for a quirk, such as being born from the father's body, or endowed from birth with adult powers. This is approximately true even of the most popular of all divine children: the infant Jesus. The view of the ordinary human child as numinous, awesome and even threatening, belongs to a far earlier stage of cultural development, within the system described as animism. Vestiges of the animistic child-soul survive and overlap into later pantheism and organised religion only in the most fragmentary form. Japan is the sole major power where animistic elements persist alongside sophisticated religious practice. But in the speedily shrinking tribal societies which are the stamping-ground of anthropologists, particularly the communities that have eluded missionary endeavours, the key may be found to Japanese uniqueness, both in terms of respect for childhood, and the linked elevation of royalty to the rank of divinity.

Animism shares with the nursery scene a comparative vagueness or lack of articulate definition in contrast to later religious form. Music and dancing are more typical in both cases than verbal narrative. Animistic ritual is frequently written off as childish, and has led to the misinterpretation of tribal society as primitive, its intricate skills being largely invisible to urbanised observers. 'Participation mystique', trance-experience, non-verbal communication, altered mental states viewed as

spirit-possession, and empathic understanding of non-human animals, all these are sophisticated components of pre-literate religion. They also form a neglected aspect of the pre-verbal mother-child relationship from which 'civilised' mothers may find themselves debarred. Only the recent scientific revival of interest in the neonate has uncovered to surprised psychologists that infants communicate — to those prepared to hear — from birth, stimulating something not unlike worship.

Primitive animism, like primitive motherhood, devours time. What appears to the 'civilised' outsider as leisurely idleness may be devoted concentration. During his last days, very many subjects of the late Emperor of Japan could be found waiting motionless or quietly weeping outside the palace of the man who in European terms had offered them nothing. This type of patience is often an indispensible experience of parenthood, sometimes depositing the new mother into a condition of mild shock which it has become fashionable to describe as 'blues'. The non-activity of animism may also be found incomprehensible to a moderner familiar with the busy routines of organised religious practice. Frequently, nothing happens at a Shinto shrine. At most, a visitor pays respects. Animism is as inscrutable as the expression of a new-born child, for which the West has no description.

When language is found for the form of devotion demanded by infants, Emperors and the natural forces known as *kami,* it usually takes the form of poetry. While Westerners unblushingly break into the burbling syllable of 'motherese' or accept the Calvinistic doctrine of Wittgenstein and 'leave in silence what cannot be spoken', the Japanese have from antiquity gathered together for the quiet occupation of composing linked verses,— a form of benevolence which animist nature everywhere is felt to 'depend upon'.

In animism spiritual power was felt to reside in the great natural events of which man's life is part, and among which, birth and the uncanny power of the seemingly helpless infant might be accepted as of equal importance with thunder and sunrise. Only with the dawn of temporal power, human hierarchy and the potent myth of the State did the universality of the numinous shatter. The spiritual power of infancy diminished till it adhered to a single individual, the heir to the ruler. The object of worship was no longer the charismatic but the one of whom it could be said that 'the government shall be upon his shoulders'. But within the sacred enclave of royalty, some traces of primitive animism were permitted to survive, and to a lesser degree within the aristocratic household where a remote kinship to the ruler could be claimed. In such exclusive enclaves, the infant could still 'depend and presume' upon worshipful benevolence. Later, in bourgeois culture, inasmuch as this could be said to apply to Japan, the role of the infant retained sufficient charismatic force to influence Japanese psychiatry in the belief in national uniqueness. This situation is not of course unique to Japan in the sense of any intrinsic racial characteristics, but only in vestigial religious emphasis upon archaic attitudes and patterns of worship. The archaic

role of woman as priestess of the divine child is also maintained in Japan, although less by the mother than the paternal grandmother; woman's later historical role of handmaid to the adult male being more frequently outside the home. Infancy in domestic segregation has retained sufficient importance to carry an adult vocabulary rather than 'motherese'. Education is stressed above nourishment as the maternal vocation.

Because it is usual to think of Japanese women in terms of subordination, even incarceration, their traditional priestly option has been ignored. The pre-Shintoist priestess or prophetess — the Miko — suffered an eclipse during the modernisation of Japan by the Meiji Restoration, but were still around to be rescued from oblivion by General MacArthur's post-war edict of religious tolerance. If the female religious element bears the greater burden of child-worship, this is to be expected. Women, not men, *relate* to the new-born, whether in sacred or secular duty. When men penetrate the enclave of child-worship, it is more often as observer and/or interpreter, seldom as participant. But religious institution and organisation is the work of men and not women, even though the latter may occupy very many of the lesser roles in hierarchies. However, primitive society frequently tolerates female shamans or itinerant 'charismatics', occasionally wandering in troupes but seldom in structured bodies. This is true of the Miko, although she may be loosely associated with a particular Shinto shrine. It is no accident that Japan preserves a religion combining both priestesses and worshipful respect for the child, for these two are inextricably linked.

Where power-structured organisation becomes essential to any religious form, not only do women's participant offices diminish, but also the significance of childhood. While the career of Jesus resembled that of a wandering charismatic, he turned away neither women nor children. Indeed he claimed special privileges for childhood. Of such was the Kingdom of Heaven. But this was not the case with the great organiser of Christendom. Paul not only silenced women but also insisted that man must cast away 'childish things'. The Christianity of Takeo Doi is closer to that of its figure-head than its organiser.

The supreme revivalist of the ideology of childhood, Sigmund Freud, was neither feminist, nor Christian, nor bound by the religious conventions of his fathers. However, the situation of European Jews at the turn of the century was relevant to his area of study. Neither a situation of desperation as it became later, nor confined within the claustrophobic inhibitions of earlier centuries, it was none the less, hemmed about with barriers in terms of professional advancement. But compared with the similar disadvantages of emigrees, mobiles, women and the lower strata of intelligentsia, an indisputable Jewish headstart stemmed both from a traditional predisposition towards respect for wisdom, and an assumption that learning was a natural ingredient of the diet of childhood. The resulting imbalance in achievement, usually known as the 'Jewish Question', should rather be viewed as an unprecedented explosion in occupational inventiveness, from which sprang the academic and profes-

sional novelties taken for granted in the following century. Among these new empires of the mind, sociology, economics, anthropology, linguistics, mythic studies, comparative religion, etc, none matched in its semi-religious impact the brainchild of the young Viennese Dr. Freud.

The child-soul is crucial to psychoanalysis and central to its theory. But its place in actual therapy is ambiguous, perhaps misleading. It is the adult sufferer, rather than the child, who is expected to present infantile fantasies for analysis, and who finds the acquisition of a specialised listener addictive, deserving of a considerable salary. The data of these adult confidences, reminiscences and fantasies were soon recognised by the profession as independent of the actualities of observable infancy. It was usually accepted that some degree of fabrication is inevitable when memories refer to stages of brain development which antedate the formation of memory. The form taken by such fabrications provided the material for analysis. The infant psyche invoked by psychoanalysis, although secular, is difficult to distinguish from a myth, since it is the inhabitant of a symbolic realm where actions and attitudes are largely metaphorical. However problematic the construction of a science from this data, it provided every prerequisite for a redemptive cult. Not least remarkable was its ascendancy and proliferation at a period of social upheaval during which the psychoanalytical fraternity was almost without exception uprooted from its birthplace and cast into exile. Like Aeneas from burning Troy, carrying his father and infant son, the ego, super-ego and id migrated from its doomed culture and established an empire in the West. Its curious emergence in Japan is another story.

To Takeo Doi, the Western psychoanalytic notion of inevitable infantile frustration, the myth of the incest-ridden, cannibalistic infant soul, seems to have been accepted as a scientific fact concerning the anatomy of the foreign devil, though he is far too polite to use such language in describing it. In terms of Japanese *amae,* love and dependency are components of everyday life, not infantile fantasies which obsess frustrated adults causing them to cling to expensive transference systems with psychotherapists. What then, we may ask, is the function of Professor Doi's psychoanalytic practice?

Firstly, it must be admitted that a number of his patients are non-Japanese, who apply to him in expectation of European-style treatment (which he is naturally qualified to administer in terms of normal Japanese response to *amaeru*). Secondly, Professor Doi, although raised in the secularised Christianity of the occupying forces, belongs to a culture which accepts the treatment of the soul as the religious process it has always been. A familiar declaration of Miss Anna Freud was that 'psychotherapy cannot be combined with spiritual healing'. It is clear that in Japan as elsewhere in the Orient, this linguistic confusion would be impossible. A psychotherapist must by definition be a spiritual healer. That is what the word means. What frightened Miss Freud was the impossibility of disentangling the spiritual and the religious, from which she, along with her father's generation, believed themselves to be eman-

cipated. Professor Doi's everyday experience of the spiritual in human love and interdependence has been curiously lost to the West, except as a theophany, a rare manifestation of the divine. Doi has reported an episode during an American lecture tour, when 'one distinguished scholar asked . . . whether or not the feeling of *amaeru* is something like what Catholics feel towards their Holy Mother'. He comments with astonishment, 'Apparently he could not recognise the existence of such a feeling in the ordinary mother-child relationship'.

In the West, Professor Doi was forced to conclude, '*amaeru* can be indulged in perhaps in the religious life, but here also very sparingly'. Psychoanalysis is split by cosmic paradox, since in the West the soul is the property of religious virtuosi, while the psyche belongs to the doctor. In the East however, both soul and psyche adhere to everyday life but traditionally retain their archaic sanctity. No Westerner really accepts that 'heaven lies about us in our infancy' — Western psychoanalysts have uncovered something closer to hell. But Professor Doi's babies inhabit not only the Kingdom of Heaven but also the Imperial Palace.

This brings us back to the missing neurosis in Japanese psychiatry. The concrete love-starvation of the Western infant invaded the East in the novel form of religious deprivation, — the secularisation of infancy a direct reflection of the late Emperor's declaration of non-divinity. It would appear that the desanctification of authority resulting from the Imperial edict was echoed in each family enclave. The sacred benevolence ceased to be inevitable. More disastrous even was the erosion of mutuality. For not only the young had basked in emotional security; the aged also were damaged by the secularisation of reciprocal duty. Filial piety and feudal loyalty have never been 'platonic'. Those with nothing to offer can seldom depend and presume. From generation to generation, the cherishing of the very old and the very young had been motivated by the mutual services which guaranteed immortality for all, just as support between prince and princedom is motivated by defence, worldly and other-worldly.

A time lapse and not psychic uniqueness distinguished East and West. What isolation had preserved in Japan had disintegrated through the impact of cultural diversification in Europe several centuries earlier. Isolation had also preserved patriarchalism in a degree of perfection which, experiencing no threat from womankind, permitted female religious offices to continue and the worship of the child to be institutionalised without fear of symbolic cannibalism or incest. Japan's *Götterdämmerung* in 1945 terminated the patriarchal Eden with an efficiency not immediately apparent because the sacred duties of wives continued for several decades in the form of educational hothousing of offspring. The Western patriarchal vice — so curiously inverted by Freud — namely the theft of the mother from the infant for services to the father, had long been ameliorated in Eastern nations by highly organised concubinage outside the home, the bleak benefits of which had generally been recognised by wives and mothers. This classical division of sexual

labour, long forbidden to the West by Christianity, continued in Japan beyond 1945 within the 'feminine mystique' which Friedan had exposed with deadly accuracy in America during the 50s. Friedan had used the word 'mystique' satirically to describe an occidental situation blatantly materialistic and commercial. A genuine mystique bound Asian and Oriental womanhood, making emancipation a crisis of conscience rather than a justified liberation.

No greater proof is required of the undermining of domestic sanctity in Japan than the complaint of one of Professor Doi's patients that he was unable to obtain the worshipful service he craved — for which the Japanese terminology is the same as that describing service to the Emperor. Not lack of emotional sustenance but lack of recognition of his divinity had driven this young man to the psychiatrist, — a situation which in the West would have placed him outside the reach of psychoanalysis as a 'psychotic'. But are not the erosion of love and of divinity in many ways comparable? Was he not saying with Wordsworth simply that there had passed away a glory from the earth? Had the intimations of immortality which left Europe with the Enlightenment finally abandoned Japan in 1945?

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OUR FIRST PRISON REFORMER

by Godfrey Cox

OUR system of keeping those miscreants we had in custody and their punishment in the eighteenth century (if it can be called a system) appalled John Howard, who did much to reform our prisons at that time. When he was High Sheriff of Bedfordshire he discovered the deplorable conditions to which the inmates were subjected.

Before British settlers in America went to war with that country in 1775, many criminals — and a large number were arrested for trifling offences because nearly two hundred crimes could be punished by death, before the reforms of the nineteenth century — were transported there. Few were sent to prison, about two thirds were transported and the majority of the rest were either fined or whipped.

When transportation ceased the Government anchored old warships round the coast and many convicts were held in them. In fact each of these old hulks housed several hundred prisoners. Even in 1787 when transportation recommenced — now to Australia — many of those held in the hulks were never banished. These vessels were our first prisons.

It is two hundred years this January (20th) since John Howard the great prison reformer died. He was born in Hackney on September 2nd, 1726. He had an impartial education at Hertford. At the age of 16 he was fortunate enough to inherit a small property at Cardington, near Bedford and a patrimony which rendered him independent.

It was in 1773 that he was appointed to the position of High Sheriff of Bedfordshire. This at once drew him to investigate prison conditions for he discovered that those in custody who, after trial, had not been found guilty, besides others against whom an offence had not been proven, were frequently detained in prison until they had paid a fee to the gaoler. Howard looked into this thoroughly. He was so incensed that between 1773 and 1776 he visited all the town gaols, county prisons and bridewells in Great Britain and Ireland besides a great number in Holland, France and Germany. He also looked at prisons in Flanders and even extended his investigations into lazarets and so added depth to his work.

Because the hulks (like some of our own prisons now) began to be incapable of holding all the prisoners, the judges commenced to sentence those convicted, to the gaols run by the towns and counties. These, according to John Howard, were quite unsuitable.

He discovered that half of those interned were incarcerated for no other reason than that they had been unable to pay their debts and they were kept locked up until they could. The buildings were in a disreputable condition and the convicts had to be chained to prevent them escaping. What was worse, the gaolers and their helpers the turnkeys imposed the fee (already mentioned) on them before they would release them. These investigations led Howard to publish his conclusions in his *State Of The Prisons In England And Wales with An Account Of Some Foreign*

Prisons. This was a much needed work and threw light on conditions in gaols that were by many deemed not worth stirring up. It was an investigation not comparable with anything that had gone before. John Howard wished to persuade the miscreants to reform and believed the punishment they received should be to this end. He also maintained (and the other renowned prison reformer, Elizabeth Fry, did so too) that strict discipline should take the place of cruel penalties.

In the early nineteenth century, chained criminals, debtors and their relatives were crowded into small, dirty rooms. This resulted in a number dying from typhus (sometimes known as 'gaol fever') in hot weather. If the prisoners were comfortably placed financially they could pay for pleasanter rooms on the 'master's side'.

It is a pity John Howard did not live to see many of his prison reforms coming into operation for it was not until fifty years after his death that real advances in reform were made. In 1823, keepers were forbidden to take fees. Between 1822 and 1830 the new Home Secretary Sir Robert Peel induced Parliament to abolish hanging for no fewer than one hundred crimes. By 1837 it was kept for only two, treason and murder, but it was not banned in public until 1868.

In 1835 the first prison inspectors were appointed to organise a new system and more than fifty new gaols were built in the following fifteen years. As we know, the majority were forbidding structures, having high walls, and the prisoners were put on bread and water diets. Furthermore they all had to work, even if it was only sewing and picking the tarred ropes known as oakum used for the sealing of planks. Floggings and beatings also were still the norm.

Nevertheless, the new prisons were a little advance. Now Howard's dreams were really being realised. Peel's prison bill also stated that women prisoners were to have women warders and in 1839 a bill was inaugurated for bringing forward separate confinement for inmates.

Three years after this, in 1842 the model prison of Pentonville was completed. There the separate confinement of prisoners we now know as isolation was practised, in an extreme form. Right up to 1853, inmates of our penal institutions wore masks when walking along the passages and sat separately in the prison chapels. Also, while they were being punished by the 'treadmill' torture they were partitioned off from others. In that same year, the transporation system was changed to four years penal servitude, primarily because Australia refused to take any more convicts. Now instead they had to undergo hard labour, breaking stones in quarries, as for example at Dartmoor. The following year the break through came for children for it was in 1854 that they could no longer be interred in gaol but were sent to reformatory schools instead. Other reforms of John Howard were now coming into force.

Not satisfied with monitoring the prison conditions in the British Isles and the continent, Howard journeyed to investigate them in the Russian army. On his way to carry out that exercise he died at Kharson in South Russia, on January 20th 1790.

HALLELUJAH AND THE LIBRARY IN THE SAVANNAHS

by Jo Pacsoo

MY awkward attempt at a friendly smile faded before the blank stare of the young woman before me. She was of about the same age as myself and the same small height, and we both had brown eyes and straight dark hair — but what else did we have in common apart from our shared task?

I had arrived that Sunday, as on several occasions over the last two years, at the woman's village near the Mahaica River sixty-five miles from the Guyanese coast. Six of us had travelled by Jeep from Georgetown, leaving the paved road which ran to the airport, and driving over a rough sandy track through the savannah — a word which I had always imagined to mean tall waving grasses, but which in this case was an area of sparse, scrubby bushes. From a distance, jolting over the rough track, the village looked idyllic — a collection of straw huts set under palm trees on white sand.

On my first visit I had been rather surprised to see some women washing clothes in a puddle in the road left by overnight rain; but I learned that the village was half a mile from the river. It was a common sight to see very small girls, not more than five years old, walking up the long track from the river with a bucket of water in each hand and a third one balanced on the head.

The six of us were volunteers in a United Nations project among the indigenous Indians. The objectives of this project were: 'To increase the standard of living of Amerindians and integrate them into the mainstream of Guyanese society while encouraging the revival of their own culture as a contribution to the sum total of Guyanese culture'. My husband was the doctor of the group, and others were a nutritionist, an engineer, an agriculturist, and community relations officers.

The atmosphere of the village was predominantly one of apathy and dejection, and the people were silent and reserved. Their own culture had been abandoned or destroyed and they had nothing with which to replace it; there seemed to be no place for them in the world of the twentieth century.

The majority of the villagers were suffering from protein and vitamin deficiency, anaemia and worm infestations; all of which contributed to the general air of lethargy. The staple diet was cassava bread, which in taste and appearance resembled dried cardboard — though its preparation involved a long process. The cassava root was grated and placed in a matapee, a long net made of mocra straw. This was then pulled tight to squeeze out the poisonous juice. The remaining dry fibre was baked into flat cakes. A few pineapples and citrus fruits were also grown but the soil was poor, white sand extending down to a depth of twenty feet. Wild game had provided an important source of protein; but due to

political troubles in the country, in the pre-independence rivalries of the two main racial groups in the struggle for power (the descendants of the African slaves and those of the indentured labourers from India who had replaced the slaves on the plantations), guns had been confiscated throughout the country and the Amerindians were unable to hunt, having lost the art of making bows and arrows.

One of the priorities of our group was to encourage the building of pit latrines to prevent the spread of worms. Response to this was slow but eventually each family had its own latrine; the villagers also built their own boat and a co-operative shop was established.

Once we visited another village, going by boat up the Demerara River. The boat journey was exciting, passing from the wide expanse of the estuary, thick with mud, into a green tunnel of tropical vegetation with basking alligators on the banks; but the people in the village we visited were even poorer than those of our usual village, and even more reserved and unresponsive. My attempts to communicate with an old man were met by an expressionless gaze from deep, dark eyes.

My role in the group was merely marginal. Discussions with the villagers would involve only the men and most of the women did not speak English. I would watch them weaving hammocks from string made from the leaves of the Ita palm; but they were very shy and there was not much communication between us. Sometimes I would swim or play with the children in the river.

I was assigned to look into the history of the Amerindian peoples and their response to contact with the missionaries; and thus I came across Hallelujah. Hallelujah is a religion which grew up among the Amerindians of British Guiana soon after contact with the first missionaries in the eighteen-forties. The Christian message was incorporated into tribal mythology with the inclusion of Amerindian prophets.

The legend of Hallelujah tells of a Macusi Indian named Bichiwung who was taken to England by a priest to learn Christianity. He suspected that the priest was deceiving him and decided to visit God himself. Some versions say that he followed a path that was shown to him and met God, others that his spirit visited God in his sleep. God told him that the white man's religion was out of date and there was a new religion specially for the Indians. This was Hallelujah. God taught Bichiwung some songs and gave him a bottle of medicine and a piece of paper to serve as the Indian bible. If the Indians followed Hallelujah they would gain strength and light (akwa, the symbol of tribal regeneration). God would protect them from their enemies and they would gain the white man's wealth without domination by him.

Bichiwung returned to his tribe and taught them Hallelujah; but his power and wealth excited envy and he was killed. The first two times, Bichiwung's wife restored him to life with the medicine God had given him but the third time the body was cut up and scattered through the forest. His wife could not find all the bits so he remained dead. (There is a strange parallel here with the Egyptian story of Isis and Osiris).

After Bichiwung's death much of the good Hallelujah was lost. Eventually God took it away from the Macusi tribe after a drunken spree; but in the meantime it had passed on to the Akawaio tribe.

The first Akawaio prophet was Uriah whom God called Abel. For a time Abel had a rival called Christ in a nearby village, but when Christ died Abel was the only prophet. Abel's story is an amalgam of shamanistic beliefs and Christianity; in a series of dreams he went to Heaven, encountering high winds, howler monkeys, jaguar, a big sea, nature spirits, Noah's Ark and the Angel Gabriel. Abel brought back, as a gift to the people, the spirit of the heart of the people.

Hallelujah grew out of the Indians' need to find a place of their own in the new religion of Christianity which they identified with the wealth and power of the white people. They wanted to share in these benefits without being dominated by the newcomers. Their thriving culture was able to absorb Christianity and form a message that was meaningful for them, one that would restore 'the spirit of the heart of the people'. Unfortunately the nineteenth century missionaries were not so enlightened as to comprehend this and they repeatedly condemned the Hallelujah prophets, suppressing the cult with threats of hell. Thus, what could have been a unifying force among the Amerindian tribes was condemned and they were left defeated and apathetic.

Other responses to the white invaders had more violent repercussions than did Hallelujah. One of these in about 1840, was led by an Aracuna Indian called Awacaipu who said he had had a vision in which a resurrection was promised, when the Indians would have new wealth and regain their freedom. All who killed each other would return on the next full moon with white skins and drive out the Europeans. About 400 were killed in the ensuing massacre. (An ominous echo of this occurred in the religious massacre of a century later when the 'reverend' Jones cult again advocated mass murder and suicide in Guyana).

All this, then, was in the background on my visit to the Amerindian village when I was given the task of setting up a library with 300 or so books and a similar number of magazines. I was to work with one of the women from the village who would then run the library; and so I found myself confronted by the blank, unresponsive face of the young woman. Perhaps we were both rather shy and reserved but there was not much conversation between us as we unpacked the books and stowed them away in two large cupboards built for the purpose by men from the nearby British army camp.

The books had been donated from various sources and ranged from toddlers' picture books to some heavy reading. Some of them were quite inappropriate. I still have *The Apple Book* which was stamped 'Withdrawn from North York Public Library'. These people had never seen an apple so had no use for 'apple recipes for every month of the year'.

We unpacked the books together, the Amerindian woman and myself, and arranged them by category and in order on the shelves in the cupboards; but I felt very uncomfortable before her veiled looks.

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by David Shipman

COVERAGE of the London Film Festival, as I've said for several years in this column, is impossible for any single person. I have also said that a collection of this size — this year, over 170 films — constitutes a grab-all rather than a celebration of what is best in world cinema, so I confined my viewings to half-a-dozen American films which in any case would soon be showing in the West End, plus Satyajit Ray's *An Enemy of the People.* This move may be considered either very sensible or very narrow-minded. In the past I have tried to catch films by good directors, e.g. Shayam Benegal, Mrinal Sen, which would not necessarily find distribution in this country: but confronted with 150 films made by people I've never heard of, what's a fellow to do? Wait for the critics, that's what, for the worthwhile ones will get shown. And so will some of the unworthwhile ones. Television is in the market for some of those not bought by the distributors, but to judge from last year's BBC 2 season of Festival films the distributors are right.

Television may be the place to see Ray's film, for technically it differs little from the 'Armchair Theatre' presentations of the Fifties. The great master (and I use both words advisedly) has been stricken with illness, and he decided that he would make what may be his last film with great simplicity. He chose Ibsen's play as his source, on the understanding that its subject matter — corruption and self-serving public indifference to the individual — were equally applicable to India today (and Thatcher's Britain, I might add). Or, as he puts it himself, 'Pollution is a worldwide problem even now and nowhere more so than in India'.

When Dr. Gupta (Soumitra Chatterjee) discovers that visitors to the local temple are drinking polluted water he also finds that the city council is indifferent, as represented in the *dramatis personae* by his brother-in-law. Accordingly he sets out to have his findings published in the city's most liberal newspaper or, when that isn't possible, discussed at a public meeting. That is all that the film is about — much less then, than Ibsen's play, for it omits all those last act revelations of hideous coincidences which I find harder to take as I grow older. Ray's own last scene, by contrast, brought tears to my eyes, partly perhaps because I was bidding farewell to a man whose work I had loved since I saw *Pather Panchali* in 1955, and to a great actor-director partnership, for Mr. Chatterjee has been his chief protagonist since playing the grown-up Apu. But it is partly what this partnership does with the scene: for goodness, or if you like the public good, triumphs, and both director and actor seem astonished. Ray was ever an optimist and in chronicling the woes, ineptitude and apathy so endemic to life on the sub-continent he has never lost hope. His is a unique body of work, and if this film lacks the richness, say, of his adaptations of Tagore, it is still a gracious, kind note with which to take his farewell (if that is what it must be).

As polemic cinema it runs rings round *Romero,* the story of the Archbishop of El Salvador who was murdered in his church by soldiers after questioning and criticising the authorities in power. In this case the word 'corruption' will get us nowhere: this is a question of mass graves and no sense of public accountability. The assassination of the Archbishop made a rivetting sequence in Oliver Stone's *Salvador,* but this film simply fails to get us involved. It is decently directed by the Australian, John Duigan, but it is written without indignation. Raul Julia, who plays Romero, is a strong actor, but this graduation from supporting roles was not wise, for he has strength and little else. The film's producer and guiding-light was Father Ellwood Kieser, who usually works in television — and American television, we all know, likes 'em bland. And they don't come blander than this.

Mind you, Warners knew they had what the industry calls a 'dog' because they press-showed it. The Hollywood companies usually request no newspaper comment on their films in the Festival because it can lessen the impact when the picture opens publicly. Since they've gone to the other extreme in this case perhaps they hope a few words of praise might suggest they show it instead of sending it direct to Video.

The other films I saw on your behalf are big, successful movies, and if I start with *Casualties of War* it is also because it is a film with a message — and singularly appropriate to November 1989, when Europe became a safer world to live in at any time since 1945. Let me interject a personal note: before the Berlin Wall came down I was watching Askenazy playing Beethoven in Moscow, and it occurred to me that television has made the world a much smaller place. It also occurred to me that it is our pianists and our artists whom we now revere, not our soldiers and our politicians. As far as the soldiers are concerned, films like *Dr. Strangelove* can take a lot of credit. This is a grand oversimplification, but after audiences laughed at the military mentality displayed in the film it was to be read about daily in the newspapers as it conducted that obscenity known as the Vietnam War. *Casualties of War* is not only the best film set during that conflict, but one of the best anti-war films that I have seen. Yet it is not about that particular war, except in as much as it was more squalid than most.

Let me say at this juncture that the director was Brian De Palma, whose films I do not usually admire. I will go further, and admit that a couple of them *(Carrie, Phantom of the Paradise)* were so bad that I usually avoid them. This one is not without a gratuitous moment of tension (were young Americans really still using cut-throat razors in the Seventies, and in the field, too?), but then its strength lies not in the direction, which tends to the 'watch-me' school, but in the script, by David Rabe, who had written a successful play, 'Streamers', based on his experiences in Vietnam. A patrol of four men is sent out under the command of a corporal (Sean Penn), who takes prisoner a local girl whom he claims is a prostitute. The idea, of course, is that she should 'pleasure' them in turn, and when she is not inclined to do so she is

raped. Only two of the men are repelled by this, but one is too weak to resist; the other (Michael J. Fox) is prepared to risk odium as a 'faggot' and worse. He eventually risks his life to help her escape — and again, when he tries to bring charges and none of his superiors is prepared to listen. The film's subject, as I said, is not Vietnam, but the dehumanisation of young men induced by War: at least, you leave the cinema hoping that for the first time in centuries we shall not send our young men off to kill and be killed.

After that serious note, let me recommend *Field of Dreams,* which is not a load of laughs but of comparable quality. An Iowa farmer (Kevin Costner) one day hears a strange disembodied voice instructing him to tear down several acres of corn to make a baseball field: and lo and behold! there are spectral players, legendary figures of the past, to play on it. These can be seen by his wife and his daughter, but not by his mercenary brother-in-law, by which time you will know you are knee-deep in whimsy. That may be why many people have termed this film Capraesque: they don't know how to categorise it, and have to go back to *It's a Wonderful Life* to do so. That particular film was one of the more taking of Hollywood's eternal excursions into whimsy, which in more recent times have brought us gut-wrenching horrors such as *Gremlins* and *The E.T. Field of Dreams* concerns a search for happiness in the manner of its prototype, Maeterlinck's 'The Blue Bird', but it is boldly conceived by its director, Phil Alden Robinson (making only his second film), working from a screenplay by W. P. Kinsella, who had written the original novel. From the evidence of the film this is affectionate rather than intelligence, and I have Mr. Kinsella to thank for this useful quotation: 'There won't be a dry eye within four blocks of the movie house if the ending works'. It didn't work for me, and that's not because I wouldn't have wanted to meet my father when he was younger than I. The situation is handled here in 'gee, gosh' manner and without the exemplary acting which had distinguished the rest of the film. Costner is a tower of strength, as is the black actor James Earl Jones in the role of a reclusive novelist, in the original based on J. D. Salinger.

The Fabulous Baker Boys was also made by a novice, Steve Kloves, who only had one screenplay to his credit. The title is ironic: the Baker brothers, who sing and play the piano, are introduced as 'fabulous' but play to apathetic audiences in cafes and road houses which have begun to show some reluctance in booking them. The solution is to take on a girl singer (Michelle Pfeiffer), who transforms their act but inevitably makes waves in their lives — especially the unmarried one. He is played by Jeff Bridges, as reliable as ever, and he reacts beautifully with his own brother, Beau Bridges. Miss Pfeiffer, as the blonde sexual catalyst, seems to be nearer, say, to Virginia Mayo than Marilyn Monroe, but that seems to me the best we can do these days. Kloves is often sharp on the joys and pitfalls of third-rank show business lives, and how two not-too-bright nice guys cope with them; but his ending, which is

'hopeful', is no ending at all. He doesn't want to send us out with a clinch, as movies did in the old days, and he doesn't want us to forget that life is hard, chums. But the impression is of a film stopping because it doesn't know where to go.

There is no such problem with *When Harry Met Sally . . .*, which moves ever on like a well-tooled engine. Harry (Billy Crystal) first meets Sally (Meg Ryan) when they are students. They do not like each other any more on their second meeting, some years later, but a third one brings an uneasy truce which results in their becoming 'best friends'. Sex would only spoil things, they agree, and in any case they are not attracted to each other that way: which makes this a movie almost wholly about sexual intercourse, for they and we have little on our minds as to when they discover that they are ready for it. With each other, that is. Clearly it is a piece requiring charm and humour, and it has both, if not in abundance. Nora Ephron wrote it, from an autobiographical idea offered by its director, Rob Reiner.

It has that in common with *Parenthood,* which is to say that Ron Howard, who directed, was so taken by the changes wrought in his life that he commissioned a script — from Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel — which takes a sentimental, satirical look at the American family. Both films also share a tendency to search far for a joke, no matter how unlikely or unfunny in the event. The result is amiable, as performed by such people as Tom Hulce, Jason Robards and Mary Steenburgen. It finds a major new talent in Rick Moranis, nicely cast at last as a father obsessively trying to bring up his tot as a genius, and it wastes another, Steve Martin, if only because this is a role many less gifted actors could have played. Again like *When Harry Met Sally . . .* this film has been a big success in America, which suggests that audiences are much less demanding than those at the London Festival's black-tie gala opening. At least, no one I spoke to seemed to think it worthy of that prestigious spot, and a number of them didn't think it was of festival standard in the first place. And I'd bet that's true of most of the 160-odd films I didn't manage to see.

Some non-festival recommendations: *The Last Temptation of Christ,* Martin Scorses's potent, imaginative retelling of that particular story, from the Kazantzakis novel, which suggests that some of the most famous people in history were motivated by ambition and, in the case of St. Paul, were hypocrites as well; John Sayles's *Matewan,* a sober account of one of the early struggles of the American labour movement; *Broadcast News,* James L. Brooks's witty and highly pertinent study of the egos rampant in television news coverage, with William Hurt and cherishable performances by Holly Hunter, Albert Brooks and, in a cameo, Jack Nicholson; *Torch Song Trilogy,* a romantic comedy about a drag queen, played by Harvey Fierstein, who also wrote it, which notably benefits from its portrait of a laid-back bisexual (Brian Kerwin) who doesn't care whom he hurts in search of gratification; and *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade.*

Literary Supplement

SOCIALIST PRAGMATISM

A Future For Socialism. Bryan Gould. Jonathan Cape. £15.00 hardback; £8.95 paperback.

'Wider ownership of industry as an important step towards the diffusion of power' reflect the words that caused consternation to many of the Party faithful, when the Labour politician who emerged best from the last election put his head above the parapet. Bryan Gould, in placing *A Future For Socialism* before the public at a time when Thatcherism is under the microscope of public reappraisal reflects the belated recognition of realities by the Labour Party after a decade in the wilderness. Having once shared an office with the author, I know him as a diligent, thoughtful, thoroughly likeable and sincere exponent of a rather insular view of Socialism. It may be his New Zealand background but his vigorous opposition to entry into the European Community and his affinity to the ideas of Peter Shore are reflected in his writing.

Thus he dithers on the side of the two party system while acknowledging the arguments for reform and perhaps the alternative vote. He prefers not a Bill of Rights but 'a more organically British solution'. Apart from these two central issues his analysis of the failures of the Thatcher years not only covers the erosion of moral and community values and of liberties but is particularly penetrating in the economic sphere where he is most at home. In rejecting the false optimism of Crosland and recognising those vast groups with an interest in Capitalist ownership whether through pension funds, savings or otherwise 'that Marx would not have recognised' he is dragging the Labour Party to the position that some of us reached more than a decade ago. Indeed was it not Shirley Williams who was concerned about choice in the public sector and David Marquand and she who delineated the value of the market and intervention?

That should not detract from Bryan Gould's own excellent analysis of the usefulness of the Market in modern society. Again he glosses over Trade Union power and incomes policy but his description of modern capitalism and Thatcherism which he regards as a precursor to a new range of Socialist politics and attitudes is a valuable update, as is his reminder of the North Sea Oil factor which no other Government has had the good fortune to inherit.

He recognises the erosion of the homogeneous working class about which I have written with tedious repetition in this journal. However, he is strangely silent on the block vote, the method of electing a leader and the selection process which alienates many erstwhile or possible Labour voters.

The strength of this book lies in the author's willingness to come to terms with economic realities and the fact that one cannot simply go back. The weakness is its approach to political institutions and even now the emotional rejection of a democratic institution coterminus with the Economic Community of capital in Europe.

It seems that the fragmentation which led many of us out of the Labour Party or politics has acted as a catalyst and is not in vain. For what Liberal Social or other Democrat could quarrel with the author's vision of socialism? 'It is a Socialism which proclaims the traditional virtues of social organisation, collective provision and community responsibility. It argues that they are attainable not in antithesis to individual enterprise, freedom, choice and

autonomy but as necessary concomitants of the achievement of those objects.'

For a book published in 1989 it is astonishing in only one respect — it appears completely to ignore the major issues of the planet which have been thrown into any radical debate by the various shades of Green.

PAUL B. ROSE

POWER IN JAPAN

The Enigma of Japan's Power. Karel van Wolferen. Macmillan. 469pp. £16.95.

Japan is now an economic super-power. Its assets, world-wide, are well over 43.700 billion dollars, according to official Japanese figures, leaving the US behind with around 36,000 billion. In Britain one third of investments, not counting investments in the oil industry, are Japanese. Annual direct Japanese investment, £2.3 billion in the year ending in March this year, is expected to rise to £6.9 billion a year by the end of the century. The share of Japanese car sales in the EEC is growing but varies considerably from 43.7% in Ireland to 0.9% in Spain with Britain and Germany occupying the middle, with 11.3% and 15.2% respectively. France, Italy and Spain actively resist Japanese car sales. By 1992 this will be a major issue in the EEC because of the increase in the manufacture of Japanese cars in Britain.

The US is adopting a tough attitude in defence of its car and electronic industries. President Bush is continuously warning the Japanese to open their market to American imports. Food imports, curiously enough, have become a vital issue. Congress have given the President a sharp weapon, when necessary against the EEC, with the 'Super 301' regulation entitling him to introduce protection. The Japanese government, weakened by the present series of corruption and sex scandals, is trying hard to create a good impression in meetings with President Bush. It promises to open the home market. The Japanese are trying to defend their 'uniquely Japanese' distribution system at home because the American demands run right against the main features of the present political establishment, a traditional one built up in the last 150 years.

The Japanese are extremely sensitive to any criticism because it makes it more difficult to pursue their claim of at least partnership, with the US and the EEC, in the alignment of the industrialised democracies. They are especially sensitive to any criticism of their very active acquisition and merger policy abroad, carefully targeted, with, for instance, 300 enterprises in the EEC, 2,000 in the US and around 10,000 altogether. It is significant that 43 of the 50 states of the US have their own trade representatives in Tokyo. In 1988 the US trade deficit with Japan added up to 52 billion dollars. Not surprisingly, the US Senate now wants the Japanese to pay the full 7½ billion dollars cost of keeping the American forces there.

Japan's leading role is recognised but amazingly little is known about the political and social realities of the country. Mr. van Wolferen's book is very illuminating although one need not accept everything. He is a journalist who has spent 25 years in the country, knows the extremely difficult language and has taught at a university. His book deals with Japanese society section by section, going back to the time when Japan was forced out of its isolation. There is no summary of the country's history though which would have been useful. His book has not been received well at all in Japan. It confirmed the view of the Japanese elite that non-Japanese can hardly ever understand, or appreciate, their unique civilisation.

The author's central, boldly put thesis is that Japan is not a state like others where responsibility can be traced back to an ultimate source but 'a complex

of overlapping hierarchies', a 'system' in which semi-autonomous groups wrestle for power behind the scenes. There are political cliques within 'parties' that do not really exist in the modern sense, bureaucrats and, most importantly, bureaucrat-industrial groups, often with a 'quango' front. There are the peasant and farmers' groups, the police, the army, even the press and identified crime gangs. These groups act together and against each other. Above all they run a special, feudal capitalist system that is, in reality, not a free market economy. Despite a liberal constitution, Japan has 2½ million who are still 'outcasts', the 'burakumin', centuries old, whose ancestry is unknown.

The author shows that Japanese education is designed to pass tests, not to encourage questions. Tokyo University is the top and parents send their children to special kindergarten to learn how to pass tests for Tokyo University. This is what matters. Teachers who want truly Western education have trouble. In industry one must obey and conform. In trade imported goods are marked up to reduce competition and keep shop-keepers content. As for the media, the Dentsu Agency controls two-thirds of advertising and has a say, sometimes, on what is published. Again, to illustrate the links between bureaucrats and business, the author produces a fascinating list of officials who were critically active in the war obtaining key appointments in industry, trade and political parties.

In his section on women the author did not see the new dramatic role women have started to play, when discussing the progress they have made since the last war. He reports that there are genuine Left Wing groups in the country, especially among teachers and trade unionists, but he does not give them much chance. As for the emperor, he sees him as the symbol of the 'System' with very little real power. As for party poiltics, the passing of money from industries to politicians is an acknowledged practice. Premier Kaifu, for instance, acknowledged that he had distributed 21 million yen among ten new young MPs in his Liberal Democratic Party. How the new Chief Cabinet Secretary, Mrs. Moriyama, will deal with this remains to be seen. The results of the October elections have shown what the prospects of real change are.

Throughout, the author shows how Japanese society really works and, since we have Japanese run enterprises in Britain and other EEC countries, Karel von Wolferen has performed a real service.

LEO MURAY

THE CORNISH PRESIDENT

Penhaligon. Annette Penhaligon. Bloomsbury. £14.95.

'I was so shocked and upset to hear of the death of David Penhaligon, MP (Truro and St. Austell). Even though I am an SNP member, I thought that his brand of Liberalism was wonderful. If Cornwall was an independent state, he should have been its President....', just one of three thousand letters sent after the death of David Penhaligon in a car crash on 22nd December 1986 at the age of forty-two. His widow has written an intensely moving biography of a man who by any standards epitomised Liberalism at its best.

David Penhaligon was a Celt first, as David Owen put it, a Liberal second, but after that he was a pragmatist. Part of his early success lay in this practical approach. But he was also a canny strategist, an expert in voting behaviour. By the Eighties he had become the Liberals' election tactician. As a Liberal Cornishman, he was always aware of his assets. He never had to say he was sympathetic to Cornish nationalism, or power for Cornwall. His

voice said it for him. He had an accent which he used to great effect, as Nye Bevan had used his stutter, by giving exactly the right emphasis to the point he was making.

Apart from common sense, his rise to political pre-eminence — to the position of heir apparent to David Steel and party President by 1985, rested on sheer guts and determination. For to retain his seat for so long (first won in October 1974 with a majority of just 464), he had to be a man of action — a porkbarrel politician, tirelessly campaigning on behalf of his constituency.

'If you want to get into power, don't join the Liberal Party,' he had once said. Indeed, to be a lifelong Liberal he needed to be an optimist. Fortunately for Cornwall and British politics, his career corresponded exactly with the period of Liberal rejuvenation during the 1960's and 1970's. One factor above all contributed to his and the party's improved fortunes — 'community politics', a dedicated commitment at grass-roots level to people rather than issues. It was his pioneering of this approach which caused Penhaligon's constituents to say to unknowns on the doorstep: 'you must either be the postman or the Liberals'.

He spent his parliamentary youth sharing his passion for a brew with early guru, Cyril Smith (another of the prouder sandal wearers of the party), calling for lead-free petrol and proclaiming himself a Green before it was remotely fashionable. He was indeed an intuitive politician. Rough and ready he might have been, but he was effective. In his yokeling days when he made speeches from a few notes on the back of a 'fag packet', he quickly made a reputation for himself. The House has always loved its characters, especially funny ones. The sting in the tail was that he was dangerously sane.

He had, however, only been in Parliament a year before the tragedy of the Thorpe scandal struck. He personally never forgave Thorpe for the damage this did to the party. But the 1970's were on the whole a good decade for Liberalism, culminating in the Lib-Lab pact, whose sketchy success reinforced his prejudice against electoral pacts — rather a brave conviction from a third party politician. Indeed, he tolerated the short-lived Lib-Lab of 1977-79, but only just. Typically, he found a ready-made joke in a headline: 'Steel loses millions', to express his true thoughts about the arrangement which kept Labour in power with Liberal support. Penhaligon asked Steel, the man, whether the newspaper in question was referring to votes or money.

Later, his gut reaction to another party pact, this time with the SDP, can be summed up by his description of them as 'The Soggy Dems'. But this cautious mocking grew not out of distrust but rather his zeal for Liberalism. In retrospect his misgivings proved tragically correct. The only fortunate thing about his death is that he did not have to witness the near suicide of both parties.

On the eve of his death he was at the peak of his career. He was much revered as an example to people of how to be good at politics. He was to receive the OBE in the New Year's Honours list, in recognition for all he had done for his party.

'He could charm the pastry off a Cornish pasty' the *Daily Telegraph* had reported early in his career. He had made friends of everyone, even his enemies. But there were tears too, great sacrifices by him and his family. It is Annette Penhaligon's vivid description of this human, sobering perspective to Penhaligon's success story, which makes *Penhaligon* such a sustaining read. It is a fitting epitaph.

ALEX KERSHAW

A LIFE OF RICHARD THE FIRST

Richard the Lionheart. Antony Bridge. Grafton Books. £16.95.

Antony Bridge in this biography of Richard I was faced with three considerable tasks. The first was to bridge the ever-widening gap between 'popular' history on the one hand and 'academic' history on the other. As academics increasingly write on smaller subjects with the assumption that only other academics will read their books, 'popular' history can be attempted by incompetent hands. Also, of course, the writing of biographies has not in this century been attempted by academic historians. This is partially because historians increasingly like to deal with 'issues' and 'causes' and not people, partially because academic historians are increasingly intellectuals — as opposed to educated men of letters — and as such prefer things to people. The gap is sometimes spanned: Lord Blake, formerly Provost of The Queen's College, Oxford, did so in his biography of Disraeli. Antony Bridge has done the same on a more limited scale in this biography of Richard I by the simple technique of using the 'source materials' provided by academic researchers as the tools with which to fashion a 'flesh and blood' picture.

The second task was even more formidable: to span the even greater gap between the twelfth and the twentieth century. It would, ironically, have been easier to span the centuries between fourth century Greece and twentieth century Britain, so 'dated' is the nature of the religion of the early Middle Ages and religion is the key to understanding that period. Within this more formidable task lies a particularly difficult area: the Crusades. Probably in no other field have the thought-creators of the twentieth century had greater effect than in condemning the Crusades. Englishmen are taught to be ashamed of them not because of their unsightly squabbling (as if the Crusaders were the only allies to squabble) and their not infrequent cruelties (as if war in the twentieth century did not exceed them) but because they offend the codes of the 'multi-faith' Britain the thought-creators want to create.

The great goal of freeing the Holy Land from the control of Mohammedans and restoring it to Christian hands is now condemned as 'racially disruptive' and a challenge to 'multi-faith dialogue'. (What the long-term historic effects of an enduring Christian state in the area now under modern Israel, Jordan and Lebanon can only be imagined. Would it have been any more bloody than the present arrangement?). Even worse, of course, the Crusades imply that if the Christian religion really is true then it ought to be aggressive, if not in making war, then in converting unbelievers: nothing could be more remote from most church leaders today. Richard the Lionheart is the royal baby thrown out with the crusading bathwater. Throughout the book Mr. Bridge points out over and again that with regard to religion, sexual ethics, marriage customs and warfare, the reader is foolish to insist on seeing the twelfth century through twentieth century eyes and this is welcome.

The third task the author set himself was to rescue Richard I from his detractors. To live is to have detractors and to live on the historic stage is to have historians as detractors. The most famous of these debunkers was Bishop Stubbs, the great Victorian historian. He roundly condemned Richard as 'a man of blood, whose crimes were those of one whom long use of warfare had made too familiar with slaughter: a bad son, a bad husband, a selfish ruler, and a vicious man'. Much of this was rhetorical nonsense and the author has, in his last chapter — appropriately entitled 'Final Battles'— given a balanced picture. Antony Bridge has done a good piece of work, especially given the limited resources available for the period, in rescuing Richard I

from his detractors, from the limits imposed by 800 years and from the academics and ecclesiastics who would imprison him, each for a different reason. It is a well-written and thoroughly enjoyable book.

JAMES MUNSON

TWO CORNISHMEN ABROAD

The Controversial Colensos. A. L. Rowse, 1989. 153 pages. £9.95.

For more than a century, it has been an Anglican convention to have a controversial bishop with 'doubts'. The current specimen is the Bishop of Durham, who can be guaranteed to pop up whenever a microphone is available to express his bewilderment at some dogma, normally before the holy day that commemorates it.

The founder of this epsicopal sideshow was John William Colenso, who became the first Bishop of Natal in 1853. Eight years later he scandalised Victorians with his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans,* which denied the concept of eternal punishment and other central Christian doctrines. He followed this up with *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined,* which questioned the historical accuracy of the Bible. This was no new event to those who followed theological writings. For several decades German theologians had been saying the same thing. In fact a few years before Colenso commenced his career as a master at Harrow, the local vicar denounced another master for spreading 'German dis-belief' among the boys (including the young Anthony Trollope, who later became a defender of Bishop Colenso) by reading them a history of the Hebrews! Bishop Colenso took this German 'higher criticism' and made it known among a wider public. Colenso, who did have a firm faith, did this because he found it difficult to explain some of the stories in the Old Testament to the Zulus.

A. L. Rowse has written a short 'duo-biography' setting out the basic story of Colenso's life and that of his cousin, William Colenso, who was a missionary in New Zealand at the same time that the Bishop was working among the Zulus. Dr. Rowse explains that 'my motive . . . is to do justice to two remarkable Cornishmen who are over-looked today. People are apt to pass over Cornish folk; for years I have done my best to make other people aware of our existence'. Certainly no one has done more in this field. One of his best books is *The Cornish in America.* Historians often neglect the influence of childish associations but Dr. Rowse has never been one to do this for as he correctly points out the adamant Protestantism of Cornwall was the formative factor behind both these extraordinary missionaries.

This is not a conventional story of heroic missionaries, a genre that the Victorians over-worked. Dr. Rowse has of course — as he pointed out in his recent work on the Puritan iconoclasts of the seventeenth century — little time for Christianity. Nevertheless he strives to be fair to both of these remarkable men. He shares with Bishop Colenso a disregard for 'the wicked nonsense of eternal punishment'. Because he does not write from the hagiographic point of view, he mentions two scandals that show how often the good and ill go together. One of the bishops who tried to deprive Colenso of his see had to flee in disguise from South Africa after being accused of sexual misconduct, while William Colenso produced an illegitimate child in New Zealand.

The second half of this book is the more fascinating as William Colenso's work as printer, naturalist and missionary among the Maori is little known. Bishop Colenso, however, remains the more important not only for his efforts

to make the Bible more acceptable to modern man but his work among the Zulus, where — according to a recent statement by Chief Buthelezi — he is still revered. Whether anyone will remember the latest 'doubting bishop' in a hundred years is in itself open to doubts.

A. L. Rowse is known to readers of this journal for the selections from his diary, which were recently published here and which provided some fascinating recollections about the outbreak of the Second World War. One hopes he will not become so involved in missionary history that he neglects publishing more of the diary of one of the best known and most colourful of twentieth century historians.

RICHARD MULLEN

A MYSTERY OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE

The Killing of the Red Fox: An Investigation into the Appin Murder. Seamus Carney. Lochar Publishing. £12.95.

Along with the dread secret of Glamis, the shooting of the Red Fox — the Appin murder — is traditionally one of Scotland's greatest unsolved historical mysteries. Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson and Andrew Lang all succumbed to the fascination of the riddle: Who killed Colin Campbell?

It is a tale of the aftermath of the '45; a Scotland in the granite grip of garrisons of red-coat English soldiery, the clans suppressed, the kilt forbidden. The heavy hand of Hanover had grasped the lands of loyal Jacobite Highlanders. Fierce dissatisfaction and resentment swirled all about crag, glen and moorland, perceptible and all-embracing as the keening of the pipes. It is a tale of three clans: the Stewarts and the Camerons of Appin, who had fought side by side for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and been vanquished and decimated at Culloden, and the Campbells, who in their self-seeking supported the English, and now enjoyed the favour of a venal puppet government in Edinburgh — mere instrument of the infamous Pelham administration in London.

Now, in this season of reprisal and reappraisal, rode forth from the garrison town of Fort William, Colin Campbell of Glenure, Red Colin, christened by R.L.S. the Red Fox, a creature of the Hanoverians, bound to enforce evictions of all loyal Stewart tennants from their farms at Appin. The date was May 14th 1752.

As Campbell rode through the wood of Lettermore, a single shot was heard, and two musket-balls from the murderer's gun found their target in Glenure's breast. The authorities elected two Stewarts for incrimination — James of the Glen and his foster-son, Allan Breck. Breck escaped to France. James was seized.

Tried at Inverary, the capital of Campbell country, by a Campbell-packed jury (eleven Campbells in the fifteen-man jury), with Archibald Campbell, 3rd Duke of Argyll, on the bench, he was, hardly surprisingly, found guilty and hanged. He was, incidentally, undoubtedly innocent.

Who, then, was the true culprit? R.L.S. exonerates Allan Breck, in *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*. Scott, in an appendix to *Rob Roy*, is less definite. Mr. Carney has, after 'a four-year paper-chase through the great reading-rooms of Edinburgh, London and Paris', produced what is correctly described as 'the most searching, thorough and authoritative examination to date of the historical enigma'.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

What's Left? Women in Culture and the Labour Movement (Routledge. Paperback Original. £7.95). Julia Swindells and Professor Lisa Jardine argue that Labour still bases its theoretical stance on the working lives of labouring man, especially in the nineteenth century, ignoring other groups, particularly women. That out-moded view of working-class consciousness is responsible for an inability to include women in its myopic sights. The Left in England, they say, has never moved beyond the cultural analyses, in the forties and fifties, of Raymond Williams, E. P. Thompson, Eric Hobsbawn and Richard Hoggart. The working model used is therefore built on misconceived conditions in factory, home and school. Interestingly enough, however, the two feminist writers accord Raymond Williams the status of guru in place of their former mentor, Althusser. In attempting to untie 'literature and history via the middle term of literature' and with the intention of identifying 'radical Left politics with Leavisite criticism', Williams, in *The Long Revolution*, brought out the clarification the women's movement had been seeking. The feminist challenge to the male-dominated ideology of Labour 'took shape', says the authors, 'under the pressure of two crucial events: the third successive defeat of the Labour Party and the death of Raymond Williams'. The main importance of the book lies in its description and documentation of the stages followed by the radical Left into communist oriented theory, beginning with the writers for *New Left Review*, such as Perry Andrews and Juliet Mitchell.

The Second World War (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £18.95). The publishers as well as the author deserve congratulations: the former for selling so cheaply an 800-page book with over one hundred maps and sixty-four pages of illustrations; Martin Gilbert for reducing to one formidable volume the grim and complex story of the most destructive conflict in human history — 40 million dead in the six years from 1939 to 1945. Brevity is the price paid: the battle of Alamein is reduced to twenty lines of text, and the Tito-Mihailovic clash in Yugoslavia to even less. That said, this is a volume richly peopled with heroes and villains, and is a tale at once of courage and of horror. Reviewers of the account of the war they lived through can but say that it recalls the pain, the camaraderie and the elation. This book is in a sense one of the by-products of Martin Gilbert's twenty-five years of research on the Churchill Papers; it is written with his usual verve and insight. It is in all likelihood the best single-volume survey of World War II. (E.W.)

Fields of Young Corn (Tabb House. £11.95). The sequel to an earlier book of memoirs of country life, *Caught from Time: A Country Diary of the 1920s*, the new volume is as charming as its predecessor. Anne Garnett spent most of her childhood and a good deal of her adult life in Somerset and Dorset, riding as a schoolgirl and observing nature when older with undiminished enthusiasm for country pursuits. A series of accomplished sketches and water colours accompanies the text. These alone make the diary worth keeping and the whole volume is beautifully produced.

Chinese Geomancy (Element Books Ltd. £8.95 Paperback. Illustrated). Ancient Chinese culture contains at its centre a belief that the configurations of the earth determine the affairs of the people who inhabit it. It dates, from the fifth century. Derek Walters's account of it is enhanced by fine illustrations.

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124th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MARCH 1990

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Leo Muray

WHITHER EUROPEAN MONETARY UNION?
Nigel M. Healey

REBUILDING ARMENIA: GLASNOST VERSUS PERESTROIKA
I. Tavitian

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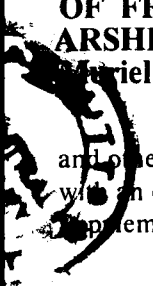

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THE GREAT UPHEAVAL

by Leo Muray

THE fundamental change for 1990 is that the two super-powers — the Soviet Union and the US — have conspicuously and dramatically lost authority on the world stage; the Kremlin due to the collapse of the regimes in Eastern Europe and the national risings in the Caucasus and the Baltics, the White House due to the blunder in Panama. Inevitably, the Kremlin and the White House are trying to repair the damage and at least to some degree restore their authority. But, at best, that will take a long time and the 'Black Hole' created is bound to last well into 1991. This means, of course, that Japan and Germany, now have ample room for increasing their influence, especially since the third potential super-power, China, is largely immobilized. Its veteran Communist leaders are known to have been deeply and painfully affected by the happenings in the Soviet Bloc. In fact, it now appears that their fear of a 'Bucharest' has made them regard Hong Kong as a dangerous centre of subversion rather than the best place to get much needed hard currency and foreign trade. It is significant that President Bush, eager to patch up some of his lost international standing, is prepared to give much needed loans to Peking. That, of course, makes it less risky for Peking to make no real concessions to London over the rights of the Hong Kong elite.

The loss of authority the White House has suffered is seen most plainly in the extraordinary vote of the EEC Assembly in Strasbourg. That Assembly, and 11 of the 12 EEC members, all NATO allies of the US, passed a resolution denouncing American intervention in Panama as a 'flagrant violation of the sovereignty and integrity of an independent state', and demanded the immediate withdrawal of US 'occupying troops'. It is not clear whether this includes the 13,000 men stationed there under the Panama Canal Treaty which expires in five years' time.

The reaction of the Latin American countries has been a hostile one and President Bush had to call off the warships that were to patrol the Colombian coast to interrupt drug exports. One has to add that there are now all signs that the trial of General Noriega — if it takes place — is expected to produce a lot of dirty linen resulting from his employment by the CIA and the fact that he met President Bush twice, in his 20-year career as an agent and probably a double agent. A longish trial may last

into the first phase of the next American election campaign.

This means that the major members of the EEC, who are the major European members of NATO, have more freedom of action. This means that they will have more direct and indirect influence on the talks on cutting nuclear arms, the Geneva US-Soviet dialogue, and the big Conventional Forces conference in Vienna. This the more so since it is taken for granted that the US Congress will strongly support a substantial cut in the US forces in Europe down to the 192,000 proposed by President Bush.

One very obvious reason for such a cut is the virtual collapse of the Warsaw Pact as a military alliance and block. The Soviet side itself announced that the Communist Party in the Pact countries was 'no longer leading the states', that the Pact's Political Consultative Committee, made up of the representatives of the Communist Parties that could issue directives to the Generals, would be disbanded. The policy and actions of the Pact would be shaped by regional interests rather than by considerations of ideological unity.

In fact the Warsaw Pact is finished. At the Vienna meeting of military chiefs of NATO, the Warsaw Pact and 'neutral Europeans', the senior commanders of every Warsaw Pact country set out their new individual defence strategy and requirements of their governments. Czechs, Hungarians and Poles have now publicly and officially asked the Soviet government to withdraw its troops from their countries in early stages. The Czechs are particularly insistent to get the 75,000 elite troops out. Most of them, tank divisions, are stationed in the Bohemian Forest on the West German border covering the so called Fulda Gap, broad valleys that give tanks a chance to break through to the Rhine within a day. Since the Soviet forces went into Czechoslovakia, spear-heading the 1968 invasion which has now been condemned as 'illegal' in Soviet statements, their withdrawal — the Czechs want half of them out before their 'democratic' elections on June 8th — is regarded as an emotional symbol of the first order and Czech diplomats have warned that the Soviets do 'not entirely understand the depth of the transformation' in the country. The Soviet side regards these forces as part of the overall balance of conventional forces in Europe and have hinted that units of the British Rhine Army, and the 52,000 French forces should be withdrawn in return for their leaving that highly strategic Bohemian Forest.

So far the German Democratic Republic of East Germany has not raised the issue of the presence of around 340,000 Soviet troops. It is a key issue, of course, and both West and East Germans are very careful about it. The German public, at least in the West, is getting used to the prospect of having Soviet and NATO troops remaining, for an uncertain time, in the two countries once they are linked in some fashion. One can expect to hear a lot more about this in the coming months, if not years.

There is another strategic aspect of the whole problem that has seldom been mentioned. It is the Baltic coast. The GDR, Poland, Lithu-

ania, Estonia and Latvia make up the eastern coast of the Baltic right up to the Gulf of Finland and Leningrad. The Kremlin has considered the Baltic as a Russian sea. It has had to tolerate the Swedes and Danes and the small West German toe-hold of Kiel and Lübeck. The small West German patrol boats had to be accepted but the Moscow authorities regarded the presence of other NATO warships in the Baltic as quite inappropriate, just as they do not want NATO warships appearing in the Black Sea. Control, however camouflaged, of that Baltic coast is not going to be abandoned in any new agreements. The Soviet air force has key defence and monitoring installations on the Lithuanian coast. Yet there has been public discussion of a Lithuanian army, at the time of Gorbachov's visit. Another sensitive issue is East Prussia, the part annexed by the Soviet Union with Kaliningrad, once the ancient city of Koenigsberg. It is a district of the Russian Federation proper but separated from it by Lithuania. Special rights would therefore have to be secured by Moscow if Lithuania were to become even simply a member of a Soviet confederation.

Kaliningrad means that not only Poland but also the Soviet Union or Russia are involved in the problem that will arise when the two Germanies are linked in whatever form because of the extremely sensitive, tricky issue of German borders. The West German Foreign Minister bases his recent declaration of the 'inviolability' — not unchangeability — of the present borders on the 1970 Moscow treaty. But the West German Federal Constitutional Court described the treaty, as well as that with Poland, as 'highly political' and as a 'f[illegible] policy concept' which should 'reduce and overcome the ossification a[illegible]ardening of political relations between the Federal Republic of [illegible]many and Eastern European countries'.

Because of the division into two [illegible]manies, there has never been a peace treaty with Germany. This is v[illegible] a growing force of public opinion in West German[illegible] argues that the 1[illegible] borders of Germany, as laid down in the Versailles Treaty of 1919, a[illegible] still the formal borders. Therefore a new peace treaty will have to b[illegible] concluded, hopefully once the two Germanies are formally linked if r[illegible] legally united. The Federal Constitutional Court has never stated th[illegible] the Federal German Republic has the right to represent the whole of [illegible]rmany. This implies that a German state based on a structure embo[illegible]ng in some form the former two Germanies will be able to accep[illegible] or reject — past commitments by both. This is indicated by the Cou[illegible] view that the four Allied Powers and the two German governments [illegible]ve indicated, in international documents after 1945, that they still tr[illegible] 'the Reich' as a continuing entity of states. The two Germanies, in t[illegible] Court's opinion, are parts of a more extensive all-German state 'whos[illegible]orders' need not be defined more precisely 'since it is not organised [illegible]r able to act independently'.

This indicates that all existing [illegible]eaties signed by either of the two Germanies would have to be acc[illegible]ted legally by that old entity; and this would apply to the Rome Tre[illegible] setting up the EEC as well. There

is therefore considerable freedom of action for any legal German combination. This gives West Germany more influence, since it will obviously be the leading partner. This was shown dramatically by the decision of the new Czech president, the writer Vaclav Havel, who insists that he is really not a politician, to pay his first official visit not to the Warsaw Pact partner, the Soviet Union, or to the US but to the two Germanies, to East Berlin and Bonn. He thus shrewdly demonstrated where he, and one can safely assume his fellow Warsaw Pact members, are sure the centre of power and economic assistance is now to be found.

There are crucial Land elections in West Germany this spring, as well as the first free election in East Germany scheduled for March, with the year ending with a West German general election. Chancellor Kohl must show that he is able decisively to guide events towards early unification while at the same time not missing the opportunities that are opening up for a re-organised Germany taking the effective lead in getting the other former satellites, and Yugoslavia, firmly linked, economically and politically, with an EEC adjusted to the new German set-up as it develops.

Chancellor Kohl has shown that he is determined to unite Germany before the elections in December, brushing politely aside the worries of the super-powers. He has, inevitably, also taken the lead in discussing and organising aid for these countries. This aid is of crucial importance, because failure to make it effective within months would give the Communists in these countries, except Czechoslovakia, a chance to re-establish their control, in the old style. Several political parties and freedom of movement would be retained but the actual political and administrative power would again slide into the hands of Party apparatchiks who have maintained much of the power anyway.

It is not often realized that the Communist Parties had millions of members and cells everywhere. It is in the Party's tradition, since Lenin, that any member, leaders included, can be denounced, sacked or executed. But the control of all affairs, openly and secretly, must be maintained. Communist Party morale has been dissolved by the chemical of the revelations of the life style and corruption of the leadership. Revelations about Ceausescu have been absorbed by everybody in eastern Europe and by millions in the Soviet Union who listen to western broadcasts. But tens of thousands of Communist appointed officials are still in their jobs. To remove them will take years. An ineffective aid programme by the West, especially between now and Easter would, certainly, give them a good chance to re-establish actual control. It is unlikely, however, that anything like the leading role and domination of the Soviet Union will be restored, because of events in the Soviet Union. However, co-operation with the West would suffer.

Events in the Caucasus show that the Soviet Union has lost its status as a super-power. They have also shown that the doctrines and the emotional force of the Soviet Communist Party ideology are not effective any longer. Azeris and Armenians fight and slaughter each other whether

they are Party members or not. President Gorbachov's desperate appeal for calm and reason after the fighting had broken out contained practically no traditional Communist arguments or doctrines. His basic appeal was to save the Soviet Union and 'perestroika', his reform programme, which the vast majority of Soviet people and of Communist Party members do not understand and regard as a failure. Gorbachov himself often admits that perestroika could fail through the fault of others.

Gorbachov personally, of course, abandoned his Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy in his address to the UN Assembly in 1986. It implied, and this was tacitly recognised by many in the Party hierarchy, that the main platform of Communist Party rule, the justification for all its actions, the excuse for all its mistakes, namely that the Soviet system was the last possible and therefore could not be abandoned, had been dropped. From now on there was no Leninist infallibility, although this was never said plainly, of course. Events in the Warsaw Pact countries show that this was quickly appreciated. Dogma and the authority based on it just disintegrated. This meant too that Communist Party members and their allies could afford to drop their allegiance and to wait and see.

This is why the Communists in the Baltic countries could risk playing for real independence and put Gorbachov on the defensive. Gorbachov on his visit argued passionately against any break and skilfully dug some trenches, his promise that he would introduce a bill laying down the procedure for secession. What he said suggests that the Soviet parliament must agree as well as all the fifteen republics, and conditions for secession must suit all the republics. There is to be a period of transition and five years have been mentioned.

In his statements Gorbachov warned that a tragedy could happen if there was no agreement to accept the procedure he would put before the Central Committee and then before the Soviet parliament which has, one has to take into account, a Russian Federal Republic majority of members. 143 million of the total 276 million population are Great Russians. Last year that republic got its own Party organisation, like the Ukrainians and the others. This is significant for it is a concession to the rising Russian nationalist element in the Party. This element supports the Communist rule because it is, stripped of its ideology, a traditional authoritarian Russian system.

In the discussions about Baltic demands, it was stated by Moscow all the time that there would be no resort to force. But Gorbachov's mention of 'tragedy' in his discussions on his visit to Lithuania was seen by some as a veiled but unmistakable warning that force had not been ruled out as a last resort.

This tragedy has now been enacted in the Caucasus. It is worth noting that Premier Ryzhkov as good as announced military action before the decree signed by Gorbachov was published. The implications affect international relations. Gorbachov, for instance, in his sombre appeal put some of the blame on 'Islamic fundamentalists'. One has to assume that he knows what he is talking about. It is the first time the Soviet govern-

ment, a passionate supporter of the cause against Israel, has stated something that offended the Moslem nations.

The fight against the Aseri guerrillas in a mountainous country with poor communications may go on for a long time. A sort of 'Mau-Mau' situation can be expected to develop. Reports about the fighting suggest that the Aseris have supporters in the Soviet armed forces in the country. The emotional appeal to Moslem solidarity is already showing its strength. It is more than likely that arms and communications equipment, as well as money, will be brought in across the Turkish and Iranian borders. A further fundamental factor is the loss of authority of Moscow and of the Communist Party. That was already plain in Lithuania when banners demanded that the 'Red Army' quit. It is significant, and must have alarmed the Kremlin, that the tiny Aseri region of Nakhichevan, wedged in between Armenia, Iran and Turkey, declared its independence last month, appealing for help to its foreign neighbours. The alarmed Turks instantly rejected any suggestion that they might get involved. But the High Command in Moscow now faces the prospect of having to station thousands of troops all along the Turkish and Iranian borders. It also faces the need to show within months that it can break and finish off the Aseri insurgents. It will also have to prevent further clashes between the Aseris and Armenians. Early and convincing success is urgent. A long drawn out guerrilla war and the loss of control to the insurgents of rural areas and small towns will tempt nationalists in other republics, in other central Asian republics, for instance, to take risks too.

The Kremlin itself is shaken. How otherwise would Boris Yeltsin, the populist leader of the radical faction of the Soviet parliament, a man who appeals strongly to Russian nationalist feelings, have risked (in January in Tokyo) proclaiming that Gorbachov was likely to have only another three months? It is quite clear now that uncertainty will prevail until the Party Congress.

The Western Alliance is fully aware of the new, and dangerous, uncertainties which the upheavals in the Soviet Union have created. This is why the EEC has now asked for a European summit at the end of this year instead of accepting Gorbachov's earlier proposal to have such a conference in two years' time. The Western Alliance, deeply involved in the Vienna talks on conventional troops cuts and also in the US-Soviet talks on nuclear weapons, wants to know where they are and where they might be.

To sum up: the two super-powers need to restore their previous authority. US State Secretary James Baker put it thus to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on 1 February: 'In short, we seek to probe for points of mutual advantage with the Soviet Union turning areas of conflict into areas of co-operation wherever possible'.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY: PART 2: TURKEY, THE SCANDINAVIAN STATES, MALTA & CYPRUS

by Michael L. Nash

ON April 14, 1987 Turkey formally lodged its application to join the Community. This application for various reasons poses more difficulties than the application in July 1989 of Austria. The sticking point in Austria's application may be the question of neutrality. But in Turkey's case, having had a much longer and closer association with the Community, there are the questions of European identity, the possible accession of a Moslem state, the accession of a largely agricultural state to what was initially a Northern industrialized community, and the question of fragile and incomplete democracy.

These major considerations are all interwoven, but may be considered one by one. Firstly, the question of European identity. Is Turkey European, or how European is Turkey? This in turn begs the question: what is meant by the term Europe? It is a concept, now thought of as being basically geographical, which began with the ancient Greeks as 'Europa'. It was to them a designation of the broadening, extensive northerly lands that lay beyond (Greece), lands with characteristics but vaguely known.[1] As to the territorial limits of Europe, while these seem clear on the three seaward flanks, they have been uncertain and much debated on the east where the continent merges, without sundering physical limits with parts of western Asia.[2]

Eastward limits now accepted by European (including Soviet) geographers, are now agreed on a line which of course puts part of Russia (to give it its historical title) in Europe and part in Asia.[3] Sir Bernard Burrows, who was British ambassador to Turkey from 1958-62, looking at the subject of Turkey's identity from an historical point of view, noted that a Foreign Office despatch of 1856 included the words 'Now that Turkey is to become an integral part of the European system', and that even at the lowest ebb of the Ottoman Empire, Turkey was described as 'The sick man of Europe'.[4] Of course it is arguable that this meant 'Turkey in Europe', which was gradually draining away until it was mostly confined in Asia Minor. Yet it was not until the rather startling application of Morocco to join the Community in 1985, (an application, which, following the statutory two years was at last considered in 1987) that the Danish President of the Council was moved to refer to Article 237 of the Treaty of Rome, which implies perhaps that applicants should be European.[5]

Mr. Raif Araca of the Turkish Chancery in London during an interview suggested that the question of Turkey's European identity is one of mentality and not of geography, a pertinent point.[6] Turkey is, after all, a member of the Council of Europe and a member of NATO, (though by no stretch of the imagination can Turkey be called a 'North Atlantic'

country!). There are some uneasy feelings when the Turks say that they are good enough to be soldiers, and guard the doors of the granary, but they are somehow not good enough to be merchants and actually go into the granary! There are some ethical and moral points to be answered here.

It is true that Turkey is an Islamic state but it is a secular one; it is in fact the only lay Moslem state. Religious propaganda is limited by law. Since the time of Ataturk the laws of Turkey have been adopted from European experience; perhaps the only major state, along with Japan and Thailand, not having ever been ruled by a European colonial power and yet adopting their laws. Thus the Turkish Civil Code is adopted from the Swiss, the Penal Code is Italian, and the Commercial Code is French. These laws have since been amended and a commission on the penal code is sitting now. Perhaps the best way to answer those who constantly raise the question of Turkey's unsuitability for full membership because of allegations of torture is to say that these questions would be better dealt with inside the Community than out of it.

There are sizeable Moslem communities within some of the member states; there is nothing in the Treaty of Rome to say that an applicant state must be Christian. Indeed, the whole argument about Christian culture smacks of hypocrisy. It is certainly arguable that most of Western Europe is Christian only in a nominal sense, and ripe for another mission! It is true that Turkey is largely an agricultural country and the Community has had enough problems in absorbing Greece, Spain and Portugal. However, this is no argument in itself. Turkey simply emphasises the orientation of the Community recently towards the South, something which would be rectified by the admission of Austria and the remaining Scandinavian states.

Whatever the outcome, Turkey must soon receive an answer to its application. The invaluable contribution made by the gastarbeiter, the guest workers, before 1974 should not be forgotten. In 1960 Turkey was given an agreement on the freedom of movement of Turkish workers within the Community, which should have been honoured in 1986, but was not. This is explicable in the terms of events which could not be foreseen, exascerbated by the amazing influx of East Germans into the labour market in 1989. It was not a surprise to the Turks that this agreement was not honoured, but the Turks consider taking the matter to the European Court.

A postponement is wanted in the most honourable sense. As to full membership, the feeling is that no reply is better than a negative reply. Yet some reply there has to be. It will most likely be a qualified answer, looking forward to possible membership after 2000. But will Turkey's patience last that long? A state did not have to be 'democratic' to belong to NATO. There are other arguments too. Russia is a very big trading customer; it is yet another way to accommodate arrangements with COMECON, with which there are bilateral agreements over gas.

It is to Scandinavia that we must now turn.

In December 1972, Norway, having signed the Treaty of Accession, together with the United Kingdom, Eire and Denmark, decided to have a referendum. This referendum resulted in 50.2% being against going into the Community, and 49.8% being for it. This split and traumatized the country, and nobody in Norway wants to go through that again. Even today the wounds have not completely healed.

In the summer of 1988, the Conservative party of Norway came forward with membership of the Community in its programme. The General Election of September 1989 however was indecisive. Before the election, opinion polls seemed to suggest that the proportion of another vote for Community membership would be 31% and those against 32-34%. This left a quite large number of floating voters, and it would seem that the option for membership will come out favourably in the end. This would be sometime after 1993, for Jacques Delors, the president of the European Commission, has stated on a number of occasions that no new member states would be admitted during the time the Single Market is being implemented.

Norway is a member of NATO, and feels it must not be excluded from the political issues being discussed in the Community. Over shipping, which is to the Norwegians a most important issue, there have been bilateral agreements with the Community. Progress is being made at the moment, (as in Austria) to adapt Norway to the possibility of joining, by harmonizing internal laws and regulations. Norway also realises that the oil will eventually run out, and that it must not rely on it. Norwegian businesses are also trying to internationalize, following the example of Sweden, which is far ahead in this field. Examples are Carlson Cement and the Norwegian bid for the Govan shipyard in Scotland.

Finally, there is the crucial development within the Baltic of other possible applicant states, Sweden and Finland, and the relationship with Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Norway's isolationism must be nearing its end. In an interview, Rune Aarsheim of the Norwegian embassy in London thought that for Norway, there remained the questions of Foreign Policy and Defence, and that Co-operation was for the Norwegians 'the name of the game'.[7] Yet, like Sweden and to a lesser extent Finland, and of course Austria, applicants may not be able to choose.

Is neutrality then compatible with full membership of the Community? There is a political consensus now, (in 1989) that Sweden should participate in the Community. The Government presented a bill in the Swedish parliament in December 1987 to clarify this. There are differing nuances in political attitudes, although a year ago almost everyone agreed that this was not the right moment for membership in its fullest sense. The acceleration of events however during 1989 in both Northern and Eastern Europe has been astonishing, not to say breath-taking. Sweden must be affected by this. Industry is in favour of joining, and this means particularly the Conservative party and the Moderates. The Trade Union side was at first less enthusiastic, but may have changed its mind since the advent of the Social Charter.

The question of neutrality remains central to Sweden. It remained neutral in peacetime in order to remain neutral in wartime, and wishes naturally to decide for itself what is permitted in this area. Like Austria, however, Sweden wishes to stress that it is not politically neutral. Yet most of all it does not want to be rocked or destabilised by any lack of confidence in its military neutrality. Sweden has an international image; considering its size, there are many multi-national Swedish companies. Swedes are undoubtedly European; most Swedes speak another European language. Swedish industry and research are integrated in Europe and this is a powerful advocate. The Swedish market is highly sophisticated, well-financed, with good salaries and good living conditions. Sweden, because of these factors, is often used as a test market in Europe.

Undoubtedly there has been a shift in attitude towards the European Community in recent times. The debate today is about the integration of Europe. Perhaps the last word should come here from M. Grandquist of the Swedish Embassy in London, who during an interview in September 1988 said, with considerable prescience for the drama of 1989 that this attitude was however rather a reflection of development in the whole of Europe. It was a Pan-European phenomenon.[8]

Finland has made a late appearance among the possible applicant states, perhaps a surprising one. At the moment of course full membership of the Community is not seriously being considered, but some sort of membership is. Perhaps encouraged by developments under Gorbachov, Finland became a full member of EFTA in January 1988, having hovered on the periphery for some years. Could it then make the quantum leap to membership of the Community itself, such as Austria is contemplating?

The Director of the European Institute in Turku in Finland, is perhaps the most enthusiastic advocate. He however naturally tempers this enthusiasm with pragmatism. While the executive President of Finland has for the moment ruled out the possibility of full membership, Esko Antola, the Director of the Institute, takes a more flexible line. The Single Market, he says, has to do with de-regulation and then re-regulation. These new dimensions of integration can be found best expressed at the moment in the Cecchini Report.[9] Then he goes on:

> Re-regulation has wider dimensions as well. It is extended to the social dimension of integration, to the harmonization of national economic policies, to political integration, and ultimately to limiting the powers of nation states by extending the powers of the Community institutions into spheres which traditionally have been subject to national sovereignties. New dimensions of integration are seen as necessary extensions in order to achieve all the available benefits of the enlarged market.[10]

Such statements must warm the heart of Jacques Delors! But what Esko Antola is saying is this. De-regulation poses fewer problems for Finland than re-regulation, for the latter may entail this new dimension, and Finland at the moment is not ready for it.

So how can Finland be involved? What kind of membership could it contemplate? Esko Antola goes on to examine this. The issue of political authority is extremely problematical for Finland, e.g. majority voting doctrine of the Single European Act. Potentially even more dramatic

are the challenges created by EPC, European Political Co-operation, a kind of forum for Community and Non-Community members to meet together. In the end, EPC might challenge the whole international power structure of Europe, in which Finland regards herself as a permanent element. Ultimately the whole question of neutrality is at stake . . . these are core questions for future adaptation. In these dimensions the domestic and external limits of the existing Finnish doctrine are under stress. In fact, the Community of the late 1980s is a totally different entity from the one with which Finland entered into a free trade arrangement. Western Europe is moving forward to a political economy comprising both new structures of the market and new structures of political authority. In both dimensions of the Western European political economy, Finland and the EFTA countries face new challenges of change and adaptation.[11]

This again is a statement so perceptive that it can without any difficulty be used to describe the dramatic developments in the Baltic and in the Balkans in 1989. Any enlargement of the Community begs the question of the institutional development and powers of the Community itself, an issue to which we shall return in a moment.

For Finland the countries on the doorstep always presented the first opportunities. Yet the emergence of a Nordic Economic Union, a free trade system, miscarried. Efforts to achieve far-reaching economic arrangements between the Nordic countries in the 1950s did not lead to results. Many of the key portions of NORDEK have however subsequently been implemented. The Nordic Council of Ministers was established in 1971, the Nordic Investment Bank went into operation in 1976.[12]

Finland has also of course its own relations with COMECON, the Communist equivalent in some ways of the original Western Common Market. At the same time as its free trade agreement was concluded with the European Community, Finland was keeping its options open by a similar and parallel agreement with the Soviet Union and a co-operation agreement between Finland and COMECON.[13] President Mauno-Koivisto has for the moment excluded full membership from the range of alternatives for Finland. 'No such situation is in my field of vision', he said in a recent intervew.[14] Yet the first state visit (since the Second World War) of a Russian Head of State to Finland in 1989 touched on all kinds of possibilities for the future.

The position of Finland must be seen in the wider context of EFTA-EEC co-operation, outlined earlier this year. Erik Forsman, the Director of the Confederation of Finnish Industries, commented that this was exactly what Finland wanted: closer economic ties. It has been exemplified by Finland's wish to join the European Community rules preventing the competitive use of subsidies in shipbuilding between member states, according to Antti Satuli, a senior foreign ministry official.[15]

No such industrial or commercial concerns affect the application of Malta, at the other end of the geographical spectrum. The new government of Malta came to power on a ticket of full membership of the

Community. Malta has a Customs Union, originally signed in 1971, which has been renewed again in 1987. The next elections in Malta are in 1992, and Malta is hopeful of making its formal application before the end of 1991.

Neutrality is part of Malta's constitution, so the same parameters apply as they do in the cases of Austria, Sweden and Finland. But Malta has said it will not make political pre-conditions for entry.

Malta's position is in many ways unique. It is a small group of islands in the Mediterranean, amounting in area to the Isle of Wight. It is a freak of history that it is independent. Nevertheless this history has given it a European culture, and for the most part, orientation towards Europe.

Malta's main concerns on joining are whether it has the management resources to pay the dues of the Community or to sustain its presidency, when it should fall to Malta to host all the meetings. Doubtless this will be in some way accommodated: Luxembourg manages it. Of course Malta would hope to benefit from the social funds, and other financial assistance, but overall its thoughts are that it has a European destiny and that if it does not join, sooner or later it will be sucked into another Community.

M. Camilleri of the Maltese High Commission in London has made some pertinent points about the Maltese application. Applicants were not in a queue; it did not matter if other states were admitted first. Even Turkey, who would have most cause to complain, made this point about Austria. Then the ever-present point about the sub-text, the hidden agenda of mettings comes out in the fact that Cyprus, Austria, Sweden and Norway have all taken the opportunity of non-aligned meetings in order to talk to one another informally about applications.

Thirdly, the vexed point in some discussions about neutrality can be solved. Ireland changed its constitution in order to accommodate the Single European Act of 1986. Neutrality is not incompatible with membership of the European Community; defence questions, after all, become when discussed to their very depth 'a kind of theology'. A modus vivendi can always be found, away from awkward, legalistic problems and questions.[16]

Other factors are present in the application of Cyprus. In 1988 the European Commission sent a proposal to the Council of Ministers for a third financial agreement with Cyprus — including increased cheap loans and direct aid — in support of President Vassiliou's declared strategy of offering financial incentives to European business wanting to invest in Cyprus. At the same time Brussels encouraged Nicosia to press ahead with a Customs Union with the Community.

The application or possible application of Cyprus is of course linked inextricably with the problems of Greece and Turkey. In Cyprus supporters of membership believe that it would assist in securing the removal of Turkish occupation troops; on the other hand, Turkey sees the possibility that a deal may be made over Cyprus involving its own application. Here indeed Byzantine politics come into their own!

The second stage of the Association Agreement between Cyprus and the Community came into force on 1 January 1988, and this provides for the gradual implementation of a Customs Union between the two parties which is expected to be completed in 15 years, i.e. by 2003. Will this lead in turn to a closer union of some sort? It is worth recalling that Cyprus first applied for an Association agreement in 1962, just two years after independence, and almost simultaneously with the British application for full membership. The Customs Union now provides, inter alia, that during the second phase Cyprus will abolish all remaining restrictions and will also apply all the relevant accompanying policies of the Community such as competition rules and approximation of laws. This is de-regulation and the prospect of re-regulation, and it is a necessary prerequisite to full membership. It is happening in Austria and Norway.

In a briefing paper, the Cypriot High Commission in London states significantly that: 'Customs Union not only brings economic and commercial benefits. Its political significance is just as important. Cyprus has embarked on a new relationship with the Community, the development of which will bring it closer to the Community than to any other third country. Similarly, with the adoption by Cyprus of the Community trade policies, a closer working relationship will undoubtedly be developed between Cyprus, the Community, and over 90 countries around the world with which the Community has preferential agreements, with consequential political ramifications.'[17]

The signs are clear.

All the foregoing considerations point to another, wider, dimension. This is the expansion of the Community into 'Greater Europe', and the consequent effects upon the development of institutions within the Community. Robert Cottrell, in a remarkable extrapolation in the *Independent*, forecast what the Community boundaries might be like in the year 2000, that is, in just 10 years' time. He divided Europe into three zones, or types of state: those which belonged to the Community as full members, and by this time this would include Austria, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Switzerland; those who were Associate members of the Community, which would include Turkey and a reformed Yugoslavia; and those who had currencies pegged directly to the Deutschmark, which would include the Baltic states, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and part of present-day Yugoslavia, (Croatia-Slovenia); while Bulgaria, Romania and the Ukraine 'hovered interestedly on the edge'.[18] Such a possibility is by no means entirely fanciful. Germany of course, representing a separate problem, had become reunited in a confederation and was a full member of the Community. The position of the present East German state has for long presented anomalies and has been to many intents and purposes the thirteenth member of the Community for some time. This is mainly because of the volume of unofficial trade between the two Germanies, but there are other points. By a special article in the constitution of the Federal Republic, German citizens are defined as all

those present in Germany on 31 December, 1937.[19] Thus the borders of Germany at that time are taken legally in West Germany as the borders now, including the lost provinces of the East. This alone accounts for some of the 'revanchism' movement in recent years in West Germany. Thus, in this legalistic sense, all citizens of East Germany (and Poland and parts of Russia for that matter) are citizens of the Community.

Germany has remained very sensitive on this point. When the Euro-MP Amadee Turner designed the Community flag, showing a map surrounded by twelve stars, the Germans objected to it, on the grounds that it did not show the true borders of Germany. The map had to be removed.[20]

Recently Herr Martin Bangemann became the first Brussels Commissioner to visit East Germany. His task was to persuade East German trade ministers to enter into a trade agreement with the Community, so that East German products would 'officially' be able to circulate freely in the single market of 1992. East Germany gave the Community diplomatic recognition last year (1988) but its trade with West Germany has long been big enough to make it a de facto member of the Community.

Bound up with this is of course the fear that 'a drift to the East' may, in the words of Jacques Delors, affect the further integration of the Community. There is however, another perspective, aptly outlined by William Rees Mogg in a recent article.[21] If all the nations of the European East joined the Community, there would be 17 members, making a pool of just on 400 million people, 'a European Community which would be the wealthiest economic group in the world'. But further to this a reunited Germany would be much more central than it is now. Any fears about the size of a reunited Germany (77 million) would be allayed by its still being only 20% of the total Community, which is the size West Germany is in relation to the present Community. There would be a new sense of balance and equilibrium. Even Margaret Thatcher has been more sympathetic apparently to a greater Europe than she is to a smaller one. She recently reaffirmed what she said in her oft misquoted Bruges speech that 'Warsaw is a European capital. Prague is a European capital. Budapest is a European capital'. A Europe without Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Berlin and Vienna is not Europe at all. The main effort of the period immediately ahead of us should be to integrate these nations with the European Community as full members.

There is this most important concomitant. Europe has repeatedly had to choose between intensification and expansion of the system. A greater Europe would not be centred on the Rhine and would not be dominated to the same extent by the Franco-German partnership. Expansion would be at the expense of intensification. Thus ideas of federalism and greater power to the institutions would be to some extent diluted. To many this is both attractive and a solution to many acres of print about where the Community is going.

All of these questions are in many ways echoes of the past, arguments about the boundaries of Europe, footnotes to those writers who agonized years ago as to whether Europe included Muscovy and the Turks. They

are not new questions, but the solutions may be new.

Perhaps the last word here should come from a spokesman for Austria.

> The dream of a common European culture is still alive, perhaps better expressed in the Council of Europe. There is a commonality of certain values and purposes. Political union is an abstract, a sentiment which motivates people. Russia itself may be dissociated in some way from the rest of the Soviet Union; Gorbachov tells Europe that Russia is European.
>
> The Soviet Union will not release these peoples (of Eastern Europe) unless in some way it itself becomes a part.[22]

We are living in dramatic times and perhaps that is happening now.

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WHITHER EUROPEAN MONETARY UNION?

by Nigel M. Healey

FULL monetary union has long been an objective of the European Community (EC). As early as 1971 member states expressed 'their political will to establish a monetary union', endorsing an ambitious plan to create a single EC currency within ten years. The same sentiments inspired the establishment of the European Monetary System in 1979. And as the '1992' programme gathers pace, thereby accelerating the process of economic integration, the EC has launched yet another drive for monetary union with the adoption of the controversial 'Delors Report' at the Madrid Summit in June 1989.

This article examines the nature of European monetary union and documents the EC's prolonged struggle to achieve closer monetary integration between member states, asking whether, in the light of the British Government's well-known hostility to the Delors Report's proposals, this latest initiative represents yet another false start.

Monetary union has two basic dimensions. The first is that there exists an 'exchange rate union', in which the values of national currencies are permanently fixed vis-à-vis one another. The second is that there is complete 'convertibility' between national currencies (i.e. the absence of any form of exchange controls). Under such circumstances, firms and individuals could switch freely between currencies at exchange rates which they were confident would be maintained into the future. For producers, it would accordingly be of no consequence whether they sold their output in Britain, Denmark or Greece, nor would it matter whether they were paid in francs, lire or deutschmarks. The final barrier to free trade, namely the difficulty of conducting cross-border transactions in the absence of a common medium of exchange, would have been removed.

Achieving monetary union requires, inter alia, the collective management of monetary policy (to ensure that each country adheres to a centrally-agreed target for the growth of its national money supply) and external exchange rate policy (so that any official foreign exchange market intervention by governments to influence the level of their exchange rates vis-à-vis third currencies, like the US dollar and the yen, does not disrupt internal 'cross rates' between member currencies).

In some accounts, 'monetary union' is taken to mean a single central bank, issuing a common currency and centrally operating monetary policy. Although this final stage is not a necessary characteristic of monetary union, the transition from separate national central banks to a common central bank is little more than cosmetic; the sacrifice of national autonomy which is necessary to achieve monetary union is so complete that members' central banks effectively act as little more than agents for a central policy-making body (in terms of their ability to manage monetary and external exchange rate policy); the concentration

of authority into a single institution and the replacement of rigidly-pegged, convertible currencies by a single currency simply formalises a situation which already exists to all intents and purposes.

The case for monetary union is essentially the same as that for fixed exchange rates generally, namely that eliminating the risk of exchange rate fluctuations helps to promote international trade. There is considerable evidence that the demonstrable exchange rate volatility experienced since the breakdown of the Bretton Woods pegged exchange rate regime in the early 1970s has inhibited the growth of world trade and businessmen often cite the fear of unanticipated changes in the external value of the currency as an explanation for their reluctance to export more aggressively.

Such considerations have an added importance for members of a customs union like the EC, the raison d'être of which is to facilitate intra-union trade. The potential gains from membership of the EC can only be realised in the long term if countries fully exploit the new opportunities for trade it offers. To achieve this, economic resources must be transferred from relatively less, to relatively more, efficient sectors and the commercial investment decisions which make such reallocations possible depend critically upon expectations of the future. If the managers of lower-cost industries are afraid that their present competitiveness may be wiped out by an appreciation in the exchange rate, they may fail to expand as rapidly as they otherwise might. Similarly, higher-cost producers may cling on in the hope that their shrinking profit margins and declining market shares may be reversed by a fall in the exchange rate.

To the extent that uncertainty about the future course of the exchange rate slows the restructuring of production by which the potential gains from international trade are translated into reality, the creation of a monetary union within the EC should accelerate economic integration. This argument lies at the heart of the case for full monetary union in the EC.

The EC also has strong practical reasons for favouring closer monetary integration, since exchange rate fluctuations greatly complicate the task of operating common policies. Under the Common Agricultural Policy, for example, the EC seeks to stabilise farm prices and create a single market in agricultural products. Changes in EC exchange rates drive a wedge between these two objectives: if the deutschmark appreciates against the franc, for example, then in terms of domestic currencies the 'target price' for, say, wheat must either be cut in West Germany or raised in France (so creating price instability); or alternatively, the target prices could be retained unaltered and a system of border taxes used to prevent (now cheaper) goods flooding from France into West Germany (so undermining the principle of a single market). Rigidly fixed exchange rates would eliminate these and other difficulties, thereby facilitating the management of EC-wide policies and enhancing the prospects for ultimate political union.

Although the EC has a long-standing commitment to the goal of

monetary union, monetary integration is not explicity mentioned in the 1957 Treaty of Rome which established the Community. The idea was first floated by the six original members of the EC (France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg) at the Hague Summit in 1969, when the member states asked the EC Commission to prepare a blueprint for the achievement of full monetary union.

The result was the 'Werner Report' (EC Commission, 1970), which mapped out a step-by-step plan covering the period to December 1980. Initially, EC members agreed to reduce the width of the target bands within which their currencies could fluctuate vis-à-vis one another. Under the Bretton Woods pegged exchange rate regime then in operation, currencies were permitted to move by ±1% against the US dollar. This meant that the franc, for example, could fall by as much as 4% against the deutschmark within the constraints of Bretton Woods. (This could happen if the franc fell from 1% above to 1% below its par dollar value at the same time that the deutschmark rose from 1% below to 1% above.) In other words, because the Bretton Woods system tied currencies to the dollar in the first instance, the width of the target bands within which the EC currencies could move against each other was actually twice as large, at ±2%.

As a first (largely symbolic) step, the Werner Report proposed cutting the width of permissible movements in EC cross rates. This was to be followed by the pooling of foreign exchange reserves and the closer co-ordination of monetary and external exchange rate policy. In the third phase, the width of the target bands was to be progressively reduced until EC currencies were irrevocably locked together (i.e. the width of the target band was 0%) and, once effective monetary union had been thus achieved, the final stage provided for the formalisation of the new state of affairs, with the replacement of national currencies by an EC currency and the establishment of an EC central bank to operate monetary and external exchange rate policy.

Even as the Werner Report was being 'adopted' by the EC's Council of Ministers, unexpectedly adverse changes were taking place within the international monetary system outside. In December 1971, following a series of disruptive exchange rate realignments within the Bretton Woods system, finance ministers of the major industrial nations agreed to make the arrangements more flexible. The 'Smithsonian Agreement' included, inter alia, provisions for widening target bands from ±1% of currencies' par dollar values to ±2.25%. At a stroke, the permissible range within which EC cross rates could move within the Bretton Woods framework had accordingly been increased from ±2% to ±4.5%. The EC was suddenly faced with a starting point for its step-by-step programme which made the road to monetary union longer than the architects of the Werner Plan had ever envisaged.

In the event, the EC took a pragmatic view and in implementing stage one of the Werner Plan, the reduction in the target band for EC cross rates was made with reference to the new range permissible under the

modified Bretton Woods arrangements (±4.5%) rather than the former (±2%). The new narrower band (±2.25%) became known as the 'snake', after the pattern traced out by the movement of the EC currencies over time. Member currencies could only move by ±2.25% against each other, but the bloc as a whole could 'snake' along against third currencies, although initially only within the constraints imposed by the Bretton Woods bands — hence the term, the 'snake in the tunnel', which was used to describe the phenomenon of an exchange rate system within a system.

The snake was established in early 1972 and the following year the European Monetary Co-operation Fund (EMCF) was set up. EC central banks were required to lodge a proportion of their official foreign exchange reserves with the EMCF, which then lent them to member countries experiencing downward pressure on their exchange rates. The EMCF was intended to operate in much the same way as the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and its creation represented the second stage of the Werner Plan. But despite these early signs of progress, the Werner initiative was already doomed.

The relative stability of the international monetary system during the 1950s and 1960s, which had played such an important part in encouraging the EC to attempt the creation of a monetary union, vanished in the early 1970s. Even with the new wider target bands, the Bretton Woods regime could not accommodate the world's growing trade imbalances — worsened, but only partly caused, by the 1973 OPEC oil price rise — and one country after another gradually abandoned its attempts to continue pegging its exchange rate. As the world returned to generalised floating, the snake was released from the 'tunnel' in which it had briefly been contained. More importantly, the collapse of the Bretton Woods regime shattered the confidence of many governments in the efficacy of managed exchange rate systems and the members of the snake were not immune from this effect.

Britain, Ireland, Denmark and Norway, which were all scheduled to become full members of the EC in 1973 (Norway subsequently withdrew its application following the 'no' result of a popular referendum on membership), had all joined 'the Six' in the snake when it was launched in 1972, but Britain and Ireland left almost immediately to allow their currencies to float. Italy abandoned the snake in 1973. France left temporarily in 1974 and, after a short-lived re-entry, quit the system permanently in 1976. Rather perversely, Norway remained a de facto member of the snake despite rejecting membership of the EC and, between 1973-77, was joined by its Scandinavian neighbour, Sweden.

By 1976, only five of 'the Nine' (West Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg) were still in the snake and, given the huge disparity between the economic power of West Germany and the other four economies, the reality was that the snake had become little more than a convenient arrangement whereby the latter group pegged to the currency of their dominant trading partner. Such was the strength of the

EC's commitment to the ultimate goal of monetary union, however, that the new President of the Commission, Mr. Roy Jenkins, was constructing a new blueprint for closer monetary integration even as the snake was in its death throes. In 1977, he initiated plans for a revitalised 'super-snake' which, with the enthusiastic support of the French and West German governments, eventually came into operation in March 1979.

In two key respects, the new 'European Monetary System' (EMS) differed little from the snake which had preceded it. As before, participating members agreed to maintain their exchange rates against other member currencies within a target band of ±2.25%, with the new system being retitled the 'Exchange Rate Mechanism' (ERM). The main difference was that Italy was permitted a wider band (±6%) as the price of its re-entry to the system; Spain later joined the ERM in 1989 on the same terms. 'Central rates' (i.e. par values) could still be changed, but only with the mutual consent of all members of the ERM.

Secondly, the EMCF continued its function of promoting better co-ordination of members' monetary and external exchange rate policies and channelling pooled foreign exchange reserves to those countries suffering downward pressure on their currencies. Under the EMS blueprint, however, a second stage of development was envisaged, with the EMCF becoming a European Monetary Fund with enhanced powers.

The major innovation which distinguished the EMS from the snake was the creation of a new artificial currency 'basket', the 'European Currency Unit' (ECU). Following the accession to the EC of Greece in 1981 and Spain and Portugal in 1986, the ECU now includes all twelve member currencies in the following amounts:

0.6242	West German deutschmark	0.008552	Irish punt
0.2198	Dutch gilder	151.8	Italian lire
3.301	Belgian francs	0.08784	British pound
0.13	Luxembourg franc	1.44	Greek drachma
0.1976	Danish krone	6.885	Spanish pesetas
1.332	French francs	1.393	Portuguese escudos

The value of the ECU in terms of any one currency, say the pound sterling, is calculated by simply converting each of the component parts into sterling at market exchange rates and summing the twelve results obtained. At present exchange rates (February 1990), the ECU is worth £0.72. The ECU now serves as the unit of account for all common policies and lies at the centre of the EMS.

In particular, the ECU was intended to address a fundamental shortcoming of the snake, which was the way that countries which pursued domestic monetary policies out of step with the rest of the EC could effectively 'export' inflation or deflation. Suppose, for example, that Italy were pursuing a relatively expansionary monetary policy. All other things equal, the lira would begin to depreciate and, although this would oblige the Italian government to raise domestic interest rates and make support purchases of the lira on the foreign exchange market (thereby taking lira out of circulation), there would be a mirror image impact on the

rest of the EC. That is, since their currencies would be appreciating against the lira, all other EC members would have to resist this rise by cutting their interest rates and selling their own currencies to buy lira on the open market (thereby allowing their own rates of monetary growth to accelerate). In this way, the inflationary effects of Italy's monetary laxity would only partially be offset by policy adjustment in Italy itself, with the impact 'leaking out' into the rest of the Community. Alternatively, if a country like West Germany were to persistently maintain a relatively tight anti-inflation stance, this might result in West Germany 'exporting' recession to its more inflation-prone partners in the rest of the EC.

The ECU, which is simply a 'weighted average' of the exchange rates in the system, and the associated 'divergence indicator' were designed to overcome this problem. When a currency moves against the ECU, this is evidence that domestic policy in the country concerned is moving systematically out of line with that in the rest of the system. This is because the usual day-to-day fluctuations, with a currency typically strengthening against some currencies and weakening against others, tend to leave its 'average' value in terms of the ECU broadly unchanged. The divergence indicator represents the maximum amount a currency is permitted to move against the ECU and, when this limit is reached, the government concerned is obliged to take unilateral action to alter domestic policy, even though none of the target bands against other currencies may yet have been breached.

The EMS has proved far more successful than many commentators predicted at the time of its inception. Ironically, while the countries which had earlier defected from the snake originally insisted on the incorporation of the divergence indicator to prevent one country's macroeconomic policy 'spilling over' onto others, the most striking feature of the system in practice has been the way in which ERM members allowed stringent West German anti-inflation policies to dominate. Largely as the result of the increasing emphasis given to the control of inflation (rather than unemployment) since 1979, the other ERM members have tended to react to the strengthening deutschmark by tightening their own policies and discouraging the West German government from fully revaluing its parity. As a result, inflation rates amongst ERM members have converged downwards on the West German level, rather than all ERM rates moving towards some mean rate as the logic of the divergence indicator would have suggested.

Although there have been twelve 'realignments' (i.e. changes of par values) since 1979, their frequency has fallen — the recent realignment on 5 January was the first for three years — and there is widespread agreement that the ERM has enabled participating members to achieve much greater exchange rate stability. All EC countries are technically 'members' of the EMS, in the sense that they lend 20% of their foreign exchange reserves to the EMCF and their currencies are components of the ECU. Greece, Portugal and Britain do not, however, presently

participate in the ERM and, to this extent, their membership of the EMS is little more than symbolic. The reasons for Britain's refusal to enter the ERM during the 1980s are well-known and, until the latest initiative on monetary union from the EC, it seemed that Britain's 'splendid isolation' might continue until well into the 1990s.

But while the EMS has undoubtedly provided a useful framework for exchange rate stability, it was only a modest first step on the road to monetary union. More importantly, by the late 1980s, when the 1992 programme to 'complete the internal market' was well under way, there seemed little prospect that the EMS would ever develop into anything more than a regional exchange rate pegging arrangement. The 'Delors Report' on monetary union commissioned by the Hanover Summit of EC heads of state in June 1988, was born of the same frustration with the slow pace of integration that had inspired the earlier EC White Paper on 1992 (see Healey, 1989).

The Delors Report, like the earlier Werner Report, proposes a step-by-step package of measures for the achievement of full monetary union, involving a three stage plan. In stage one, it suggests that all community currencies should join the ERM 'on equal terms'. In practice, this means that the three currencies presently outside the system must be incorporated and the target band for the peseta narrowed from ±6% to ±2.25% (the target band for the lira was reduced to ±2.25% on 5 January). Taken in conjunction with the elimination of remaining barriers to the free movement of capital, which under the rolling 1992 programme is scheduled to take place in July 1990, stage one would represent a solid foundation on which the EC could build by gradually reducing the width of the present target band.

Stage two would be a transitional phase, during which monetary and external exchange rate policy would be increasingly co-ordinated, thereby allowing the margin for permissible exchange rate fluctuations to be progressively cut. The Report recommends the establishment of a 'European System of Central Banks' (ESCB), which would supervise and harmonise national monetary policies, although throughout stage two, member governments would retain ultimate sovereignty in monetary affairs.

Stage three would involve the move to irrevocably fixed exchange rates and 'the replacement of national currencies by a single [Community] currency... as soon as possible after the locking of parities' (EC Commission, 1989). The Report argues that:

> the adoption of a single currency, while not strictly necessary for the creation of a monetary union, might be seen — for economic as well as for psychological and political reasons — as a natural and desirable further development of the monetary union. A single currency would clearly demonstrate the irreversibility of the move to monetary union, considerably facilitate the monetary management of the Community and avoid the transactions costs of converting currencies (op cit).

The British Government's main argument against the Delors Plan, bearing in mind its own preoccupation with fighting inflation, is that transferring power from nationally-accountable governments and central

banks to an unaccountable ESCB might undermine the EMS's present anti-inflation bias, while at the same time denying member governments the flexibility to break free and re-impose price stability unilaterally. For the ESCB to lose the anti-inflation zeal shared by the ERM's present membership, there would have to be yet another swing in intellectual sentiment with regard to the relative ills of inflation and unemployment on the part of central bankers, but in a new forum more heavily dominated by the growth-conscious southern states, this is not inconceivable.

The Government also fears that the drive to monetary union may be used by some members to justify the expansion of (market-distorting) regional and social policies, on the grounds that such programmes are necessary to ease the costs of adjustment for high-inflation southern states. In the same vein, British ministers have expressed concern about the danger that the Delors Plan's emphasis on new institutions and new legislation will divert the EC from its present course of market liberalisation, arguing that:

> unlike stage one, which works with developments in the market, stages two and three cut right across them with a centralised bureaucratic system out of the control of national governments or parliaments (Treasury, 1989).

The West German central bank is also known to be hostile to any loss of national autonomy and has blocked developments in the monetary sphere in the past (notably, the Commission's proposal to allow the EMCF to develop into a more powerful European Monetary Fund — see above). Moreover, with the opening up of German Democratic Republic, West German priorities are likely to change during the 1990s, with monetary union within the EC taking second place to closer links with its neighbour in the east.

In conclusion, it is fair to say that the objective of monetary union within the EC has a long history and the Delors Report is just the latest in a series of initiatives launched by the EC in this field over the last twenty years. Unlike the earlier Werner Report which it closely resembles, the Delors Report is vague about time scales. It proposes that stage one should 'begin' as soon as the remaining restrictions on cross-border capital flows are swept away in July 1990, but it sets no deadline for the completion of stage one. Stages two and three remain vague aspirations.

The adoption of the Delors Report by the Madrid Summit of EC heads of state in June 1989 therefore committed member states to few concrete policy changes. Even the completion of stage one could be drawn-out, since the British Government could, if it so chose, hold out against locking sterling into the ERM by continuing to argue that the 1992 programme must first be fully implemented: it now seems unlikely that all of the 279 separate measures involved will have actually been passed into legislation in all twelve member states by the end of 1992, providing plenty of ammunition for a government hostile to the Delors Plan.

In all probability, however, the British Government will join the ERM sometime before 1992. This, of itself, will be a major step forward and mark a significant change in British policy. Yet it is doubtful whether the EC will make much further progress beyond stage one before the

turn of the century. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, while the benefits of monetary union are undoubtedly attractive, the sacrifice of national autonomy entailed by going beyond stage one of the Delors Plan is unacceptable to certain members of the EC in its present form. Moreover, there is little in the history of the EC to date to suggest that, when it comes to a perceived conflict between national interest and the common good, member governments will be prepared to choose the latter.

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Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *Benjamin Franklin, The Old England Man* by Esmond Wright, *The Coroner's Contribution* by Paul Rose and *Memories of Laugharne* by Aeronwy Thomas. In April Leo Muray will assess the implications of the March 18th General Elections in the German Democratic Republic.

REBUILDING ARMENIA: GLASNOST VERSUS PERESTROIKA

by I. Tavitian

TODAY, reconstruction around the clock is the leitmotiv after the disastrous earthquake in Soviet Armenia. With the USSR's recent moves to open up, co-operation has been possible in this task. A group of young English, French and American volunteers last summer went to work with a Soviet team in the rebuilding of a small village. Integrating such an operation was an opportunity to understand the complexities and contradictions of such an organisation in the USSR.

After an interminable flight and a one-night stop-over in the capital of Armenia, Erevan, we finally set off, in a yellow box on wheels. Our first stop was Spitak near the epicentre of the earthquake and which used to have 20,000 inhabitants. This town has been the worst affected and is practically written off the map. The site of the new town has been moved away for technical reasons so rubble and remains have been left uncleared, giving a fair and unchanged view of the aftermath of the tremor. The main sight is destruction, everywhere. Forty seconds and nothing remained standing. Distorted iron rods protruding from the concrete remains are all that is left of a nine-storey building. Many people are living in shacks or makeshift accommodation. Men are hanging around our coach; they don't seem to have any work or anything to do. Women have the shack to look after, children and meals to see to. The authorities say the men are not yet fit psychologically to work.

Forty per cent of the Armenian Republic was affected by the seism. An important part of the Republic's economic apparatus has also been damaged. Out of 714,000 homeless, 65,000 live in tents and 30,000 in prefabricated or makeshift accommodation (old buses, wagons . . .). The others, tired of waiting for a container or Russian tent that never arrives, have put together odds and ends to build a shack.

Until one actually sees the situation it is impossible to imagine the extent of the need for housing. The most urgent task now is to shelter all the people left homeless and reconstruction, which started in the spring months, is well under way. Foreign aid focused on immediate solutions and some prefabricated structures are still being built. The UK, France, America and the European Community amongst others have sent supplies and technical knowhow for temporary accommodation and collective buildings such as schools, hospitals . . . Today, however, the main challenge is the long-term housing of thousands of families before the winter months. Permanent solutions are mostly organised by teams from other republics of the USSR. Our group of international volunteers was to join one of them for the summer.

Three hours through rough and arid countryside and we finally reached our destination: Gogaran, a small village, high up in the mountains.

It was devastated but we received a very warm welcome. Intrigued villagers came to greet us. Old women and some young children gathered around our bus, bemused at the sight of women wearing trousers. Of the 1,360 inhabitants before the earthquake, 140 died, among them 60 school children. Here, the new village structure is planned and supervised by a Russian team from Belgorod, a town in the Republic of Russia, 300 miles south of Moscow. Villages in the area have been twinned with various towns in the USSR. Machinery, supplies and workforce are financed by the twin-town, in this case Belgorod. Work is on a two-year plan basis and started last May, after the last of the winter frosts. Three hundred earthquake-resistant stone houses are being constructed on a site adjacent to the original village. Incentives for workers from other Republics to come and work in Armenia are high. They can earn up to four times the salary of a local worker and only 10% on site are Armenian.

The Russian workers have their own camp on the edge of the village. They are housed in wooden prefabricated cabins and have their own canteen, communal showers, even a telephone line that sometimes works. Life in such conditions is tough, especially in such an isolated mountain area, so most of them come for two or three month-long stays and return to their families before coming back to the site. Our group of 26 volunteers was put up in a wooden prefabricated bunkhouse. The living conditions in the village were very rough and similar to camping, although we were able to use the Russian workers' canteen and showers.

The day started early with news and music at 7.00 a.m. on the Russian radio blaring out of the loudspeakers. After that, walking the 100 yards to the water tap to wash was a good way to wake up. When there was water... Work on site started at 8.00 a.m. after a solid breakfast of boiled meat and pasta. Building walls with 80 lb. blocks of stone requires strength and stamina! On the first day of work, our group was briefed by a Russian engineer on safety regulations on site, precautions which we soon found were generally not respected anyway. We were divided into smaller teams of three or four and integrated into various brigades.

We worked side by side with Russians and Armenians and all joined in; bricklaying, raising walls, nailing wooden planks for concrete casings, mixing cement... Some of us worked on a new kindergarten, others on the casting of concrete foundations for future houses. We started on the masonry for an individual house and little by little imposed on the Armenians the idea of women working on the building site. Work progressed well but was frequently interrupted for technical reasons, like when a blade in the cement mixer broke or when shortages (nails, cement...) arose. Tools were old and worn and not readily available. Supplies were often inadequate and had to be adapted: nails came in one set size and that was all that was available. Wooden planks were badly cut and irregular. According to the engineers, sending back the inadequate supplies would have meant an eight month wait for replacement goods and no guarantee of better quality. They could not afford such a loss of time.

Reconstruction in the whole of the earthquake area is very active. Various cities in the USSR have been twinned with devastated Armenian villages. As a result, the rebuilding is organised by the twin town in an autonomous way. Planning and management are done by Russian architects and engineers. Workers on site are from the same area although Armenians are also hired. 70,000 workers from other Soviet republics are working in Armenia now. The figures should double in 1990.

Work in all towns and villages runs on the same principle. Nalband, a village in the Spitak area and the epicentre of the latest earthquake, is twinned with the Ukrainian town of Krasnodar (70 miles north of the Black Sea). Work started in February and rubble was cleared completely for new houses to be built on the original site of the village. This enables villagers to continue living on the same spot and next to the house they will live in in the future. Construction in Nalband is quite advanced as a result of uninterrupted day and night shifts. Out of a planned 300 houses, 30 are almost finished. Chenavan is a small village at the end of a mountain track. Reconstruction is organised by Ulan Udé near the Baikal lake in Buriat Mongolia. Houses are built on a smaller scale with pinewood from the Siberian forests. The Mongolian workers here all have very Asian features, and it's fascinating to see all the different races communicate with one another in the same language, Russian. This village also shelters many Armenian refugees from Baku (Azerbaidjan).

The overall reconstruction programme seemed well planned and organised but, as we saw, its implementation was another thing. On the whole, despite an amount of goodwill and solidarity which arose between states, the contradictions and inconsistencies engrained in the system have clearly interfered with the reconstruction efforts. Roads and transport are badly maintained and supplies of water and electricity are irregular. Shortages of raw material and inadequacy of tools hinder the progress and quality of the work. Despite good technical know-how, workers cannot be expected to perform miracles when faced with worn equipment or faulty supplies. Why should it take eight months for replacement supplies to arrive? Even petrol for emergencies can be held up by the bureaucratic procedures that issue the necessary tickets.

Even 13 months after the earthquake, the situation is dire. Rebuilding is under way and progressing but the resources and organisation are insufficient to cope with the massive needs. Plans are officially on a two-year basis but that is clearly optimistic. The shortcomings and contradictions of the system seem to outweigh, temporarily anyway, the reforming efforts of perestroika. With the situation as it is, prefabricated houses intended as temporary solutions will become permanent ones in many cases. Yet people in Armenia make do and still find ways to express their warmth and generosity by inviting all 26 of us for a meal in a small one-room tent, already sheltering a family of nine.

However, the fact that young foreigners were allowed to go and work in the USSR is a sign of change. It reflects evidence that glasnost is progressing faster than perestroika.

MISSOLONGHI AND LORD BYRON IN FEBRUARY 1824

by Arnold Harvey

AMONGST the sources for the history of the Greek War of Independence are the writings of William H. Humphreys. One of the numerous British Philhellenes who went to Greece to take part in the struggle against the Turks, Humphreys was at Missolonghi in February and again in March 1824; Missolonghi was then the headquarters of Lord Byron, who refers to 'Captain Humphries' in a letter dated 19 March 1824, a month prior to his death. In the pages he contributed to *A Picture of Greece in 1825* (2 vols., London, 1826) Humphreys refers to Lord Byron a couple of times, but in a neutral and impersonal tone: the following letter, hitherto unpublished, is somewhat more revealing as to conditions in Missolonghi during the last weeks of Byron's life.

Humphreys was the son of an officer in the Corps of Royal Artillery Drivers — also William H. Humphreys. The elder Humphreys was born in 1775, was in France during the middle stages of the French Revolution (1791-3) and joined the army in 1798. After serving as a captain at the Battle of Waterloo and in the allied army occupying Paris, he went on half-pay in 1816 but remained in France until 1824. After a period in England and Belgium, he returned to Paris in 1830 and died there on 17 February 1837. In his last years at least, he was a devout Evangelical. The younger Humphreys, born in March 1802, entered Sandhurst in 1815 'with a view to entering the army' but 'the difficulties in the time of peace of obtaining a commission' caused him to abandon the idea of a regular military career. After leaving Sandhurst in 1817, Humphreys junior travelled in France and Germany, and in the early summer of 1821, when the first news came of the Greek revolt, he was in Naples. He quickly made his way to Greece where he met Thomas Gordon (1788-1841), soon to be a leading Philhellene and later author of a *History of the Greek Revolution* (1832).

Humphreys made altogether four trips to Greece. The first (July 1821-February 1822) was described in an account not published until the 1960s. The second, in early 1824, was written up as 'Journal of a Visit to Greece' in *A Picture of Greece in 1825*. The third trip, from August 1824, resulted in two articles in *The New Monthly Magazine:* the first was headed 'The present is the first of a series of articles relative to the affairs of Greece, which will be continued from time to time by the author, who is lately returned thither, and intends favouring us with his correspondence'. But just as the second of these articles came out in September 1826, Humphreys died at Aegina, aged twenty-four.

From the following letter, Humphreys may appear to have been an opinionated and cocksure youth but he was more than simply a casual associate of Byron. His articles in *The New Monthly Magazine* are

interesting for the account they give of Edward John Trelawny (the author of much the liveliest personal reminiscences of Shelley and Byron) but also show that Humphreys himself was developing as a stylist.

The British authorities observed the activities of Byron and the other British Philhellenes with some consternation. The following letter from Humphreys to Thomas Gordon was intercepted and copied, and the transcript is preserved in the Public Record Office (CO 136/27). The original is in the Gordon Papers in Aberdeen University Library (MS 1160/21/10/6). It is printed here for the first time.

[William S. Clair, in *That Greece Might Still be Free: the Philhellenes in the War of Independence*, London, 1972, provides a good survey of this subject and see particularly p.175 and p.291 for references to Humphreys's visits and to his death. Leslie A. Marchand ed. *Byron's Letters and Journals*, London 1973-1981, vol. 11, p.138, Byron to Stanhope, 19 March 1824, for Byron's allusion to Humphreys. Robert Newstead, *Christian Experience illustrated in a Brief Memorial of Captain W. H. Humphreys; late of the Royal Artillery*, Paris, 1837, gives details of the elder Humphreys's life and career, though it appears from the *Army List* that Humphreys was not a captain in the Royal Artillery, but a captain commissary in an auxiliary corps set up in 1794 as the Brigade of Gunners and Drivers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, later renamed the Corps of Royal Artillery Drivers: one may conclude from his association with such an unprestigious body that Humphreys did not enjoy influential connections. Sture Linner, ed. *W. H. Humphreys' First 'Journal of the Greek War of Independence'*, Stockholm, 1967, has a helpful introduction. Humphreys's second 'Journal of a Visit to Greece' appeared in *A Picture of Greece in 1825*, 2 vols., London, 1826 vol. 2, p.197-344, Byron being referred to on p.203 and p.206-8. His 'Adventures of an English Officer in Greece' appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal*, new series, vol. 17, p.172-181 (August 1826) and p.201-209 (September 1826). The passage quoted is on p.173. Colin A. McLaren, Archivist and Keeper of Manuscripts at Aberdeen University Library, informs me that there are well over a dozen letters from Humphreys in the Gordon Papers.]

Copy of Letter

Missalongi [sic], 20 February 1824

My dear Sir,

There is nothing, absolutely nothing to be done here. Greece hardly requires the assistance of foreign Officers, for it takes a long time before they can possibly acquire the language of the Country, without which they are useless. Yesterday Monsieur Sass[1] a German officer who came out with us, was killed by a Suliot[2], who resisted when ordered out of the arsenal by the Guard — He was a man of excellent disposition, and worth hundreds of such wretches. One of the Artificers returning home in the Evening received a Blow in the head, and was only saved by his English Hat: Both Mr. Parry[3] and myself have been shot at, and they have sworn to massacre all. Lord Byron, not knowing what to do, and having no body capable of directing him, caught at Parry with the avidity of a drowning man, and has entirely taken him out of his Sphere. He is Commandant of Artillery, Engineers, and Inspector of Fortifications — He knows nothing about them, while his proper avocation of Chief Firemaster is quite neglected: and Parry wishing to do every thing, cannot

ever succeed in one of his undertakings, and with all the jealousy of a little mind he considers every assistance as an interference with his Command — tho' he is shamefully badly supported — he cannot get twenty men to work for him, or rope, or wood, or the most trifling article: in consequence of which and his own delays we have missed an opportunity of burning a Turkish Brig of War, who stranded on the coast, and was burnt by the Turks themselves, who came up on the following day from Patrass: We ought to have taken, or at least prevented their saving her Guns and Stores. Lord Byron can do nothing with his mutinuous Suliots whom for the present he has dismissed from his service — nor can he ever expect to lead a horde of Banditti without discipline, without knowing their Language, and without their having the slightest attachment to his Person, altho' he well deserves it, for he has taken care of their families, and pays them high for their Services. I hear they attribute to Captain Parry's influence their dismissal, and will doubtlessly revenge it. I put the Seraglio yesterday in a state of defence against them, which I suppose will ensure my doom too with our friends. Is it not disgusting when people who come out to assist bringing them every necessary, and not receiving a morsel of bread from them, are looked upon as enemies and assassinated. The Troops of Missalongi [sic] detest the Suliots, and as the Suliots are fewer in number we can 'chasser'[4] them, which Lord Byron I believe will do. — His Lordship has been severely and suddenly ill, and I do not think will remain long here. The Artificers declare they will not stay, nor is it to be expected when they are shot for working for them. Napoli di Romania[5] is regularly blockaded by the new Government against Colocotroni.[6] Colonel Leicester Stanhope[7] goes in a day or two to Cremida and the Seat of Government and Athens, and I shall accompany him — at least if the Suliots do not spare me the trouble — The Franks[8] we found here are in a wretched state. The wreck of the German Legion, about thirty in number, and two French Officers, but complete adventurers, are the only foreigners besides ourselves. The Greeks are much disappointed with Parry; and indeed according to his promises of what he would do, they have good rights to be.

Tell Mrs. Gordon I have no occasion to wish myself in a more romantic state of danger, as I am now on guard against a night attack from our Troops, and am their particular object of vengeance.

I am much disappointed in Lord Byron — he will do nothing but throw away his money. I am going to resign my Commission of Lieutenant of Artillery, which I was only induced to take for the sake of receiving instructions from our Commandant, Captain Parry but he does little more the whole day than say he has so much to do he has no time to do anything, and is quite intoxicated with vanity now, as well as drinking too very often. But he has some excellent points about him, and if not placed in a Situation quite above him would be, and even is, most useful — for the little that has been done, has been by him, and indeed he can do nothing if he is not better supported.

Prince Mavrocordato[9] is without any resources, and cannot raise money for the most trivial Articles.

I had determined to accompany Colonel Stanhope, and was nearly prevented by this affair.

21st

Poor Sass was buried today with great pomp, and the funeral went on very quietly. Arrangements are now making for the Security of the Franks, and it is likely the Suliots will be sent away.

The news from the Morea is still bad. I start with Colonel Stanhope tomorrow to go to Athens, as by that means I shall see more of the general State of the country, and can send you the information.

I wrote this letter under feelings of irritation at the death of a Comrade. But it was an unfortunate affair that originated from sudden provocation, and the subsequent conduct of the Greeks marked their sense of regret at the circumstances. The Suliots are to march away to Arta, and considering the want of all restraint it is more to be wondered at there has been not more disturbances. They are a fine and interesting People, and could they but have a Government, or could they have a powerful aid for a few years, a train would be laid for the happiness of a whole Nation which would indeed be a glorious and noble lasting benefit to posterity.

Missalongi [sic] is badly chosen, and the ill success of this expedition is only attributed to be to the bad arrangements that have marked its whole progress, for tho' more officers are of no use, men of talent and influence are of the greatest.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Most sincerely yours
[Signed] W. Humphreys

Thomas Gordon Esqre
Cairness
Aberdeen

NOTES

1. Adolph von Sass, a Swedish (or possibly Pomeranian) officer.
2. The Suliots were the inhabitants, of mixed Greek and Albanian stock, of the Suli mountains in Epirus; they supported Greek independence.
3. William Parry had previously been a firemaster (i.e. petty officer in charge of explosives) in the Royal Navy, and later a clerk at the Board of Ordnance. He published *The Last Days of Lord Byron* in 1825.
4. i.e. chase or hunt.
5. i.e. Nauplia.
6. Theódoris Kolokotrónis (1770-1843) Greek leader.
7. Hon. Leicester Stanhope (1784-1862), formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, agent of the London Greek Committee.
8. i.e. Western Europeans.
9. Prince Aléxandros Mavrokordátis (1791-1865), nominal President of the Hellenic Republic, later prime minister under the monarchy.

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MARRAKESH TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

by B. P. Rowland

IF we are with the faithful we shall keep this hour; if not then let us stir with the cry, for we may yet be grateful to it: prayer is better than sleep. This is the prayer-call when even the dogs are silent. The rooftops are a floor of uneven flagstones stretching away under moonlight or stars, shadowed here and there by a fig tree risen above a courtyard. The minaret of the great Kutubia mosque is a silhouette to the rest, and all its brethren point to Allah's paradise: God is the Greatest.

The stars, racing away at their reported speeds or coming together, stand motionless in their constellations, as they will have stood for the glance of a caliph centuries before, when Marrakesh was Morocco's capital, even as the heat of yesterday is still in the roofs, warms the feet, mixes with the cooler air. A figure passes in slippered silence in the alleyway below. The mosque doorway is the one doorway alight. The world's realities are in question.

Marrakesh is a city of colour and of sounds, and both are fore-runners of the dawn. Sunlight is a returning deity, casting upon a wall the shadow of man and donkey. At the corner of Derb Naqos, the alleyway of the bell, the milk is cool, and across the way Mohamed stirs amidst his vegetables, takes down the boards from his shop-front, pulls the sacking from off his fruit, and has a passing boy bring him a glass of mint tea. His smile is not simply his own, but as much that of his black ancestry.

In a clearing shaded by a eucalyptus tree a tile-maker is already at work, and nearby sit two women beside their fresh bread. Across the way, in what is little more than a portable shop, Ibrahim drops into boiling fat a circle of dough, which in due moments he lifts out as a 'svenge', a type of holed doughnut, which is many a citizen's breakfast.

This is the old town of which I am writing, the medina, and whilst the same dawn will have risen upon the new town the cries of the muezzin will much less have disturbed it. Each of the larger Moroccan towns is now two, but the new is window-dressed to the needs of a very different world, and each can scarcely avoid being a point of example. From the roof of the tallest building here you may stand higher than the muezzin, may range your ciné, take your photographs.

Into this new town strides from time to time a madman, a prophet, a chastiser. Through the great gateway he comes, into this new world, or towards it, the High Atlas behind him. He is not unlike those mountains, his hair no less at random. He has slept within sight of them, may well have been born amidst them. A djellaba covers him, from neck to ankle, a loose, cotton garment. But he does not get far. Almost at once he confronts a stranger, bars the man's path; and this sane man is too sane for this sort of thing, his very manner tells of alarm and indignation,

he is speechless at this affront to accepted conduct. He tries to move on, but no — like a swordsman the madman is there, happy to run him through if necessary. Not until things are said that only our private misdeeds will recognise is he allowed to go away, like a wingless bird, the prophet shouting after him.

But this has been a diversion only, the fuller resolve has yet to be. Three men sit at a café-table above street level. They are unaware that they have been chosen. The prophet crosses the road, mounts the café steps and pauses. Maybe he is coming for me; but no, not yet. He goes to these others and stands before them. Is he perhaps aware of his advantage, his proximity, his smell? For this is itself enough to change the subject. These three men are for a moment overcome, but they seem to be men of some opinion and one of them remembers this and dismisses this dung-beetle as would a doorkeeper.

The prophet flattens such an attitude beneath his hard wide feet. He is not begging, he is here, as an uneasy onlooker might surmise, to declare the hour. And he does this without tact, with spittal and denunciation. He has these men damned and roasting if they will not mend their ways. A man is himself the hour, he might well be saying, not his pocket-watch. And as I wait and listen so I find myself on the madman's side. Without opening their mouths these men, so confronted, tell us what they are, as may we all when for a moment our security shifts and we are exposed.

As suddenly as the prophet was there, he is gone. I see him returning to the medina, to the great gateway. He is not a man troubled by a name, it is by his stride that he is recognised.

So it is the medina that is Marrakesh. Through and around it are walls, of stone, of *pisé*, of a terracotta earth, built certainly at no light human cost. I have no way of knowing where one century begins and another gives way, but I can read of all the monuments of the Almoravides being put to the sword after the fall of Fez in 1148, and I can read of Abd-el-Mumen as being 'worthy to rank with the significant men of history'. Or I can pick up some sand and throw it and history to the wind, along with Henry Ford, and await the madman.

I am living in this medina by the kindness of a friend, Père Jean Lohest, whilst I write of other experiences. Père Jean is a Franciscan, and his own days here are now numbered. Even the presence of alien religious representation is in these times too much salt in the mouth for a country too long under the pressure of foreigners. This little basement church of Notre Dame, in the alleyway of the bell, here since 1913, will go. The bell, this bell of Rome, is already silent by official request, although a small number of parishioners are faithful to Sundays.

Above the church are Père Jean's quarters, and here the kitchen and eating-room spans the alley itself, an alley so similar to those of old Jerusalem that we might be looking down upon the Via Dolorosa.

As the morning brightens, but before the noon heat again commands, the vendors come, so familiar with their round that, unless called to,

they pass without a pause, their cries ahead of them, not even knocking on this assortment of studded doors.

It is the beggar for whom time is both servant and master, who will lament beneath some upper window from which a coin has been thrown on some other day, as though the shutters now closed are closed in jest. A place in heaven is promised for charity, and so it might be said that the beggar lives on others' hopes, as seems fitting by the yardstick of human ways. And so it is that the beggar is an accepted figure, but not at this present time in Fez, where he has been banished from the face of the tourist.

It is the old man, blind, who makes time wait for him, who taps his way, yard by yard, and is still there when you look again, his call a reed's call, a cry of frailty and lessening breath.

Quite different from this old man is the woman who comes with the drum, a woman in the early years of life and never alone; for children dance and shout about her, clap their hands to a pattern of meeting palms at which they are already skilled. The woman anticipates the coin, holds up her drum as it falls, and yet misses not a check in the beat.

By noon all is quiet. Doorways that are not in sunlight are black with shadow. The hessian again covers Mohamed's merchandise, and Mohamed himself; and the women have gone, as has Ibrahim. Now begins the long siesta. Behind the walls, in the small or large houses, some with a central open court-yard, some even with a fountain, for Marrakesh is well watered, the family meal will be over, the kettle and the towel will have made the tour of the hands. The womenfolk will have taken themselves off, and the master of the house will have driven flies from the siesta room, have curtained the doorway against them, will be offering his guest the choice of couch. This time I am that guest, for I am fortunate in having been introduced to a number of families.

After the siesta, after coffee, mint tea, refreshment, out come the strings and drums, and in this small courtyard, open to the beginnings of the evening, I am the one man here to applaud this women's jamboree — to hear Rashida sing, Fatima play, to see Amina dance (and how Amina can dance!), to catch the spirit of Bambara that is the spirit of hilarity itself — 'Regard Bambara!' — for Bambara is in pain with laughter.

Away in the great square, the Djemma el Fna, or the place of blood as I have heard it called, from when the heads of criminals were placed there on pole-tops, here too the evening is beginning. For here is the centre into which all lanes and alleyways of the medina ultimately run, and from where, through the madman's gateway, goes the avenue of palms and jacaranda trees that will return the sightseer to the new town. Here too are lined-up the horse-carriages that will offer such service.

From the scaffolding holes in the walls uncountable swifts have taken to the evening and are making themselves heard, and after that it is the

people who increase, it is the story-tellers who come, the vendors again, dancers and singers, thieves and pickpockets, black men with drums which they beat as though they beat the earth, others with skull-caps and twirling tassles and with sticks that they fling into the air between leaps and bounds. From the Middle Atlas comes a young man who plays a tortoise guitar and seems himself to be the heart of his songs. To a half-circle of listeners an old man reads from the Koran unhindered, as though this group sits separately from the fanfare about it. Cross-legged, beside an acetylene lamp, sits a seller of prayer-beads.

As figures leap higher and drums increase in urgency, so from an alleyway intrudes the passing music of a marriage procession. It is a long procession, gathering strangers as it goes — for who is a stranger? Hurricane lamps are swinging with the movement, and a sheep upon a cart is surrounded by much that will soon be about it on a dish; for the flesh is primitive and we inhabit it.

By midnight a change has come. If you have been away you will return to a square that is almost empty, this sudden coming together and disappearance of so many people not unlike the arrival and departure of the madman. Some dogs remain, rib-lined, some cats, a policeman, those who clear the litter.

I am awake ahead of the prayer-call. I am on the roof. I see the minaret in outline across the way. I see the stars in their apparent splendour. I have heard that a blind man is acceptable as a muezzin, whose cry will then be beneath heavens he cannot see. What then of my own short-lived sight? What of other heavens? Of other sight? For how long are we blind?

Elsewhere, in the north of the land, the megaphone has been introduced. I have seen it, have heard that metallic voice, and I have asked after the muezzin. He sits below, I am told. He is ill? No, no, he is relaying his voice. It is the megaphone that is now at the top.

But not here! It is the human voice that sounds so suddenly, so close at hand: 'God is the Greatest!' — 'Prayer is better than sleep!'.

A varied life, a number of years living and working in the Levant, and again in Algeria and Morocco, brought me not simply to such places as Marrakesh but to much accord with such differing views and ways of life.

EROTOMANIA

by Rajendra D. Persaud

FALLING in love is popularly viewed as tumbling into the grip of a form of madness. Indeed much literature, film and song celebrate this. However it is not usually suggested that the 'madness' of love is akin to the disturbance of mind troubling those attending a clinic. Some forms of love however are responsible for extreme suffering as well as bizarre or dangerous behaviour. These therefore sometimes enter the domains of the psychiatrist. In recent years forms of 'pathological love' have attracted increasing interest from researchers involved in the study of human behaviour. This is partly because of prominent cases in the headlines, like Hinckley's attempted assassination of President Reagan to demonstrate his love for actress Jodie Foster. One speculation is that studying such extreme examples might help us to understand more about love. This is important as behaviour motivated by romantic love has remained resistant to investigation via psychology and biology.

One particularly strange form of 'pathological love' was first described in 1920 by a French psychiatrist, G. G. De Clerambault. He called the phenomena he had discovered 'psychose passionelle'. He published five cases of what has become known to modern clinicians as 'De Clerambault's Syndrome' or 'Erotomania'. It usually consisted of the conviction of a woman that an older, unattainable man of higher social status is in love with her. Often the man is a public figure, an actor, a politician, a millionaire or even a member of the royal family. Classically the condition has a sudden onset, the delusion appearing out of the blue with no background of previous similar beliefs or fantasies.

It is crucial to distinguish Erotomania from simple infatuation, unrequited love or passionate love, as it is quite different from all of these. The fundamental assumption made by the woman with Erotomania, according to De Clerambault, is that it is the man 'who started it all and who loves most or who alone loves'. She believes that all his subsequent actions, whether he actually comes into contact with her or not, are explained by his profound passion for her. Even though the man may never express any interest, it is firmly believed in by the woman. Lack of contact is explained away. The woman begins to feel that the man by his amorous persistence merits love in return. The evidence for the persistence is read into events which actually have no relationship to him or her. Incidents like fleeting exchanges of looks, clothes the man might wear, or innocent actions by him, all of which the woman may believe holds special significance for her.

Traditionally Erotomania has been regarded as being exceptionally rare, but the recent publication of several cases in the psychiatric literature suggests that it might be more common than previously realised. Furthermore it is now being recognised in men, who similarly become convinced that a woman of higher social status is in love with them.

Another variation which has been identified is the case of the patient who is quite happy not to establish any contact whatsoever with their 'lover', content solely with the knowledge of their 'secret relationship'. However should they feel that someone has begun to interfere with this relationship, like their intended's real spouse, then they may prove a positive danger to that person. Sometimes it is only when this happens, and the patient consequently performs some bizarre action, that the delusion, successfully hidden for many years, becomes apparent.

What hasn't changed since the disorder was first described is psychiatrists' concern with the great potential of this syndrome for promoting extraordinary and violent behaviour. Twenty years before the Hinckley case, Enoch, Trethowan and Barker in their book *Some Uncommon Psychiatric Syndromes* noted some of its various implications.

> The patients may bring chaos into the lives of their victims who usually give them no encouragement whatsoever. They may bombard them with letters, telegrams, and telephone calls without respite, both at home and at work and for long periods of time.... These patients may even be dangerous and wind up making an attempt on the life of their victim or members of his family. This is particularly liable to occur when the patient reaches the stage of resentment or hatred which replaces love, after repeated advances are unrequited. They may thus require prolonged hospitalization to prevent them from carrying out threats which are contained in their letters.

It is really impossible to understand fully the meaning of Erotomania without knowledge of actual cases. Although they share many similarities, the beliefs and behaviours involved are extraordinary. Each bears the individual stamp of the patients who bring their own, often unparalleled, understanding of love to the situation.

John Hinckley, Jr., was a young man who became obsessed with his 'secret lover', actress Jodie Foster. He wrote at length and composed songs about her. He attempted repeated advances including direct communications with her. These were unrequited, and she then wrote letters to him in which she explicitly denied having any feelings for him. He finally attempted to assassinate President Reagan — '... a grandiose historic deed that would make him famous and unite him perhaps in death with the delusional love object, Jodie Foster' (pp3,273 and 3,275 of the trial transcript). In a letter written to the *New York Times* after he was acquitted by reason of insanity, Hinckley wrote:

> My actions on March 30, 1981, have given special meaning to my life and no amount of imprisonment or hospitalization can tarnish my historical deed ... I ... committed the ultimate crime.... It was an unprecedented demonstration of love.

In another case which gained national notoriety in America, a 35-year-old Californian man was arrested after he became convinced that a daughter of a former President of the United States was his lover. He repeatedly approached her in person and sent her a series of love letters. This despite the fact they were perfect strangers. The courts were eventually involved as is the usual pattern with cases of Erotomania. Despite the judge's warning to desist from annoying the woman, the man phoned her repeatedly from jail. He was finally transferred to a psychiatric hospital. He said throughout that they were both in love.

Still in the United States, a 36-year-old woman became convinced that

television newsmen were romantically involved with her. She repeatedly telephoned them and in response to complaints, the sheriff's department threatened to remove her telephone. Her father eventually disconnected the phone whenever he left the house. One day she went to the home of a television newscaster whom she had never met and announced that they were going to be married. She then attempted to evict the newscaster's wife from the home. The police were summoned and the woman was taken to a psychiatric facility.

A 44-year-old farmer was arrested and charged with breaching a court order to stop harassing a famous singer. He had followed her around the country repeatedly pestering her with unrequited attempts to win her hand. He was ultimately found incompetent to stand trial and confined for an indeterminate period of time to a mental health centre.

In Great Britain one gentleman offered his resignation from a job he held for 18 years because he believed a woman recently appointed as his boss had fallen in love with him. He wrote many amorous letters and made persistent phone calls to her. Eventually the woman and her husband sought an injunction against the gentleman. However when the Court Officer called on the man to serve the injunction, the officer was severely assaulted by him and required stitches to scalp wounds. The man then walked 16 miles to the woman's house, and on finding she was out attempted suicide.

In another case in the same country, a 48-year-old gentleman became convinced of the passion of a 42-year-old woman barrister for him. His first letter to her had been a straightforward request for legal assistance. She replied that she was not a specialist in the problem concerned, whereupon she received a barrage of intimate letters and documents. He was eventually arrested on a charge of carrying an offensive weapon, namely a three-foot cane. He later admitted that he had been carrying the stick 'for protection against the ex-boyfriend of my fiance'.

These cases resonate with eccentric but resembling themes. They may tempt the eager into formulating hasty theories of explanation. However statements about behaviours like these must weave social, psychological and biological perspectives together to avoid insubstantial explanations. Theorems which attempt to do this rapidly become extremely complicated. I will try to focus on only some of the aspects of these cases to draw out the features which may help us understand such behaviour.

It is noticeable that although Erotomania was originally described as a disorder of women most of these cases involve men. One reason for this may relate to sex differences in violent behaviour. Men are more prone to aggressive behaviour than women and thus it is not surprising that men suffering from Erotomania would be more likely to act on their delusions in a violent way. This is especially so when love is unrequited. These violent acts are more likely to bring men with Erotomania to the attention of the authorities, leading to an eventual referral to the psychiatrist. In this sense the apparent sex ratio reversal probably represents a distortion of the true picture of the number of people suffering from

Erotomania. Shifts in sex roles in society since De Clerambault first described the syndrome might also effect its distribution among men and women. Women are increasingly perceived as powerful and successful figures and are therefore possibly more likely to attract grandiose romantic fantasies than ever before.

A central issue among doctors studying Erotomania is whether it is a different form of other more common major psychiatric illnesses or whether it represents a special disorder with its own unique causes. Erotomaniacs might represent a group of people whose thinking processes were basically normal but then became distorted in the grip of powerful emotions. Alternatively their entire cognitive machinery may be fundamentally disordered. The disturbance of function manifesting itself in the peculiar behaviour of Erotomania might hence just be symptomatic of a wider disturbance. If this latter theory was true one would expect Erotomaniacs to display bizarre and irrational thinking if probed beyond the area of their love life. Certainly in some cases this is true, and a few Erotomaniacs display features of schizophrenia. Some even going on to develop the full blown schizophrenic syndrome. This is a mental illness involving a fundamental disruption of personality and rationality. Schizophrenia is also a psychosis which means that its sufferers can't distinguish between reality and fantasy. This could mean that Erotomaniacs possess fantasies which aren't dissimilar to those lurking in everyone's deepest unconscious. However the difference between them and us is that due to their psychotic illness, they can't differentiate fantasy from reality. Hence they act on their fantasies as they believe they are real. Due to the disinhibiting effect of a major mental illness Erotomaniacs might be playing out deep unconscious fantasies possessed by many ordinary people.

Whatever the explanation for Erotomania, does it have the potential for telling us something about romantic love? One striking element in these cases is the persistence of all these patients in the pursuit of their emotions. Despite all the obstacles placed in their way, including imprisonment, they continued to live out their obsession. Even in the face of strong opposition from their quarries they clung onto their notions of love. This is in contrast to the behaviour of those with other major mental illnesses. Usually patients do not pursue so consistently and tenaciously the implications of their delusional beliefs. Perhaps this illustrates an important aspect of love, which is its addictive quality. There are many similarities between the power of this addiction and that of drugs. They are often so close that biochemical theories have been invoked to explain this by researchers. Scientists involved in this work have included doctors at the New York State Psychiatric Institute.

They argue that love brings on a giddy feeling not dissimilar to the high of some drugs like amphetamines. The craving for romance is the craving for a particular kind of high. The crash that follows a break-up has similarities to the depression of a drug withdrawal, rather like amphetamine withdrawal. In fact a substance related to amphetamine has been found to be produced by the brain, called phenylethylamine or

PEA. One speculation is that love feelings are similar to amphetamine highs because the brain of a person in love produces its own intoxicating substance, phenylethylamine. The variety of emotions produced by mood manipulating drugs resemble that of love and include among the 'highs', euphoria, excitement, relaxation, spiritual feelings and relief. While among the 'lows', anxiety, panic, pain and fear are also produced by both.

Furthermore some of the drugs used by doctors in the treatment of depression include those known as monoamine oxidase inhibitors or MAOI's, and these may inhibit the breakdown of PEA in the brain. This has kindled speculation that a drug derived from these principles may be developed for 'stabilising' the 'lovesick'. Those suffering from unrequited love go into a state resembling drug withdrawal, these researchers suggest. This may explain the observation that it is accompanied by craving for chocolate, among other foods, as it contains PEA!

Science has a long way to go before any of these speculations can be established as near the truth. However while the power and dangerous potential of illicit drugs is widely acknowledged in our society, perhaps a more common and as destructive an addiction lurks within all of us. Possibly this habit is even nurtured by the media.

The other notable theme running through the cases of Erotomania is the high status of the recipients of the patients' attentions. Often ordinary people's fantasy lovers include the elements of someone possessing special talents or characteristics. This may illustrate a common need for our loved ones to live out an undeveloped aspect of ourselves. In other words, we live vicariously through their accomplishments. These are often in an area which we would like to develop ourselves. Lack of ability in some aspect is an important cause of unhappiness, and one way we seek to compensate for this is to find success through our mates.

One implication of the media explosion of the latter half of the twentieth century is to give us more information than ever before about the successful in our society. This will only emphasize the differences between the famous and the anonymous. Those in the limelight may be becoming more vulnerable than ever before to the attentions of those suffering from Erotomania. Perhaps the media even plays a role in creating Erotomania. Many sex scandals in the future might be the result of a public figure becoming beguiled by the attentions of an Erotomaniac.

Whatever the trends of the future, and the speculations of the present, it is worth remembering that, despite all our problems with love, these difficulties are far from new. Cicero from ancient Rome remarked:

> Omnibus enim ex animi perturbationis est profecto nulla vehementior. Furor amoris.
> (Of all the emotions, there is none more violent than love. Love is a madness.)

[Dr. Rajendra D. Persaud, BS, DHMSA, is a medical doctor working in forensic psychiatry on the Dennis Hill Unit, Bethlem Royal Hospital, London.]

UNEXPLAINED OBLIVION: THE WORK OF FRANS HALS AND ARSHILE GORKY

by Muriel Julius

THE Winter Exhibitions at the Royal Academy have always been quality shows. If the portraits of Frans Hals lack the sumptuous splendour of Van Dyck, the profound luminosity of Rembrandt or the macabre fascination of today's Francis Bacon or Lucien Freud, they pulsate with life. Across the centuries they speak to us, these solid burghers, casual young rakes, and serene women. Here is an artist with a gift of observation so exceptional that it enabled him to capture every fleeting expression experienced by man.

Portraiture has been subject to the vagaries of fashion as much as human attire. One need only think of John Singer Sargent, Piero Annigoni or Gerald Kelly, the darlings of their day, now derided. For two centuries Frans Hals (1581?-1666) was almost lost in oblivion. This is only the second major exhibition of his work ever held, yet Hals painted one of the most famous pictures in the world. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that this neglect was dramatically reversed. The French critic and art historian, Thoré-Bürger — (whose most celebrated achievement was the rediscovery of Vermeer) — began to reassess and publish articles about Hals's life and work in 1860. Bürger's championship of Hals, both as a source of inspiration to artists of the day and as new booty for collectors, led to the celebrated contest at auction in 1865 between Lord Hertford and Baron Rothschild for the painting popularly known as 'The Laughing Cavalier' sold for the then spectacular price of 51,000 francs. (In the 1840s a Hals portrait could be bought for between £7 and £12.) This flashy hedonist is not included in the present exhibition because the Wallace Collection is not allowed to lend.

Very few facts are known about Frans Hals. Biographies of the poor are rare: not a single written note or personal letter of his has been discovered. Even his date of birth is uncertain. It is known to have taken place in Antwerp between 1581 and 1585. That was a dramatic period in the history of the Netherlands. After bloody conflicts they had rid themselves of their Spanish overlords, and while the southern provinces which we know as Flanders remained Catholic, the northern ones were Protestant. Because his father, a clothworker, was Protestant, and Antwerp was in the south, the family moved north and settled in Haarlem.

Haarlem was an increasingly prosperous town of solid, hardworking burghers, known for its fine textiles and for brewing. Hals who was poor all his life was twice married and fathered twelve children. This was not unusual. Vermeer had fifteen children.

There is a small early portrait on copper (No. 5) painted in 1617 of Theodorous Schrevelius. He was a Haarlem schoolmaster and historian

who, in 1648, published a popular history of the town. His is the only known contemporary mention of the artist. He wrote: '... by his extraordinary manner of painting which is uniquely his, he virtually surpasses everyone. His paintings are imbued with such force and vitality that he seems to defy nature herself with his brush. This is seen in all his portraits — and he has made unbelievably many. They are painted in such a way that they seem to breathe and live.'

It was fortunate that Frans Hals belonged to the heroic age of Dutch painting. Later academicians demanded artists who could handle historical, mythological and biblical subjects. None of these were within Hals's repertoire. He painted no nudes, no landscapes or marine subjects; no still lifes. No preliminary sketches or drawings that can be ascribed to him have ever been found, but it was not unusual for seventeenth century Dutch painters to specialise. Hals was a portrait painter, tout court.

Much as today, artists were not regarded as important to the general good. Lacking a ready public, they traded with art dealers. If an artist found that his moonlit landscapes sold well, then landscapes by moonlight were what he painted. Or flower pieces, then flower pieces at every season would be supplied. There was no shortage of genre painters — Van Ostade, Gabriel Metsu, Pieter de Hooch, Jan Steen — to mention but a few. And so Hals specialised in portraits. His compassionate understanding captured the essence of his subjects in a manner totally new: he understood too the psychology of demeanour. The expression in the eyes, the angle of an elbow, the folding of the hands were as expressive as faces. He invented original poses; his friend, Isaac Massa, (No. 21), seated facing us with his elbow leaning over the back of a chair, a pose Max Beckmann borrowed for his 1944 'Self-Portrait' now in Munich. And the Duke of Devonshire's 'Portrait of a Man' with his arms crossed was new, and copied by Edouard Manet in 1879 for his portrait of Georges Clémenceau.

This exhibition makes one realise that the artistic value of a portrait depends as much, if not more, on the personality of the painter as it does on that of the sitter. For the intimate character of the person to be painted is only the fugitive impression the painter chooses to receive when looking at him. It was in his human qualities that Hals's true genius lay.

Hals did not go in for personal beauty. For that one thinks of Raphael and a civilisation where idealised perfection of form seems to have been the norm. Or Van Dyck — Hals's contemporary — whose patrician Genoese beauties must surely be the most glamorous portraits of any age. Likewise Velasquez — another contemporary — whose portraits of the Spanish Royal Court reveal total impersonality on the part of the painter. These are personages of another world, aloof and detached. It is not possible to have the empathy we feel for Hals's sitters. Only Rembrandt's supreme sensitivity can strike straight to the heart.

Hals's first important commission came in 1616. It was to paint the

Banquet of the Officers of the St. George Civic Guard Company. For two centuries various cities in the Netherlands had maintained an armed civilian force whose duties included service in time of war and duty during civil commotions. Against this were certain privileges. Portraits were painted quite frequently. Hals's painting of twelve officers seated round a laden table was in sharp contrast to the stolid efforts of Cornelisz van Haarlem seventeen years earlier. That had none of the animation created by a series of diagonals that Hals achieved. Hals painted this Company again in 1627 and 1639. They remain in the Frans Hals Museum in Haarlem. What we see on first entering the Royal Academy Exhibition is a painting of the Officers of the Company of the Amsterdam Crossbow Civic Guard under Captain Reynier Reael and Lieutenant Cornelis Michielsz Blaeuw, known as 'The Meagre Company', (No. 43). It was commissioned in 1633. Hals painted the left hand group of figures, but by 1636 it remained unfinished. There was an argument: Hals refused to go to Amsterdam to paint the remaining officers. They refused to go to Haarlem. The work was completed by Pieter Codde, a pedestrian painter who lived conveniently in Amsterdam. One has only to compare Codde's lifeless 'Portrait of an Engaged Couple', of 1634, in the Mauritshuis in the Hague, with Hals's marriage portraits of Jacob Olycan and Aletta Hanemans of 1625, in the same museum, to recognise the difference.

Vincent Van Gogh was bowled over when he saw 'The Meagre Company' in October 1885 in the newly opened Rijksmuseum.

It was Van Gogh who recognised twenty-seven different blacks in Hals's work, and Whistler who reckoned he used twenty-seven different whites. His wizardry with whites is nowhere better seen than in the 'Portrait of a Standing Woman' (No. 58) belonging to the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh. Over a white neck ruff she wears a very large kerchief made of fine linen or thin cambric, folded in three layers over the shoulders of her black dress. Her white cuffs edged with lace laid onto fine lawn meet the more solid white of her gloves and the shimmer of her pearl bracelet contrasts with the white edge of the fan she holds in that hand. It is a tour de force.

Bürger likened Hals to a fencer, saying that he flicked his brush as if it were a foil. He urged painters to study his technical brilliance, his original, bold brushwork and the freedom in his handling of paint. Much of Hals's liveliness of style was due to his *alla prima* method of painting: that is, that he painted directly onto the canvas without the aid of preliminary underpainting. Given this rare opportunity — this is the first major showing of Hals paintings ever held in Britain — the Royal Academy are allowing artists into the gallery before it opens to the public so that they may study the techniques in peace. They had many predecessors: Manet, Fantin-Latour, Courbet, Whistler, Sargent, Mary Cassatt, William Merrit Chase, and the Berlin artist, Max Liebermann, all went to Haarlem and made copies of his works or made their students make copies. Painters as various as the Scottish colourist Peploe, the Belgian artist, James Ensor

and the fashionable portrait painter, Boldini, admired him.

Gustave Courbet went so far as to make an exact copy of Hals's most frenzied portrait. 'Malle Babbe' (No. 37) was exhibited in public for the first time in Munich in 1869. This unlovely woman holding a tankard and with an owl perched incongruously on her shoulder has an expression of uncontrolled glee, verging on insanity. Recent research has confirmed her name and that she was confined in Haarlem's workhouse. Professor Slive has written that this painting '... is universally recognised as a supreme example of Hals's power of characterisation, his mastery of expressing spontaneous movements and emotion, the fury of his suggestive brushwork.'

Although Courbet's copy, now in the Kunsthalle, Hamburg, is probably the most masterly, he was not alone. Other examples can be found in museums in Lille, The Hague, Dresden and Amsterdam. The original belongs to the Staatliche Museum Dahlem, West Berlin.

The most beguiling female at the Academy is Isabella Coymans, the young wife of Stephanus Geraerdts. She belonged to the Dutch *haute bourgeoisie*, the daughter of an immensely rich banker. Her parents built a huge house at 177 Keizersgracht, even today one of the best locations in Amsterdam. The portraits are thus larger than most. She wears a gown of stiff black silk, richly embellished with lace, embroideries and silver bows. With a charming smile she proffers a rose to her rather bovine husband whose hand is outstretched to receive it. The glimpse Hals gives us of this fond interaction could never have been achieved without carefully calculated effort.

At the Academy these two portraits are re-united for the first time since 1886. His portrait (No. 68) belongs now to the *Koninklijk Museum* in Antwerp while hers remains in Paris. Before World War II, she belonged to various Rothschild Collections. The painting was stolen by the Nazis and earmarked for Hitler's personal use, but was returned to Paris in 1946.

In 1664, towards the end of his long life — he died in 1666 in his 80s — Hals received the important commission to paint the Regents and the Regentesses of the Old Men's Almshouse in Haarlem. Legend has it that Hals was a heavy drinker and ended his days in the Almshouse. There is no evidence of this although he was so impoverished that he received an annual pension from the municipal authorities. They paid his rent and provided him with peat for fuel. It is untrue that he was awarded these commissions as an act of charity. His portraits were always in demand.

Nineteenth century critics could not agree about these two stupefying paintings. 'His hand trembles' wrote M. Lefenestre: 'The colours are completely summary' said M. Frometin. 'Marvellous sureness of hand' and 'the colours are luminous' contradicted M. Bode. Bürger found them 'Superb and almost terrifying'. Among those who agreed with that was Paul Claudel, diplomat, poet and playwright, brother of the ill-starred sculptress, Camille Claudel. He wrote:

> We screw up our courage to brave the scrutiny of this committee of five fearsome old ladies. Neither in Goya nor in El Greco is there anything so

masterly or so terrifying. All accounts have been squared up, there is no more money left on the table; only that firmly closed book, whose cover palely gleams like bone, and whose edge glows like hot embers. We are facing a sort of female tribunal whose wimples and cuffs, isolating and stressing the mask-like faces and the hands, intensify the courtroom atmosphere. Even if we can take our eyes off that skeleton-like hand lying on the woman's knee, her harsh regard, tight lips — that book on which she leans tells us all we need to know; we can expect no mercy from this good lady. And how describe that miasmal sheen, the vampirish aura that emanates from these five figures as from a decomposing corpse?

That seems like a pretty positive response. These two paintings alone make a visit to this exhibition worthwhile. It may not have the popular appeal of Renoir or Gauguin, but those who have the time to stop and stare will be rewarded with a galaxy of true to life characters, portrayed with the vitality and virtuosity of a master.

The exhibition comes to London from the National Gallery in Washington and goes next to the Frans Hals Museum in Haarlem. It has been selected by Professor Seymour Slive of Harvard University. He edited and compiled the catalogue which has a highly readable text, fascinating notes, an exemplary index and excellent colour plates. It weighs almost five pounds which meant that I could enjoy it properly only in bed. Sponsored by Unilever, the exhibition can be seen in London until the 8th of April.

Arshile Gorky at Whitechapel

The contrast between Hals, who lived all his life in one small town, and Arshile Gorky could not be greater. Yet both artists share years of oblivion. Gorky's work is virtually unknown in Europe: yet practically all major museums of modern art in America own his work. Sometimes the Atlantic Ocean seems twenty, not three, thousand miles distant.

Gorky was the catalyst of the most exciting art movement of the post-war years — American Abstract Expressionism — the first major art movement to originate in the United States. There are only three works by Gorky in British collections. By some happy fluke, the Tate Gallery owns a masterpiece — 'Waterfall'.

The Arshile Gorky exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until 25th March — the first showing for twenty-five years — goes some way to redress this neglect. Handsomely presented with an excellent catalogue, it is the most moving and poetic exhibition now in London.

Gorky was a complex personality haunted by his tragic youth. He was born Vosdanik Adoian in 1904, in Turkish Armenia, in a time of terrible cruelties. His grandfather was killed, an uncle murdered and his father fled to America in 1908, to escape being drafted into the Turkish army. In 1919 he saw his mother die of starvation.

Gorky and his sister arrived in America in 1920. In 1924 he changed his name to Gorky, after the Russian writer with whom he sometimes, untruthfully, claimed kinship. By his second marriage in 1943 he had two daughters. In 1946 a fire in his studio destroyed twenty-seven paintings and the same year he was operated on for cancer. A serious car crash in 1948 broke his neck and paralysed his painting arm. His wife

left him; and the following day he committed suicide. He was forty-four years old.

Gorky was a natural, almost self-taught artist. His drawings are exquisite. His first works are pastiches of his artistic heroes, first Cézanne, then Picasso, and finally Miro, yet his avowed ideals were Uccello and Ingres. He has been described as the last major surrealist and the first Abstract Expressionist.

With the arrival of artists who fled Europe in the 1930s and 1940s, Max Ernst, Mondrian, Lionel Feininger and Gabo among them, the atmosphere for artists in New York to experiment was exceptionally favourable. In a letter to the Art Editor of the New York Times in 1943, Rothko and Adolph Gottlieb wrote: 'To us art is an adventure into an unknown world, which can be explored only by those willing to take risks.'

Among the risk-takers were Robert Motherwell, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Hans Hoffman, Clyfford Still and Jackson Pollock. Most of them had met each other through Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration which commissioned artists to paint murals in public buildings during the Depression.

Times were hard for painters. In New York recently, a friend told me that in the late thirties the wife of the dealer, Sidney Janis, had asked her and her husband to buy something from Gorky as he was about to lose his studio because he couldn't pay the rent. A thin, gaunt man with haunting eyes led them into a huge studio, compulsively clean and tidy, empty except for one picture on an easel. After they had bought four paintings they invited him for a meal. After that he came for lunch every Sunday and stayed all day. She described him as intensely sensitive, traumatized by memories of Armenia and his mother. The wonderfully tender and eloquent letters he wrote to his sister, quoted in the catalogue by Matthew Spender, who is married to Gorky's daughter, Maro, are full of childhood memories.

Gorky's mature work has a dynamism and all over imagery that creates an entirely new language. Paintings of disconnected, opaque forms floating on earth-toned or pale washes explore the relationship of form and space. The beautiful colours, the sensuous and expressive handling of paint surface and line make Gorky's work unique in the annals of modern art. Or will it languish into oblivion? It is too early to tell.

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

by Laurence Green

THE 17th Brussels International Festival will go down in cinematic history as the first film festival not only of the New Year but also of the new decade. With over 70 films screened from countries as diverse as Russia, Yugoslavia, the USA, Britain, France and Turkey, there were certainly rich celluloid pickings for the discerning filmgoer and no one could complain of lack of choice, or for that matter, being so overwhelmed with screenings that choice is virtually impossible as is often the case with many international film festivals these days.

Britain was represented by only two films — but what films! First there was Lewis Gilbert's excellent adaptation of Willy Russell's hit play *Shirley Valentine*, the story of a bored Liverpool housewife (splendidly played by Pauline Collins) who, tired of being treated as a doormat by her insensitive husband (Bernard Hill in fine form), heads for the Greek Islands — and romance. Her husband finally realises the folly of his ways. But is it too late to save a marriage? This sad, funny view of 90s life is sharply scripted and strongly acted. First rate.

The other British film, Jim Sheridan's feature debut *My Left Foot*, has already been warmly praised for Daniel Day Lewis's intensely moving portrayal of Christy Brown, the Dublin born victim of cerebral palsy whose struggle to overcome impossible odds — he eventually became a distinguished painter and writer — is uplifting, never for one minute depressing, and quite memorable.

The trauma of the past becomes the pain of the present in Norman Jewison's *In Country*. This is the tale of an American teenager (convincingly played by British actress Emily Lloyd), living with her battle scarred, ex-Vietnam veteran uncle (a strong performance by Bruce Willis) who tries to uncover the truth about the death of her GI father, sent to the Vietnam war just before she was born, never to return. In trying to understand the father she never knew, many old, but by no means buried, wounds come to the surface. Although meandering at times, this is one of Jewison's best films, aided by a solid script, a sterling cast and a palpable sense of mood and atmosphere. In short, a vivid study of the bitter legacy of war.

An ethnic comedy of charm and style is how you could describe Wayne Wang's *Eat a Bowl of Tea*. Adapted from the novel by Louis Chu, the film is set primarily in New York's Chinatown in 1949, at a time when US immigration laws lifted a ban which had prohibited Chinese women from joining their husbands in America. The story concentrates on one Chinese American who brings his new wife back to Chinatown. After trying unsuccessfully to have a child, she has an affair with a local Romeo and becomes pregnant, whereupon the husband attempts to kill him. Fortunately, as in all good fairy tales, everything works out well in the end. Visually striking, never revealing its literary origins, this

likeable film, despite occasional longueurs, presents a well observed, humorous and ironic look at the problems of strangers in a strange land.

The eleven-day event opened with Emir Kusturica's *The Time of the Gypsies,* which, as its title suggests, is about the lives of these modern day 'travellers', and closed with Diane Kurys's latest, entitled *La Baule-Les-Pins,* a study of two sisters and the effects on them of their parents' separation. There was also a tribute to the eminent French director René Clement with a special screening of *Monsieur Ripois Libertin,* starring Gérard Philipe. However, the stormy weather that so ravaged Britain and parts of the continent, prevented me from seeing this eagerly awaited film.

The challenge of glasnost has left many Russian directors, especially the established names, nervous as to what can be shown, a situation further underlined by recent events that have led to the gradual dissolution of Communism in Eastern Europe and civil strife within the Soviet Union itself. Vasily Pichul, however, has taken the bull by the horns. His film *Little Vera,* made in 1988, caused a sensation in the USSR which is hardly surprising considering its promiscuous (and graphic) sex, its foul language, its casual acceptance of hooliganism, drugs and AIDS and, above all, its recognition of a total breakdown of communication between the generations. This bleak, documentary-style slice of life in a tiny, overcrowded flat in the provinces with the inhabitants — drunken father, blindly impotent mother and wayward daughter — and the conditions leading inevitably to violence, makes for an uncomfortable experience. But the totally natural playing of Natalya Negoda as Vera provides a ray of light in a dark tunnel.

Literary Supplement

A TRAGIC WITCH HUNT: A REVIEW ARTICLE

by James Munson

The Crockford's File: Gareth Bennett and the Death of the Anglican Mind. William Oddie. Hamish Hamilton. £14.95.

This book will go down as one of the most important written about the Church of England in the twentieth century and all credit is due to the bravery of Dr. William Oddie, like Garry Bennett, a priest in the Church of England, for bringing it out. Like Garry Bennett, William Oddie has become a marked man to the liberal intelligentsia who control the Church today and like him he has suffered because of the secret machinations which the ruling clique use to keep those out of favour from rising too high.

Gareth Bennett's suicide in December 1987 profoundly shocked the Church and millions who do not attend her altars. It shattered the received view that the Church of England is made up of 'nice' people who prefer the Church to the leisure centre on Sunday morning. The death of this retiring Oxford scholar-priest followed a witch-hunt singling him out as the author of the traditionally anonymous preface to the Church's directory of its clergy. First it was decided by journalists that the preface was 'controversial'. Second, it was decided that it was a personal attack on the Archbishop of Canterbury: this was due to the intervention of the Archbishop of York and Bishop Westwood of Peterborough. It was controversial but it was not an attack on the Archbishop, who later said that Garry Bennett had written nothing he had not said to him personally.

The idea of anonymity to protect the innocent against the wrath of those in power whom they criticise is not much used today but clergymen can be notoriously vicious to one another — the fires of Smithfield smoulder yet. It was therefore natural that journalists wanted to discover who had written the preface. This is where certain officials at Lambeth Palace come into the picture because it was they who directed the newspapers to Oxford and, ultimately to the New College historian, Garry Bennett.

Bennett's great fault was two-fold. First he exposed the secret manoeuvrings of the Church's ruling elite to the light of day and showed how the Church increasingly will tolerate no divergence — not on matters of doctrine but on matters of politics, social attitudes and the campaign to ordain women as priests which has done so much to destroy the American Episcopal Church and to shatter the Anglican Communion.

The second prong of Garry Bennett's Preface was that the Anglican Communion was like the Emperor's clothes — a fiction of the imagination. Any organisation which agrees on nothing but the need to continue, whatever the costs, cannot and should not be taken seriously. These two *exposés* in effect cost Garry Bennett his life when the world of the nice people cut across the world of Fleet Street and the New College don, as one of the nice people, paid the price. It was a sordid story and it is no secret that no 'religious' publisher would print William Oddie's book and that Church officials would not co-operate with the publishers — the highly respected Hamish Hamilton — in informing clergymen of the book's appearance.

Dr. Oddie is a much respected writer and already has two books to his credit, one of which infuriated some because it traced the campaign to ordain women to its hidden but incredible roots in America. His newspaper articles, mainly in the *Daily Telegraph* have won him a considerable reputation. Garry Bennett was his friend and this book is a tribute to his memory and a history of the *exposé* he wrote. He divides the book into three parts: the first gives the full story of the witch-hunt and describes the role of Archbishop Hapgood and Bishop Westwood; the second, 'The Theology of Pontius Pilate', analyses the decline of the High Church tradition of men like Garry Bennett, the tradition which has never had much time for Rome but which was in its own quiet, English way, catholic and apostolic. The author shows how the liberal views of men like Bishop Jenkins of Durham and, on occasion, Archbishop Runcie himself, are keeping the forms of the Church while discarding the 2,000 year old view that the Christian revelation contains in itself all truth.

The third section is a horror story, a discussion of the sad plight of the American Episcopal Church which is now fully in the hands of a clique far more radical than that controlling the Church of England. The radicalisation started with women priests, then moved on to women bishops, 'inclusive language' in a revised *Prayer Book* and then to wholesale rewriting of traditional moral teaching. The witch-hunt there has been and is still far more fierce than anything in England and not surprisingly millions have left the Church in disgust; conservatives who remain are barely tolerated and will soon be totally 'marginalised'. Episcopalianism will be not just a new church but in effect a new religion, the latest of those wonderful sects America has given to the world.

From the American Church, which Dr. Oddie knows through numerous visits and lecture tours, he turns naturally to the Anglican Communion because it is the Americans with their money and extraordinary numbers of Bishops, who dominate it. He enlarges on the arguments put forward by Garry Bennett and cites chapter and verse to show how American money is used to blackmail African Bishops into voting the 'right' way. If they do not they lose the money for their schools, churches and hospitals. Finally the author discusses what were the relations between the doomed priest and the vacillating Archbishop: this is a valuable corrective to all the nonsense written in the papers about a 'personal attack'. Because many people would only help with the book if their names were kept secret — such is the fear in which Churchmen live — and because the fear of libel suits prevents the author from telling the whole truth, no references are given. However a full version has been deposited in the Bodleian Library and like a time-bomb with a long fuse it will smoulder until 2040 A.D. when the whole truth will be told.

This book cannot be praised too highly nor can the author who had the courage to write it in such dignified, restrained prose without ever letting a manly sense of outrage cause him to stray from telling the story truthfully and totally. When historians come to write of the decline of the Church and the awful dilemma it has created for itself by dilly-dallying between the secular world of late twentieth century Britain and the unchanging Christian Gospel they will turn to this book. The Church has betrayed her heritage: this is what Garry Bennett was arguing. The tragic story behind his efforts and those of his fellow Churchmen and women who destroyed him has now been told to the world. It is not a pretty picture but it had to be told. The Church is fortunate in having men like Gareth Bennett and William Oddie, prepared to tell the truth and in Dr. Bennett's case, to die because of it.

ROME AND THE NEW WORLD

America's Rome. William L. Vance. Yale University Press, 2 volumes, £19.95 each volume.

William Vance's study of the impact of Rome on American writers and artists over two centuries is a massive compilation of commentaries on, and quotations from, a galaxy of great — and less familiar — names. It is testament not only to the visual effect of Rome on the imagination of visitors — even when, as in much of the nineteenth century, the Forum was to locals as to travellers like W. D. Howells only a cow pasture dotted with stones — but also to the resources of the Boston Public Library and of the Boston Athenaeum, where most of the research was done. The result is a vivid recreation of many Romes, lovingly assembled.

The impact of the classical city, as surveyed and illustrated in the first volume, is the most evocative part of the book. When Professor Vance tries to reduce to order and sequence the Rome of Mussolini and of the post-war world, he has to chronicle an almost-overwhelming list of reporters-turned-authors: from Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Eric Sevareid to Ezra Pound and Gore Vidal, Mary McCarthy and Eleanor Clark, and a legion more. He succeeds remarkably: and catches the calm of the Janiculum, the bazaar of Piazza Navona, the continuing-majesty of the Capitoline and the Colosseum, and the glossy yet sordid character of the Spanish Steps and the Via Veneto. He is as good reading for his analysis-by-implication of the US from which the visitors come: some to become captives for life, some to make adverse comparisons with that other republic, which in 1776 in its own ideology as in its institutions, took the city of Popes, Emperors and republicans as its model. If the planning of its capital city on the Potomac was French-inspired, Capitol Hill and its lavish interiors have echoes of the grandeur that was Rome. This book is a rich archive for the study of American literature, as well as for the continuing impact of Rome itself.

ESMOND WRIGHT

AN IDEAL BIOGRAPHER

Ackerley: A Life of J. R. Ackerley. Peter Parker. Constable. £16.95.

There ought to be an automatic embargo on animal-haters' going anywhere near Ackerley and his works. Certain deaths of animals in literature are heart-rending, not necessarily the grand set-pieces, but smaller moments, as when Leonard Woolf's marmoset, Mitzi, climbed on to his foot, and died. The time when, at the age of sixteen, Ackerley's Queenie finally turned her eyes away from him, must rank among those moments. Ackerley's love for his alsatian saved him from prowling with panthers in the bushes of Hyde Park in the desire and pursuit of the Ideal Friend suited in the uniform of a trooper. His life after Queenie was a thing of tatters, and he, too, faded away.

In a genuinely fascinating biography — always subject to the embargo, as above — Peter Parker has proved to be an ideal biographer for J. R. Ackerley, compassionate, not judging, thorough, and questing without prurience. Although there is a fair mass of autobiographical material in *My Dog Tulip, We Think the World of You* and *My Father and Myself* together with letters and diaries, frankness is not necessarily truth, and Mr. Parker has constructed a satisfying new whole. Sometimes he sounds a little young, as when he writes of electro-convulsive therapy as if it were as antique as a cage of birds on the head.

Pale son of the Banana King, Roger Ackerley — the great deceiver, pater-familias of two ménages — Joe Ackerley himself lived the double life of the homosexual intellectual who would, but for the threat of prosecution, have

preferred to write as he felt. Others, such as his friend, William Plomer, felt gagged by the inhibition placed upon them, but he survived by means of an obsessional rewriting of shades of ambiguity. As discerning, influential literary editor of *The Listener* from 1939 to 1959, he nurtured talent unerringly never influenced by fear or favour, and earned the hatred of figures of the Establishment. Mr. Parker charts what went on, and what went wrong, at the BBC, very tellingly.

Wan as a straw, gangling, unassuming leptomorph, a hollow man, too quick a lover, he was loved by the true friends whom he encountered in the literary world. At home, he must have thought, with Kingsley Amis, or Kingsley Amis's character, that all women were really mad. In the dingy flat at Star and Garter Mansions, Putney, beside the tempting tow-path, he was stifled by the trooping presence of sister and aunt (and Queenie, perhaps) who twined their strands around him as destructively as the long, black rhizomorphs of the honey-fungus.

MOLLY TIBBS

A VICTORIA HISTORY OF CRIME

Murder in the Midlands. J. P. Lethbridge. *Murder and Mystery in the Black Country.* Harold Parsons. *Murder in Kent.* Philip MacDougall. All published by Robert Hale. £5.95 each.

Quietly for some time past there has been issuing forth from Hale's, like a criminous version of the *Victoria County Histories,* a significant series of monographs concerning themselves in a dignified and seemly manner with the sociology of the various lands and shires in terms of their criminal history. To the first four volumes — Lancashire, East Anglia, Dorset, and the North York Moors — have now been added three further areas.

Mr. Lethbridge's volume confines itself to notable Midlands trials of the nineteenth century. The most celebrated of these is, of course, that of Abraham Thornton, in 1817, a fair exemplar of circumstantial evidence — usually most reliable and, in the view of some authorities, superior to direct evidence — ganging aglee, for footprints, bloodstains, marks of violence on the drowned corpse of twenty-year-old Mary Ashford, all combined to build up an apparently unanswerable case against young Thornton, son of a prosperous builder at Castle Bromwich, until he produced an unanswerable alibi. The case is famous at law for presenting the last instance of a challenge to wager by battel, and being responsible for its abolition in 1819, as well as that of the Appeal of Murder.

Mr. Parsons in his Black Country volume ranges between the years 1841 and 1957 for his butcher's dozen. He provides a good account of the dastardly horse and cattle maimings at Great Wyrley in 1903, which were investigated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his Holmesian persona, as well as a series of little known cases, bearing such persuasive labels as 'Death on the Sofa, Quarry Bank, 1906', 'The Clue of the Hand-Made Fishing-Bag, Dudley, 1957', and 'Triple Murder at Coombswood, Halesowen, 1878'.

Mr. MacDougall, in his volume on Kent, conducts us upon a somewhat chilling tour of the shadier corners of 'the Garden of England'. Inevitably, inescapably, Mr. George Joseph Smith is awaiting us at Herne Bay. The story of his lethal marital eccentricities, his bathing and harmonium-playing proclivities have entered into the folklore of homicide, but so startling is the record of his adventurings into connubiality that, unlike his brides in the bath, it does not suffer by repetition. Particularly engaging — to usurp the late

William Roughead's palmary term — is the cautionary tale entitled 'The Fate of Sodom and Gomorrah', the quite extraordinary events of which are set in the village of Biddenden in 1899.

All three of these latest gazetteers of the criminous are well presented, respectably written guide-books, which bearing in the main the *nihil obstat* of grief's time passed, can, for all their intrinsic tragedy, be read now, like old history, without pain, and, indeed, with pleasurable interest.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A MEMSAHIB FROM ARCHANGEL

A Home by the Hooghly: A Jute Wallah's Wife. Eugenie Fraser. Mainstream. £11.95.

Few of us have even one great adventure in a lifetime. Eugenie Fraser has been granted three: her life between Russia and Scotland at the beginning of this century, so powerfully recreated in *The House by the Dvina*; her experiences, from ice to fire, in India and Thailand, as a married woman; and her remarkable publishing success, late in life. Both her recall and her descriptive talents are unusual, and her editor has not quenched her individual style of story-telling. At one, enjoyable level, *A Home by the Hooghly* is an extended family saga, but also, considered as a piece of social history, it is an important contribution to Indian studies. The life of trade, of the despised 'box-wallahs', has not been well documented. The jute industry, with its Scottish connections, once prospered.

This was a different world from that of the heaven-born Indian Civil Service, more static, more self-contained. Of all the recent works on the British in India, particularly those which record the way of the memsahibs, there is none more authentic than this. Kites really *did* swoop down to filch food being carried from the cook-house. Bougainvillaea really is magenta. An Indian wife suspected of adultery really did risk having her nose cut off by her husband. The bearers and ayahs here are real people, not ciphers or caricatures. Where else would one read about the small, neglected cemetery where lie the Victorian cotton mill girls, brought out to instruct the local workers? They died young, and some of them married Indians. In many points, this book is a corrective; for example, Eugenie Fraser demolishes the widespread belief that *all* European women and children moved up the Hills at the onset of the Hot Weather. There are many striking perceptions of public matters. Her husband was there, in the streets of Calcutta, in 1961, during the visit of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and he heard the crowds crying, 'Our Queen is coming' — fourteen years after Independence. Indeed, if she could persuade her 'jute-wallah' husband to contribute his account of the work inside the great mills, there would be a case for extrapolating all the Indian material from the Scottish and later Thai episodes to compose a valuable entire volume on a little-known aspect of the Raj. In any event, this is a rich and varied autobiography in its own right, in which hardship and separations march with epic journeys, and Christmas with lights and berries is endlessly repeated to link a lifetime's stages into a whole.

MOLLY TIBBS

DISTINGUISHED LIVES IN POLITICS

Against Goliath. David Steel's Story. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £14.95.
Keith Joseph, a single mind. Morrison Halcrow. Macmillan. £14.95.

Not the least surprising feature of the House of Commons is the immense variety of its members — reflecting in part the diversity in character of all its 650 constituencies, and in part also the judgement of each of the party associations in each constituency exercising its right to choose its standard-bearers. As a result there is greater variety — and drama — at Westminster than on Capitol Hill; fewer MPs bear the imprint of a lawyer's training than do Representatives in Congress; and the Chamber of the House, not the committee rooms upstairs, is where decisions are taken, and where careers are made. To that diversity these two books bear witness.

David Steel is a political animal, with no career (or many interests) outside it. He went to the House, after a short experience as a Liberal party organiser and TV journalist, fresh from Edinburgh University. If he has a special talent it is as organiser of by-election campaigns, and in media politics. He has, and for 25 years has had, a 'safe' seat, to which he is properly devoted; and which, as it happens, is one of the most beautiful in the land. He became — and was for 12 years — the last leader of the Liberals; the succession to which he came is a roll-call that in its own way reflects the steady changes in British History: Gladstone (himself originally a Tory), Lloyd George, (the Wizard of Wales, the Chapel versus the Church, who became later a war-time Coalition leader), Asquith, Jo Grimond (by marriage an Asquith grandson-in-law), Jeremy Thorpe, and David Steel. And now, to Steel's regret, even the name exists no more.

The title of his book recalls his by-election victory in 1965, when he, and the media, presented him as 'the boy David' fighting the 'Goliath' of the two-party system. With more accuracy he could have called his story 'The Decline and Fall of the Liberals', or 'On being a Lib-Lab'. Despite having a handful of Liberals to lead in the Commons in his 25-years, he sought to train them for, and to steer them to, power: by the pact with the Callaghan Government in 1977, the endless claret and chips with Roy Jenkins as he formed his gang of four in 1980, by the struggle over the years from 1984 for an alliance/merger/pact with David Owen and the SDP, achieved in the end only by abandoning the Liberal name, and by his own resignation from the leadership. All is lovingly chronicled here, and his book is a compendium of his manoeuvrings. He admits his own limitations: the pre-occupation with presentation (i.e. television appearances); for policy — perhaps wisely — he reiterates the themes of devolution and of proportional representation (which when translated means the permanence of coalition politics and of perpetual intrigues among the leaders, which Steel himself manifestly enjoys, but are anathema to both major parties with clear and thoroughly prepared policies). Like all politicians, he likes to be liked. Like all politicians, he can also be a good hater: witness his repeatedly adverse comments on Mrs. Thatcher, and his similar consistency towards David Owen. It was Lloyd George who recognised, before David Steel was born, that his party was becoming the voice of the Celtic fringe, of the Highlands and Islands, the Borders and of Welsh Wales; it was, he said, 'the solid Anglo-Saxon wedge up the middle of England that's gone wrong'.

Steel writes best on his origins and on his Border stronghold: his political faith, whatever the label these days on his Liberal bottles, is rooted in the

Presbyterian Kirk. John Knox would have understood him, and would have thundered an endorsement of his attack on the monstrous regimen of women.

Steel's life was 'busy, busy'. So was Keith Joseph's. But Morrison Halcrow's picture is of a totally different world from the politics of Scotland's middle Border. Sir Keith, as he was for his thirty years in the Lower House, was a wealthy London Jew, with his chief interest in his early years in what once was called 'the condition of England' question. (Is it now 'the quality of life' question?). If his background, and war service in which he was wounded and decorated, suggested the politics of paternalism, he never abandoned his probing into 'how the other half lives'. As Secretary of State for the Social Services in the Heath Government, he believed in the politics of 'more, more' — to throw more and more money at social problems would alleviate, if he was never quite clear about solving, them. He accepted the general consensus of watered-down Keynesianism of all the parties in the Wilson-Heath world. He describes his money-supply and free market faith, from April 1974 on, as a 'conversion', due in part to his discussions with another and very different 'convert', Alfred Sherman. Doubting his own suitability for the Prime Ministership, he urged Mrs. Thatcher to throw her hat in the ring in 1975, and became, whether in Office or in Opposition, her principal *guru;* he set up his own think-tank, the Centre for Policy Studies, to produce the briefs for the Thatcherite policies of the last decade — 'the single mind at the heart of a revolution'. The language of market forces and conviction politics gradually replaced that of central planning and 'consensus'.

Morrison Halcrow's book, a biography in form, becomes a tribute to an unusual, indeed unique, figure in British politics. This is a superbly-written and thoughtful analysis of the public man, and of his private and exhausting anxieties as he sought for solutions to questions that he recognised as moral as well as political: population control, poverty, excellence and how to measure it. He recognised, with Edmund Burke, that 'the laws go but a little way'. Unwilling to accept that the price of political success is deviousness, he remained something of a political innocent among the many Machiavellians around him. But British politics is the nobler for having men of integrity serve in what is a hothouse world.

ESMOND WRIGHT

'GOOD ENOUGH TO BE DRAWN UPON'

Henry James: London Stories and Other Writings. Edited by David Kynaston. Tabb House 'Encore Series'. £12.95/£4.95. *Kipling's Lost World.* Edited by Harry Ricketts. Tabb House 'Encore Series'. £10.95/£4.95.

Here are two more well-produced volumes of some unjustly neglected works by famous writers. David Kynaston has based his selection round 'the Master's' fascination with London. The three tales include two lengthy ones: 'In the Cage' and 'Lady Barberina' in which James contrasted the differing attitudes of London and New York Society towards marriage. There is also a well-chosen group of essays about late Victorian London. This book should appeal both to those who have already read a considerable amount of James as well as to anyone anxious to experience his style.

Unlike James, Kipling has been an unfashionable writer for many decades as his opinions — or rather a parody of them — have annoyed the intelligentsia. Harry Ricketts has made a most worthwhile choice of a wide variety of Kipling's writings ranging in form from poetry to stories and speeches. The

earliest comes from 1888 and the last from 1934. This is the best selection of Kipling now available.

In 1926, Kipling said in a speech on Fiction: 'The utmost a writer can hope is that there may survive a fraction good enough to be drawn upon later . . . or some old delight reborn.' Both of these books have done just that. The publisher should also be congratulated on producing books with good paper and large print, something some larger firms could well emulate.

RICHARD MULLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Pride That Was China. (Sidgwick & Jackson. £20.00.) The rich civilisation of China is described by the distinguished sinologist Michael Loewe in a volume containing accounts of those aspects of East Asia's impressive empire which have for centuries affected world history. The author's learning gives lustre to the book. The narrative goes from earliest times to the beginning of the twentieth century, moving in lines of development along paths, some documented elsewhere, others shown in no other Western reference books, to provide the general reader with a skilfully written introduction to the subject and enough visual and recorded evidence for a scholar in the field to find it a useful addition to his library. This beautifully produced and highly informative addition to the publisher's Great Civilisations Series depicts in detail China's literature, languages, sciences and religion: but one of its most exciting features is the wealth of description and photographs it contains of ancient artefacts such as ceramics and examples of silk-weaving, some of these only recently uncovered to the eyes of the west.

The Japanese Achievement. (Sidgwick & Jackson. £20.00.) A former British Ambassador to Japan and also an eminent Japanese scholar, Sir Hugh Cortazzi has succeeded in his chief aim, to describe and celebrate the remarkable Japanese achievement of recovery and rise to economic pre-eminence since the second world war. His detailed account of the historical background to modern Japan from the beginning of records to the present day is in itself a fascinating story. It shows the importance of the country's artistic heritage to both East and West and traces the development of language as well as political institutions. The impact of China and the West on Japan is also clearly shown, as are the gradual changes in social customs as they are influenced by religious and ethical practices. A full post-war analysis is one of the book's most valuable essays. Photographs of a high standard and a comprehensive bibliography make the volume a distinguished contribution to the Great Civilisations Series put out by the publisher. It will serve both scholar and general reader extremely well.

Chekhov in My Life. (Methuen. £10.99.) A most welcome new edition and reassessment of Lydia Avilova's account of her love affair with Chekhov has been published with a translation by David Magarshack. He provides an introduction in which he reconsiders the factual basis for some of Lydia's impressions of what the playright was thinking and possibly feeling on the few occasions when they met. She had been introduced to Chekhov by her brother-in-law in 1889 when she was 24, an aspiring writer of short stories, and he 29, the favourite playwright of all Moscow. The memoir was published after her death in 1942 and it shed new light on the first disastrous production of 'The Seagull'.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, THE OLD ENGLAND MAN

by Esmond Wright

ON 17 April 1990 the final ceremonies will take place in the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of American independence. Those ceremonies have lasted fourteen years. They began on 4 July 1976, a vast array of salesmanship marred two years before by the only resignation from office of an American President, and by the low-key image of President Jimmy Carter. They became fortissimo with the salutes in September 1987 to the Constitution of 1787, and the celebration of the unique two-hundred-year story of the fantastic development of the new nation, from the three-and-a-half million people strung on a narrow coastal plain of 1787 to today's continent, and its islands, of more than 260 million. The formal British tribute to its former colony's achievement was paid in September 1987 at 36 Craven Street, off the Strand, in the presence of the British Prime Minister and the American Ambassador, flanked by an honour (or is it 'honor'?) guard of the US Marines. The long birthday party will conclude in 1990, in ceremonies in Philadelphia, with speeches, parades and the appropriate carnival: because on 17 April 1790 died Benjamin Franklin the major architect of independence. He had helped draft the Declaration of Independence, secured the Treaty of Alliance of 1778 with the France of Louis XVI, and signed the Preliminary Peace Treaty of 1782 and the final one of September 1783 that guaranteed the independence of the ex-British colonies. Aged 81, he attended the Constitutional Convention of 1787 in Philadelphia, the place where he had made his mark and his fortune, and which was — off and on — his home. But — why Craven Street?

Craven Street today is dwarfed by the proximity, the noise and the dust, of Charing Cross Station. It runs from the Strand to the Embankment, swamped by the traffic to its north and south, and by the endless building projects on its western side that are part of its history. So it was in Franklin's day — except that the street had been built only some 40 years before, there was no Embankment, most traffic came and went by river, and up and down Craven Street went the fruit and meat sellers' horses and carts, carrying their produce from the quayside to Hungerford Market at the top of Craven Street. And No. 36, where Franklin was a tenant from 1757 to 1775 (except for a two-year absence in Philadelphia

1762-1764), was dwarfed still more by the size and importance of Northumberland House, the town-house of the Dukes of Northumberland, a political and social centre on the site of today's Northumberland Avenue. In London, as in Philadelphia, Franklin liked to live in the midst of the traffic and the markets; to the printer and newsman-turned-politician that he was, it was his natural environment. Like most American visitors before — and after — him, he did not like the climate; the influenza he contracted on his arrival turned to a bad dose of pneumonia. As he wrote home to his wife:

> The whole town is one great smoaky house and every street a chimney, the air full of floating sea coal soot and you never get a sweet breath of what is pure without riding some miles for it into the country.

Franklin spent a large proportion of his life in London. He first came to the city in 1724, when he was only eighteen, having been promised funds by Governor Keith of Pennsylvania to buy equipment to start his own printing press. Keith's funds never arrived, and Franklin worked instead for such firms as Palmer's Printing House, in a print shop in what is now the lady chapel of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, and at Watts' larger firm in Wild's Court near Lincoln's Inn Fields. The London he saw was dotted with the 50 or so white church steeples crowned by the new St. Paul's; Wren had died the year before Franklin's arrival. His first visit lasted eighteen months.

By the time Franklin returned to England in 1757 he had become Philadelphia's best-known and most prosperous printer, and his *Poor Richard's Almanack* and its anecdotes, recipes and old wives tales were the best-loved reading matter in all the colonies. Into the mouth of Poor Richard he put a host of aphorisms culled without acknowledgment from a host of sources. And they too have gone into the legend of American enterprise, thrift and self improvement. His advice is keyed to the notes: work hard and count your pennies: 'the sleeping Fox catches no poultry: ' 'then plough deep, while Sluggards Sleep, and you shall have Corn to sell and to keep: ' 'what maintains one Vice, would bring up two children.'

> Many Estates are spent on the Getting
> Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning and Knitting
> And Men for Punch forsook Hewing and Splitting.

Not that all *Poor Richard's* moralities were exhortations to enterprise. Some were of an earthier sort: 'a single man is like the odd half of a pair of scissors: ' 'he that takes a wife, takes care: ' 'keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards: ' 'you cannot pluck roses without fear of thorns, nor enjoy a fair wife without danger of horns.' But in nothing is Franklin more typical of his century and of his country than in his insistence that self-reliance and hard work are basic to liberty. He believed in free speech, free goods, and free men. He became also colonial post-master, member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and Philadelphia's leading citizen. He had gained a considerable reputation, both at home and abroad, based on achievements which ranged from the promotion of the Pennsylvania city watch, from the founding of fire protection companies and of fire insurance, of a hospital and of an Academy (now the University of Pennsylvania) to experiments investigating the nature of electricity. It

was indeed to the studies in what the 18th century called, and 20th century Scotland still calls, Natural Philosophy that Franklin intended to devote himself, when at the age of 42 he passed on his printing business— worth £2,000 a year— to his partner David Hall, and transferred to him executive direction of the business at a salary of £1,000 a year. For the next 18 years the partnership brought Franklin an average of £460 a year, and this with his postmastership, his real estate, and various partnerships in New York and Charleston, made him a man of means. He had found in trade his own way to wealth and, with wealth, leisure. He had hoped in 1748 when he retired to be able to devote all his time to his 'philosophical studies and amusements'; and some of the results were published in *Experiments and Observations on Electricity* in 1751. But public life claimed him also; six years later he came to England to present to the Privy Council the grievance of the Pennsylvania Assembly over its inability to tax the extensive landholdings of the colony's proprietors, the Penn family, now rare visitors to it, and now no longer Quakers but high Anglicans. When the tax issue was settled — or more accurately, and as so often, simply compromised on — Franklin stayed on in Craven Street.

While most visitors complained, as he did, about the weather — and he developed his stove in part to help cope with English winters — they also complained about the cost of living, and their landladies. Not so with Franklin. He and his son William, and their two slaves, lodged with a widow, Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, and he stayed with her, and her daughter, Polly, through his two periods in London, sixteen years in all. The house indeed is still much as it was — the only home that still survives of all his residences. All the rest have gone: Milk Street, Boston, where he was born in 1706; the various homes in on or near Market Street, Philadelphia; and the ducal palace in Passy in Paris, where he stayed while ambassador there from 1776 to 1785. Franklin noted in 1762 that Craven Street was nearly destroyed by fire: 'Our house and yard were covered with falling coals of fire, but as it rained hard nothing catched.' It had been built during the mid-eighteenth century as part of a terrace of uniform houses with brick facades, with three storeys above the ground floor and a basement. The iron railing and balconies are original. To his wife, the plain and all-but-illiterate but devoted Deborah, he wrote what he knew she would want to hear:

> Tis true the regard and friendship I meet with from persons of worth and the conversation of ingenious men, give me no small pleasure; but at this time of life, domestic comforts afford the most solid satisfaction, and my uneasiness at being absent from my family, and my longing desire to be with them, make me often sigh in the midst of cheerful company.

In fact he did not sigh for long; he was intensely happy in Craven Street, and glad to return to it in 1764. Polly became in practice an adopted daughter, with whom he could discuss his scientific experiments, and much else; whereas Debby had never been an intellectual companion. Polly, when widowed, joined Franklin in his last years in Philadelphia, and was with him when he died. His son William became the royal Governor of New Jersey: thanks in part to the closer proximity of Northumberland House where he went whenever he could, than of the Middle Temple, where he

was enrolled as a student; William was and remained throughout his life a royalist. And his father, aided by a neighbour Caleb Whitefoord, who was a wine merchant, developed a taste for, and a cellar of, rum and Madeira. Until he was 68, Franklin was happy to call himself 'An Old England Man.'

Benjamin Franklin lived a long life, in five distinct places, Boston, Philadelphia, London, Scotland and Passy, now the sixteenth sector of Paris but then a village, and he saw more of his world than most of his contemporaries. He would have been content to settle and to die in any one of them, for this was the most adaptable of men. He lived through stormy and changing times, and through them went on 'swimmingly'. Intellectually, he was born a Calvinist and ended a deist; politically, the Old England Man who was the servant of Empire in many jobs, and would have welcomed more, ended as a republican; the slave-owner and advertiser of slave auctions became strongly anti-slave; the racist and WASP of 1751 became the Francophile of 1782-3; a poor and ill-educated boy in a family of 17, he raised himself by his skill with and the selling of words, to retire wealthy at 42, in order to be what he had always wanted to be: a philosopher. He sought to give shape and meaning to his immense range of interests, but became in fact a man of many causes: republicanism, federalism, unicameralism were only some of them, and not the major. What was central to Franklin, and the theme on which he stayed constant, was: the quest for, and the application of, knowledge. This could easily be — indeed was best — studied in many different locales, for it depended on the pooling of many minds. Knowledge, and its application to the real world, was the central thread: it should, wherever possible, be put to use. Franklin was as skilful with his hands as he was with his pen. Thus he devised bifocals and a flexible catheter — and an armonica; stoves and lightning rods, timepieces and balloons, colleges and hospitals, fire-protection and fire-insurance. He wanted to go on living just to meet the fascination of the changes that were to come.

What interested him, in particular, in Scotland was not the parallels with North America as the two 'colonies' of England — which was, 60 years after the Act of Union, then a frequent topic of political discussion — and not its alleged post-Union search for national identity in an English-speaking world, but its growing economic strength, its moderating religious stance, and the fostering in its academies and universities of science and philosophy — and that its leading teacher of philosophy in Glasgow lectured in English. He was the friend of David Hume and Adam Smith and in particular of Henry Home, Lord Kames, with whom he corresponded frequently, and at length. He encouraged as many Pennsylvanian students as he could to study at the Edinburgh Medical School: and as a result Philadelphia, and its university, which he had helped to found, became North America's leading medical, and indeed cultural, centre. A surprisingly large number of his Scottish friends were also Fellows of the Royal Society.

The writer of *Poor Richard*, who could be raconteur and teller of tall

tales, some of them risqué — 'for the squeamish stomach cannot eat without pickles' — could also describe his electrical experiments to the Quaker Peter Collinson, himself an FRS, in limpid but detailed prose that could go, all but unedited, into the Royal Society papers, and earn him its Copley Medal in 1753, and in 1756 the Royal Society's Fellowship. It was his role as scientist that made him welcome in his own right in London and Paris — even more than in Boston or Philadelphia.

And yet, as scientist, he was true to the golden rule: experiment and test again, and on making a discovery still ask yourself: are you sure? is there no error? After writing at length to Collinson on his experiments he wrote what is one of his most human and honest letters, in which he revealed that, as scientist, he had learnt the custom of humility that he had found so difficult to practise as a man of public affairs.

To Peter Collinson

Sir Philada. Augt. 14. 1747

I have lately written two long Letters to you on the Subject of Electricity, one by the Governor's Vessel, the other per Mesnard. On some further Experiments since, I have observ'd a Phenomenon or two that I cannot at present account for on the Principles laid down in those Letters, and am therefore become a little diffident of my Hypothesis, and asham'd that I have express'd myself in so positive a manner. In going on with these Experiments, how many pretty Systems do we build, which we soon find ourselves oblig'd to destroy! If there is no other Use discover'd of Electricity, this, however, is something considerable, that it may *help to make a vain Man humble.* I must now request that you would not expose those Letters; or if you communicate them to any Friends, you would at least conceal my Name. I have not Time to add, but that I am, Sir, Your obliged and most humble Servant B FRANKLIN

Addressed: To Mr Peter Collinson Mercht London via Dublin

Why, then, did this comfortable 'Old England Man' become, if not a revolutionary, for he was never that, but a leader of a colony — and then of thirteen colonies — in rebellion? For three reasons.

First, he always spoke of America as 'the Empire on this side'. He saw the North American colonies, not just as a frontier but as a growth point, indeed as a potential centre of Empire. As he wrote in 1751 —

So vast is the territory of *North America,* that it will require many ages to settle it fully; and, till it is fully settled, labour will never be cheap here, where no man continues long a labourer for others, but gets a plantation of his own, no man continues long a journeyman to a trade, but goes among those new settlers, and sets up for himself E c. Hence labour is no cheaper now in *Pennsylvania,* than it was 30 years ago, tho' so many thousand labouring people have been imported.

Thus there are suppos'd to be now upwards of one million *English* souls in *North-America,* (tho' 'tis thought scarce 80,000 have been brought over sea,) and yet perhaps there is not one the fewer in *Britain,* but rather many more on account of the employment the colonies afford to manufacturers at home. This million doubling, suppose but one in 25 years, will, in another century, be more than the people of *England,* and the greatest number of Englishmen will be on

> this side the water. What an accession of power to the *British* Empire by sea as well as land! What increase of trade and navigation! What numbers of ships and seamen! We have been here but little more than 100 years, and yet the force of our privateers in the late war, united, was greater, both in men and guns, than that of the whole *British* Navy in Queen Elizabeth's time.[1]

Secondly, by 1774 if not earlier, he resented the sovereignty over the colonies not of the King, but of the British Parliament, in which the colonies had no representatives. He came to hold the view that is now associated with Lord Durham in 1846 and summarised as Dominion status. There was, he told Lord Kames in February 1767, too much talk of

> the sovereignty of Parliament and the sovereignty of this nation over the colonies. Every man in England seems to consider himself a piece of sovereign over America, seems to jostle himself into the throne with the King, and talks of our subjects in the colonies.
>
> The sovereignty of the Crown I understand. The sovereignty of the British Legislature out of Britain I do not understand.

Freed after 1763 from any threat from France in Canada, Americans could now resent restraints on their own trade and on their freedom imposed from 3,000 miles away. 'The British Empire,' he declared in 1770, 'is not a single state; it comprehends many; though the Parliament of Great Britain has arrogated to itself the power of taxing the colonies, it has no more right to do so than it has to tax Hanover. We have the same King, but not the same legislatures.'

Thirdly, in 1776 he was sent to Paris to persuade the French to come into a war on the American side, and there, for the next nine years, he stayed. His Ambassadorship was a personal and diplomatic triumph. If to the French Physiocrats and *philosophes* he seemed a natural man, and to blue stockings a rustic philosopher, in the eyes of Vergennes, the French foreign minister, he was an instrument of French Imperial vengeance on Britain. It can, of course, be argued that French money, arms, commercial privileges and some officer volunteers were coming through already, thanks to Beaumarchais, in secret but abundantly, long before the alliance was signed in 1778. Again, it was the surrender at Saratoga in 1777 which revealed that Britain was vulnerable when she became land-locked in a forested continent and cut off from her natural base, the sea. But Franklin's acceptance by French society made the alliance of 1778 easy, and with it came troops and ships, and the threat of invasion of Britain. Again, it is impossible to minimise the skill in the Treaty making in 1782-83 and in winning final terms that neither side might otherwise have conceded. It was easier for him since, after Yorktown in 1781, the Government of Lord North fell, and Lord Shelburne became Colonial Secretary, and then in July 1782, for exactly eight months, Prime Minister — and for four of those months Parliament was happily in recess. Shelburne, lonely, scientist-minded, pro-American but 'a King's man', had been a friend of Franklin in the 1760s; and the secretary of the British negotiating team was Franklin's former neighbour in Craven Street, Caleb Whitefoord. Britain conceded American independence. When the terms were approved, Shelburne was defeated, and his political career was over. It is never a good thing in politics to be associated with total defeat.

Perhaps the best assessment of Franklin's services in Paris comes in fact from his foremost American enemy, Arthur Lee. For all his jealousy of Franklin, Lee was struck by Franklin's unquestioning confidence in the future, and his vision of America. He reported a conversation with Franklin on October 25, 1777, at a time just before the news of Saratoga, when all Franklin's pleas to the Congress were being left unanswered, when British armies occupied both New York and Philadelphia, and when British fleets controlled the seas:

> They left us to work out our own salvation; which the efforts we had hitherto made, and the resources we had opened, gave us the fairest reason to hope we should be able to do.
>
> He told me the manner in which the whole of this business had been conducted was such a miracle in human affairs that, if he had not been in the midst of it and seen all the movements, he could not have comprehended how it was effected. To comprehend it, we must view a whole people for some months without any laws or government at all. In this state their civil governments were to be formed, an army and navy were to be provided for those who had neither a ship of war, a company of soldiers, nor magazines, arms, artillery, or ammunition. Alliances were to be formed, for they had none. All this was to be done, not at leisure nor in a time of tranquillity and communication with other nations, but in the face of a most formidable invasion, by the most powerful nation, full provided with armies, fleets, and all the instruments of destruction, powerfully allied and aided, the commerce with other nations in a great measure stopped up.
>
> The greatest revolution the world ever saw is likely to be effected in a few years; and the power that has for centuries made all Europe tremble, assisted by twenty thousand German mercenaries . . . will be effectually humbled by those whom she insulted and injured . . .[2]

No other of Franklin's colleagues in Paris was as generous. In the years of tension and trial in 1776 and 1778, what was striking in Franklin was his total faith in America and its ultimate victory, and his patience. Although his two fellow-commissioners, John Adams and John Jay, each likened himself to the Washington of the treaty-making of 1782-3, it was Franklin who was firm and steadfast — and who had been so from his arrival six years before. He was smoother, now, than in Philadelphia in 1764, more urbane and relaxed than in London in 1774-1775. Short of adequate information from home, surrounded by critics, plotters and spies, with few weapons except his own public fame and his verbal dexterity, and, now in his mid-70s and crippled with gout yet he was the true architect of the alliance of 1778, and the major engineer of the peace settlement of 1782-1783.

There is another paradox. Franklin's friends, who helped make the peace but came to it as 'the enemy', were the legacy of his many years of companionship in London, and the closest of them were Scots. Only one of his London Scottish friends, his fellow-publisher, and the printer of many of his anonymous pieces in the 1760s, became an MP, and a Tory MP too — William Strahan, whom Franklin called 'Straney'. (Strahan was an Edinburgh man, and there he was Strachan; he dropped the 'c' on reaching London.) The 45 Scots members in the House of Commons in the eighteenth century were firmly and almost unanimously loyal to the Throne, tho' not of course the Altar, and suitably rewarded. The rest of Franklin's Scottish friends stayed non-Parliamentarians, good liberals, and pro-American. In this they aligned with the Dissenters, the Quakers, the

Unitarians and deists, the natural and moral philosophers, the Fellows of the Royal Society and the Fellows of the Society of Arts who formed the Shelburne circle. (Alone of the political leaders, Shelburne had himself been in the Commons for a few months only.) Their natural world was that of dissent and criticism.

But pro-American in 1778 did not mean pro-French — as it might have done in 1715 and 1745. The entry of France into the war, and plans of invasion of 1779, with John Paul Jones designated as naval commander in the Channel and Lafayette to lead an invading army, and a strategy of blackmail against its seaports to pay up or be bombed devised by Franklin, led to a rallying round the Union flag that was a novelty in British history. Ireland might still offer a tempting base for an invading army, but no longer was this true of Scotland; in all his anxieties, George III in fact was safer on his throne after Yorktown than his grandfather or great grandfather had ever been; Bonnie Prince Charlie was by that time dissolute and besotted in Rome, and no Catholic or Stuart *coup* was tried. More than this, the threat from the old enemy led to the creation of some of the most splendid regiments; the Seaforth Highlanders and ten other Highland regiments were raised, and they would serve in America as promptly as they would resist a French invasion of the home island. So parallels could no longer be drawn between North America and Scotland as English 'colonies', as had been the academic fashion in mid-century. The US became independent; and Scotland — though it still stirs to the sound of the pibroch and is rich in the ballads of national sentiment — became more firmly part of the embattled and menaced United Kingdom than it had been before. This was an unexpected and surprising legacy of the American War.

Franklin returned home in 1785 aged 79. He attended the Constitutional Congress in 1787 but was too infirm to deliver his own speech, but James Wilson read it for him. It was the product of long experience and expressed that reasonableness that the twentieth century as well as the eighteenth might regard as the closest approximation that finite man can make to wisdom. He appealed to his colleagues among the Founding Fathers who opposed the Constitution to doubt with himself a little of their own infallibility. I confess, he said, that

> I do not entirely approve of this Constitution at present, but Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it. For having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration to change opinion even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that the older I grow the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment, and to pay more respect to the judgment of others... I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinion I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whisper'd a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die.

The poor boy of Boston, one of the seventeen children of a candlemaker, with one year's schooling at Boston Latin School, the wise-cracking journalist and inventor, business-man and politician, philosopher and philanderer, was also wise and always genial.

David Hume thought Franklin 'the first philosopher and indeed the first great man of letters for whom we are beholden to America'. This was not a view universally held. 'Honest but splenetic', wrote John Adams who never felt that he got adequate recognition. 'The history of our Revolution will be one continued lie from one end to the other. The essence of the whole will be that Dr. Franklin's electrical rod smote the earth and out sprang General Washington. That Franklin electrified him with his rod, and thenceforward these two conducted all the policy, negotiations, legislatures, and war'. And Balzac said succinctly of Benjamin Franklin that he invented the lightning rod, the hoax and the Republic.

What has to be added to the balance sheet is that he never deceived himself, and found his whole career, in its all-but-unbroken success, a subject for infinite jest. But whether the story is of the American Republic, of American science, of American Federalism, or of American Journalism, it all began with Benjamin Franklin, the one-time Old England Man.

NOTES

1. *Observations concerning the Increase of Mankind* (1751).
2. *Papers of Benjamin Franklin*, ed. Willcox, Yale University Press, 1986, vol. 25, p.100.

[Professor Esmond Wright, Director Emeritus of the Institute of United States Studies in London, was awarded the Franklin Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for his biography, *Franklin of Philadelphia* (Harvard University Press, 1986) in 1988. His *Benjamin Franklin: his life as he wrote it* is being published by Harvard this month.]

1990 — WATERSHED YEAR FOR SOUTH AFRICA?

by Jonathan Farley

1989 saw the passing from power of P. W. Botha and the accession of F. W. de Klerk. This article will attempt to determine whether or not 1990 will go down in history as a 'watershed' year, as one in which decisions were taken or events occurred crucial to the political future of South Africa. During its 80 years as an independent state, South Africa has seen several such seminal years.

Clearly, 1910 was one of them. By the South Africa Act of 1909, the British Parliament — after lengthy discussions with both Boer and Briton — determined that the country should become independent as a dominion the following year and that the vexed question of the native franchise would be left to that government to determine. So, on 31 May 1910, South Africa became independent with a constitution which assured the vote only to the minority White community, though it left non-Whites at the Cape with a franchise qualified by income and educational attainment. This was the only instance in which Westminster granted independence to one of its colonies on the basis of minority rule. British politicians, however, were in this heavily influenced by the unenthusiasm of the White community at the prospect of an extended native franchise, and, in a misguided attempt to reconcile Boer with Briton, allowed the constitution to be promulgated with this fatal flaw left in. Thus were the seeds of White supremacy sown in South Africa and, during the course of the next four decades, the economic and political status of the non-White — and particularly the African — community deteriorated under ever increasing legislative pressure, as the Mines and Works Amendment Act of 1926 and the Representation of Natives Act of 1936 both bear witness. The former permitted discrimination against native employment and promotion in the mines and the latter removed qualified Africans from the common voters' roll at the Cape, a right they had enjoyed since 1854.

The second watershed year was 1948: in the general election of May, D. F. Malan's Nationalist Party defeated, albeit narrowly, the United Party of Field Marshal J. C. Smuts. Whereas Smuts had always campaigned for a joint White leadership, Malan's appeal was almost exclusively to the Afrikaner 'volk'. Malan regarded the English-speakers as interlopers on the South African scene, reminding his Afrikaners of their long-standing historic role in the country and how they had suffered at the hands of the British. But, far worse in Malan's eyes, was the economic and social threat posed to the Afrikaner community by the growing proximity of the African to traditional White business and residential areas. If this urban influx was not suitably controlled, it would threaten not merely White employment and White life-style but the very purity of the White race. Malan played on these fears with sufficient skill to enable him to achieve victory in 1948 and to institutionalize, in successive years thereafter, the policy which came to be known as 'apartheid'.

Apartheid involved the separation of White and non-White in all spheres of life — except at the work place. It was based on the premise that the various races of South Africa were so innately different that they had to develop separately if society was not to fall apart. Malan, later Strijdom and, later still, Verwoerd proceeded to implement legislation which wrote 'race' into the country's whole constitutional fabric. The full list was massive, but the Population Registration Act of 1949, the Group Areas Act of 1950 and the Separate Amenities Act of 1953 constituted the main pillars of the system. They continue to do so today.[1]

During the 1950s, this policy encountered relatively little international opposition. However, as the 1950s changed into the 1960s, this ceased to be the case: the Sharpeville massacre of 1960 did much to focus world opinion on the whole policy of apartheid and the oppression of the non-European population which this involved. Equally, an increasing number of African colonies were gaining their independence and were not prepared to 'stand idly by' in the face of such discrimination. Tanganyika, in the run up to independence, declared that it would be unwilling to become a member of the Commonwealth if South Africa were permitted to remain after becoming a republic.[2] In the event, South Africa declined to renew her Commonwealth membership as a result of this and other diplomatic pressures but equally proceeded to pursue its apartheid policy with unabated vigour throughout the 1960s and into the 1970s.

The next watershed year was 1974/75. On 25 April 1974, Portugal's right-wing government of Marcel Caetano was overthrown by military coup d'etat, a coup which had seismic consequences for the political scene in the whole of Southern Africa. Firstly, it involved the departure of the Portuguese from their colonies of Angola and Mozambique,[3] the army repudiating Portugal's whole imperial role in Africa and declaring it would defend it no more. Secondly, it broke the phalanx of White-controlled territories which had, to a large extent, cocooned Ian Smith's rebel regime in Rhodesia from hostile economic and guerrilla activity, rendering it more dependent on South African support and thereby drawing the Republic increasingly into unwelcome political limelight. Thirdly, whereas in April 1974, African nationalism's Southern frontier lay along the Congo and Ruvuma rivers, it had, by December 1975, shifted to the River Cunene and the North-East border of the Transvaal. When South Africa's misguided involvement in the Angola civil war, on behalf of the anti-Marxist UNITA against the Marxist MPLA, obliged her to withdraw from that country in some disarray at the end of 1975, her Black population began to feel that history was at last moving in their direction. This encouraged them to take to the streets of the various townships in June 1976 in protest at Afrikaans being used as a compulsory medium for teaching in African primary schools. Hundreds of Africans were killed in the townships[4] during the subsequent unrest, which it took some months for the authorities to bring under control. B. J. Vorster's stature as Prime Minister suffered as a result and when, soon afterwards, he was implicated in the 'Muldergate' affair, he had lost too much authority to continue in office.

He resigned in 1978 and was succeeded by P. W. Botha.

Botha had been Vorster's defence minister and had a reputation as a hard-line, conservative member of the Nationalist Party leadership. Despite this, he was shrewd enough to appreciate the significance of 1974/75. He realized that there could be no return to the heyday of apartheid in the early 1960s or to the stark confrontation of Soweto and the other Black townships in the mid/late 1970s. He understood, too, that the United States, under the newly elected Carter Administration, would not condone a policy of naked White supremacy. So he determined on a policy of change at once sufficiently concessionary to take the wind out of the sails of apartheid's domestic and foreign critics but neither so radical as to undermine fundamentally the structure of White rule.

Botha's early period in office was, by White South African standards, one of major political, economic and social change. In 1979, Black trade unions were granted the right to strike, a right previously denied to them by the Native Labour Act of 1953. Expenditure on African education was greatly increased after 1979, and in 1982/83, Africans were re-admitted to South Africa's principal universities, entry to them having been long refused by the Extension of University Education Act of 1959.[5] In 1986, The Abolition of Influx Control Act eased the situation of Africans seeking employment and residence in 'White' areas of South Africa and the detested 'pass laws' became a thing of the past. In 1985, the right of both White and non-White to marry and have sexual intercourse across the colour-line was restored by the repeal of both the Mixed Marriages Act of 1949 and the Immorality Act of 1950. All these measures marked substantial reforms of the classic apartheid system.

However substantial in legal terms, they altered little in practice. Though they made life distinctly less intolerable for the non-White, the structure of White supremacy remained fundamentally intact. This fact was well appreciated by the various non-White communities, even if conservative Whites saw these reforms, paradoxically, as the beginning of the end. They viewed the new Tricameral Constitution of 1984 with particular distrust.

This constitution involved a new departure, as political power was to be shared with the Coloured and Asian communities and no longer to be the exclusive preserve of the Whites. Its three chambers were to deliberate and vote separately on all bills, any conflict between them being resolved by the device of the President's Council, where there was a permanent White majority. There was no provision for an African chamber on the ground that Blacks were already able to exercise their political rights within the various Bantustan territories. This new constitution was approved by the White electorate in a referendum in November 1983. Its overall aim was to signal both to the international community and to the various non-White groups in South Africa that the Afrikaner leopard was genuinely changing its spots, that democratic political change would be introduced step by step and that blatant racial discrimination was becoming a thing of the past.

However, Botha failed to convince the majority of South Africa's

population— or indeed the international community — of these benign intentions. A small but significant minority of the Nationalist Party, appalled at the extension of the franchise to the Coloured community, broke away in 1982 under Andries Treurnicht to form the Conservative Party. The latter was committed to the purist apartheid of Verwoerd and, as such, opposed not merely the new constitution but most of Botha's reformist measures. The left of centre, multi-racial Progressive Federal Party (now part of the new Democratic Party) deplored this lack of a representative chamber for the African majority and opposed the constitution on this ground alone. Likewise, the various African political groups from the banned ANC of Oliver Tambo to the Inkatha Movement of Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, condemned their exclusion from South Africa's new political configuration. Indeed the inclusion of the Coloureds and the Asians was seen by the Africans as a crude attempt to divide-and-rule the non-White community as well as to deprive them permanently of a political voice. It was this exclusion that led to the outbreak of riots in the various African townships from 1984 onwards and to many deaths. These riots, whilst directed against the White establishment, involved death and injury primarily to those Africans who had collaborated with the authorities by holding positions of responsibility within the townships.

Acts of appalling cruelty were perpetrated, notably the 'necklacing' of collaborators, real and imaginary: Winnie Mandela, wife of the then imprisoned Nelson, was implicated in some of these incidents and lost a measure of sympathy as a result. This civil commotion became general from 1984 onwards, resulting in 1985 in the imposition of a state of emergency throughout the country which has been continued ever since. This involved the grant of increased legal powers to the police and other security authorities and draconian controls on the media and their reportage of events in the townships: it involved the harassment and detention of Blacks, including children as young as eight caught throwing stones at police land-rovers. All this served to raise the degree of Black/White antagonism to fever pitch and also drew on to South Africa considerable international condemnation, as evidenced by the economic sanctions mounted against her by the United States and the European Community in the period 1985/86 and disinvestment by a number of multi-national concerns, notably General Motors and Barclays Bank.

It was precisely this situation which Botha, by making these various reforms, had hoped to avoid. Of these, it was, without question, the Tricameral Constitution which proved to be his undoing, for it produced three dire consequences. First, it led to the establishment of the Conservative Party, secondly, its exclusion of Africans from political representation led to unrest in the townships and, thirdly, the brutality with which this was suppressed led to the imposition of sanctions by important members of the Western community. Botha had, by sending troops and riot police into the townships instead of addressing the problem of African representation, reacted to the crisis like an orthodox Afrikaner, who believed that, when dealing with Africans, clubs were ultimately trumps.

This was a tragedy not merely for Botha but for South Africa because when he finally announced his intention to resign the presidency, in the Spring of 1989, he bequeathed his successor a legacy fraught with problems. For the Whites, the Nationalist Party seemed to have lost its sense of direction: for the Asians and Coloureds, there was the shadow rather than substance of political power and for the Blacks, there was no power at all but a sullen, brooding racial tension. The main problem, which faced de Klerk on his accession to full power in September 1989 and which faces him still, can be quite simply stated: how can the Africans, who constitute three quarters of the population of the country, be given a permanent and proper place in its body politic?

This was the issue which Botha had not been able to confront—and for good reason. To most Afrikaners, the very idea of sharing political power with Africans was anathema and ran against the grain of their history. As the old Boers moved north and eastwards across the country after 1652, they clashed with the Black tribes, who, once the Kaffir Wars of the eighteenth century had been won, became their slaves. Later, a strict master and servant relationship developed. The African was essentially subordinate, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, a status formally affirmed in the 1854 Transvaal Constitution that 'there should be no equality between Black and White either in Church or State'. With the electoral triumph of the Afrikaners in 1948, this inequality between the races came to be written into the constitutional law of South Africa and, ever since, Afrikaners—with honourable, though rare exceptions—have believed that this was how it should remain. Botha's dilemma now becomes clearer; whilst having the political courage to split Afrikanerdom by giving the vote to Coloureds and Asians, he shrank from shattering it by doing the same, in any form, for Blacks. It falls now to President de Klerk to complete the most difficult part of the task begun by Botha in 1983/84, namely to give Blacks a say in the country's political future. Any programme of negotiation should address the following key issues.

Firstly, that of the detained leader, Nelson Mandela, now released. He was imprisoned in 1964 for advocating the overthrow of the state by force: this long term of detention combined with his continuing refusal to renounce violence as an instrument of policy has evoked enormous charisma around his name in the eyes of South Africa's Black population generally. Even those Blacks, like Chief Buthelezi of Kwa Zulu, who have renounced the use of force to change the system and been prepared to work within it, were not willing to enter into political negotiations with Pretoria until Mandela was freed. The same applies to the UDF under the leadership of the Reverend Allan Boesak and Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Pretoria would have released Mandela several years ago, had he been prepared to renounce violence: the problem for the present leadership is that it could not be sure of the consequences of releasing him unconditionally. If he were to address a political rally in Soweto, would this endanger law and order? Given the extent of his following, would it be wise to release him into a political vacuum? If he were not to be released

into a political vacuum, what role would Pretoria envisage for him in any negotiations about the country's political future? And, if any political role were to be allowed to Blacks, would it not have to be a major one in view of their size as a demographic group?

Secondly, and directly linked with the Mandela question, is that of recognition of the African National Congress. The latter was founded in 1912 with the aim of obtaining the political rights, of which Blacks had been deprived by the independence constitution of 1910. Its existence was tolerated by the White government but its requests for negotiation were ignored: for its first fifty years, it confined itself to peaceful protest. However, after Sharpville, it came to realize that this policy would bear no fruit and thenceforward advocated a policy of violence on the ground that constitutional opposition of the kind common in Western democracies stood no chance of success. Prominent among the leadership of the ANC at this time was Nelson Mandela. In 1962, he publicly stated that apartheid itself was an inherently violent policy and could thus be resisted only by violence, even if this involved the overthrow of the state — a statement for which he was sentenced to life imprisonment. Now, a quarter of a century later, Mandela's popularity amongst the Blacks and continuing association with the ANC gives it a major role in any negotiations about the country's future and de Klerk must in his heart recognize that no such negotiations could take place until the ANC was legalized and its leaders amnestied.

Assuming, therefore, the release of Nelson Mandela and the legitimisation of the ANC, one must consider, thirdly, the kind of political negotiation which needs to take place. From the outset, Pretoria must be willing to accept the idea of radical change: just as it wrote 'race' into the constitution in 1948, so it must excise it in 1990. To this end, it must call together the leaders of the various White, Coloured and Asian communities in industry, commerce, education, church, police and military and lock them into negotiations on reform, the government itself acting as a 'strong chairman', coaxing and cajoling wherever possible, though ultimately determining the final position on the key issues. The Group Areas Act, for example, will have to be repealed at an early stage as a token of White good faith with a promise in principle to repeal the Population Registration Act. It will find agreement easier to reach on some issues and with some groups than on others, but the September 1989 elections, in which the multi-racial Democratic Party made significant gains at the expense of the Nationalists, tend to suggest that the government has a reasonable chance of making such a negotiating process work, and it must be seriously embarked upon within the next few months and concluded before the end of the year. At this point, negotiations with the Black communities should begin: the ANC, Inkatha, the UDF, COSATU, leaders in the African townships must all be locked into the same interlocutory process as would have occurred previously for Whites, Coloureds and Asians, the government again acting as strong chairman. In a way which it has never previously done, it would both listen and hear the Africans' grievances and

aspirations and, bearing in mind the fears and aspirations of the White, Coloured and Asian communities, endeavour to establish a common, non-racial approach on South Africa's way ahead. What is crucial, as Denis Worrall of the Democratic Party has cogently argued,[6] is that South Africans talk to one another as South Africans rather than as Blacks, Whites, Coloureds and Asians, that they should realise that there is a common weal in which they should all share and to which they should all contribute. The Whites must retreat from their present insistence on the concept of 'group rights' which would, in any future arrangement, enable them to veto proprosals for major political, economic or social change: likewise, the Africans must abate their call for 'one man, one vote', since this would enable them, were they so minded, to tyrannize the other three communities. Of this, the latter are only too fearful and this fear must be allayed. The government's task is to find that point of political balance, where no one racial group can either dominate or be dominated.

Two of the three key issues have now been addressed — and with startling suddenness. On February 2nd, at the State Opening of Parliament, President de Klerk announced the unconditional release of Nelson Mandela and the legalisation of the African National Congress, the Pan-African Congress and the South African Communist Party. These decisions open the door to the possibility of political negotiations between all the country's racial groups, even if the state of emergency for the time being remains in place. Provided that an equation can be achieved whereby majority rule does not mean 'black domination' and 'group rights', an indefinite perpetuation of the status quo, then 1990 may well go down in South African history as a year in which its perennial racial conflicts began to be stilled, as one in which its various peoples began to perceive and work towards a common destiny — in short, as a 'watershed' year. The present signs are hopeful: Mandela has spoken, since his release, of the legitimacy of the Whites' place in South Africa and of the contribution they have made to the country's development: a formal approach by the ANC has already been made to the government about the initiation of political negotiations.

Certain dangers do, however, lie ahead. If negotiations start and fail to make genuine progress, Mandela could be outflanked by younger, more radical elements in the ANC or by the PAC which does not believe in multiracial democracy. Alternatively, the paramilitary Afrikaner *Wehrstandsbewegung* might unleash a White backlash with the tacit support of the Conservative Party which could open the possibility of civil war.

NOTES

1. President de Klerk recently announced his government's intention to repeal the 1953 Separate Amenities Act.
2. Technically, South Africa had to re-apply for Commonwealth membership after deciding to become a republic in 1960/61. This, she declined to do.
3. It also withdrew from Portuguese Guinea in West Africa (now Guinea-Bissau).
4. The official government figure was 175: the unofficial figure was nearer 1000.
5. This Act banned Blacks from South Africa's main universities, permitting them only entry to tribal colleges in the Bantustan territories, which specialised in vocational education.
6. *The Daily Telegraph*. Article of 26 September 1989.

THE MUJAHIDEEN FAILURE: SHIFTING PARAMETERS IN AFGHANISTAN

by Robert Stone

DURING the weeks leading to the February 15, 1989, deadline for the final Soviet troop withdrawals from Afghanistan, veteran passengers aboard the Ariana Afghan Airways flight, Kabul-bound from Delhi, found themselves looking down anxiously as the plane banked to land at the Kabul airport. The sight of helicopter gunships hovering over the city emitting fireballs would elicit a collective sigh of relief. The fireballs could usually be counted on to divert the heat-seeking missiles fired from Mujahideen positions in the surrounding mountains.

The plane would touch down virtually empty. The return flight, however, was filled to capacity. At the time, everyone with a visa and the money for a ticket was getting out.

Disembarking passengers painted a bleak picture of the Afghan capital. As the conflict began to degenerate from a geopolitical confrontation into a very nasty local war, rocket attacks were not the only inconvenience. The Mujahideen succeeded several times in cutting the strategic Salang highway which connects Kabul with the Soviet border. This led to extreme hardship for the city's inhabitants, who had grown threefold in number since the war began. The deep snows of a bitter central Asian winter compounded the shortage of fuel. Panic occasionally led to violence in the lines of people waiting for limited emergency food rations.

At the time even the most seasoned Afghan war-watchers were predicting a Mujahideen walk-over. The indelible image of a helicopter atop the American Embassy in Saigon came to mind. Afghanistan was the Soviet Union's Vietnam, said the press. The end was nigh.

The first anniversary of the pull-out is now well past. Bone-chilling winds have again mixed snow with the gritty brown dust of Afghanistan's high valleys. What has come to be known as the summer fighting season is over for another year. Kabul is still the target of fierce rocket attacks and its citizens can expect to shiver through many more kerosene shortages but the tactical positions of the two sides remain largely unchanged from those of one year ago.

The great Islamic schism between Sunni and Shi'ite divides the seven resistance groups in Pakistan from the eight party alliance in Iran. The disarray and confusion prevailing even within these Mujahideen groupings has reached crisis proportions and lies behind their failure to gain control of the country. The resistance has lost the battlefield initiative while the government of Najibullah is gaining in confidence and credibility. The Mujahideen may still eventually win the grinding, undecided war but an end is by no means in sight. In the Pakistani border city of Peshawar, the word from those in the know is a private acknowledgement that the Najibullah government is 'looking good' for the time being.

When the Soviets began their pull-out, the Kabul regime started systematically abandoning large areas formerly under its control. Troop resources were concentrated on points of military and communications importance. The interim government proudly announced that the Mujahideen controlled all of Afghanistan outside the major towns. They failed to mention that, aside from the major towns, there is nothing else in the country's hostile topography of any military significance. At last count, the rebels held only six of thirty-one provincial capitals.

The roots of the Mujahideen's troubles date back to the very beginning of the so-called 'jihad' and stem from their lack of political unity and autonomy. The overthrow of President Muhammad Daud in 1978 by a faction of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA) caused panic, not only in the west but among Afghanistan's western-allied neighbours as well. Washington, Islamabad and even Tehran — then under the soon to be deposed Shah — came to believe that serious steps were necessary to check the spread of the revolution. When the PDPA's repressive measures generated mass revolts across Afghanistan, they were given the excuse they needed.

Attempts had already been made to organise those activists who had fled to Pakistan soon after Daud had seized power in his 1972 coup d'etat. They were given asylum and military training by then Prime Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. The initial campaign had ended in disaster, however, with most of the activists being captured and executed. The rest withdrew to Pakistan where they languished until they were reorganised after the 1978 coup. From these 'guests' of Pakistan's military intelligence grew the new leadership of the Afghan resistance movement. Each leader received help to set up his own party and arm his own militia. The idea, conceived at CIA headquarters in Washington, was to establish a number of groups from among the Afghans opposing the Kabul regime so the entire operation could be manipulated more easily.

Difficulties arose almost immediately. First, the new leaders had no experience in political struggle. Representing the entire spectrum of religious and political orthodoxy, they had been selected to serve foreign goals rather than those of Islam or the Afghan cause. In addition, the existence of the various parties had originally depended entirely on the personal goodwill of the late General Zia-ul Haq. Once they had had the recognition of Zia's government, their party accounts had been stuffed with money and their arsenals with weapons, irrespective of whether or not they also had the support of a constituency within the Afghan community. The need for money and arms made the various Mujahideen factions dependent on Pakistan. It forced them to become subservient to a regime which was itself carrying out the wishes of the US administration in the region, in return for one of the best stocked and most modern arsenals in Asia.

When Gorbachov assumed power, glasnost and perestroika led Moscow to begin gradually adopting a more flexible approach to the United Nations peace initiative then being spearheaded by Secretary General

Perez de Cuellar. The Kremlin started expressing concern over a possible 'blood bath' following its departure and called for the formation of a government of 'national reconciliation' as a pre-condition for withdrawal.

While endorsing the principle of an interim government, Pakistan and the United States — the Mujahideen were not consulted — insisted that the withdrawal should come first. Behind their thinking lay the optimistic belief that the Mujahideen would have a quick rout after the Soviet withdrawal. They therefore saw no need to make political compromises.

The highly publicised battle for Jalalabad that began in anticipation of the pull-out has alternately raged and spluttered ever since. It typifies the Mujahideen failure. Any hopes of capturing the city in a swift offensive have been unequivocally dashed. A plan to install the interim Mujahideen government in the capital of Nangarhar province and call for international recognition has also remained unfulfilled.

The tough resistance being offered by the defenders of Jalalabad has surprised everyone, not least the well-wishers of the PDPA regime in Kabul. They are already trying to draw parallels with the heroic defence of Leningrad by the Russians during the second world war. Jalalabad's ancient walls have rung to the sounds of battle before. As a watering stop on the famed Silk Route carrying luxury goods and ideas between Rome, India and China, it has been an attractive and strategic prize over the centuries. Every aspiring conqueror that has passed through here, from Genghis Khan and Alexander to the British and now the Mujahideen, has thought Jalalabad would be a piece of cake. No one has had an easy time of it.

Neither side can afford to lose the city. The Mujahideen finds itself under tremendous pressure to deliver the goods, especially after their vociferous claims. Their detractors and even some of their supporters are questioning their credibility after predictions that the Najibullah regime would fall within a month of the Soviet departure.

For its part, the Afghan government has put everything into the battle. It is acutely aware that this strategic eastern city, once Afghanistan's winter capital, symbolises the determination of the PDPA regime to survive even without Red Army support. Jalalabad's defenders kept the rampaging Mujahideen at bay after suffering some early losses and losing an important suburban garrison in only two and a half hours. They put up a spirited defence in an attempt to fulfil the motto that is scrawled everywhere in Afghanistan — 'homeland or death'. They know that the loss of Jalalabad could trigger a chain of events leading to the Kabul regime's ultimate collapse.

The Jalalabad battle was a new experience for the Mujahideen. Until it began they had experienced only guerrilla war and the switch over to direct military confrontation was not as smooth as expected. Plans to instantly take control of the city went awry, largely due to the Mujahideen's lack of training in conventional warfare and the absence of a co-ordinated military strategy under a unified command. Those returning from the battlefront say that the Mujahideen in the forward positions

sometimes fall victim to the undisciplined firepower of their own men. In a war dominated by long-range weaponry, they are ill-trained and ill-equipped to differentiate between friend and foe when firing at distant targets. To add to the military disarray, the Mujahideen war effort is constantly being interrupted by religion. In early May, at the height of the battle, hundreds of guerrillas returned to the refugee camps in Pakistan to mark the end of the Muslim fasting month with their families.

The air superiority enjoyed by the Afghan armed forces has also proved crucial in the Jalalabad battle. The Mujahideen have been forced to halt their advance on the city and look for cover. Most of the losses they have suffered resulted from heavy aerial bombardment by Afghan Air Force jet fighters. This bombardment has been surprisingly accurate considering the fact that the planes must fly at high altitudes to escape being hit by the US-supplied Stinger missiles. More Mujahideen have been killed or injured in the rear positions by aerial bombardment and artillery shelling than in the frontlines where light weapons are being used.

And while Afghan soldiers are said to be tired of war and lacking commitment, the sacrifices rendered by Afghan government supporters have been out of all proportion to expectations, particularly to those who predicted large-scale defections once the Soviet troops had left.

More surprising are the deeds of some of the militias which consist of villagers armed by the regime. They tend to fight to the bitter end to defend their respective areas. Even women are reported to be joining the frontlines. Indeed, it is widely acknowledged by many Mujahideen commanders that the militias and committed government supporters pose a greater challenge to them than the paid soldiers who have little stake in the war and would be the first to defect or surrender, should the opportunity arise.

This fierce determination on the part of Jalalabad's defenders can be attributed to a degree to loyalty to the Kabul regime but it also results from the fact that certain Mujahideen factions have the nasty habit of executing prisoners of war, in definance of the Geneva Convention.

As the battle drags on, the Mujahideen are suffering their heaviest losses of the war. An air of growing disillusionment at the huge loss of life hangs over the refugee camps. Some of the mullahs have begun to insist that those who die in battle be washed and buried in the traditional manner, not given the funeral rites of Islamic warriors. The war is no longer 'jihad'. Since the Russians left, they say, Muslims are simply fighting Muslims.

This failure has placed their major supporters and suppliers, the Bush Administration and the Pakistani military, both of which inherited the situation from previous regimes and wish they had not, in a quandary. Inspired by the late General Zia-ul Haq, the Pakistani high command has long maintained that only with a government of its choice in Kabul can Pakistan secure its common border with Afghanistan and control the volatile tribal belt between the two countries. With Zia gone, the

decision of whether or not to intervene directly to assist the Mujahideen is one nobody is willing to make.

Now that it is clear the expected walk-over has failed to materialise, the US and Pakistan find themselves in a bind, facing stalemates on both the military and diplomatic fronts. The danger is that without either a clear military victory for one side or the other, and in the absence of a negotiated solution to the war, Afghanistan could end up being partitioned, much like Lebanon, leaving millions of refugees stranded in Pakistan and Iran.

The Mujahideen are a far from cohesive and homogeneous force. The fact that the Kabul government has been quite successful in tempting certain tribes to fight on its side with offers of cash and kind illustrates just how loose the resistance alliance is. Tribesmen are encouraged to fight for the government for a few months and then return to their villages with some cash and a Kalashnikov. There are reports that even Mahsud tribesmen from Pakistan's northern tribal belt have been tempted by the offer and are helping to defend the provincial town of Khost alongside Afghan government soldiers. Many Mujahideen field commanders, those who control substantial tracts of the countryside, have deals with both sides. These tribal warlords have virtual autonomy in their regions. This divides the country into more than a hundred centres of power — a condition that has prevailed in Afghanistan for centuries.

The Kabul policy of providing material support to rebel commanders in exchange for local ceasefire agreements has at times rendered as much as 80% of the Mujahideen forces inactive. It is commonly understood that field commanders pay lip service to the interim government, as a means of maintaining the arms conduit, but that otherwise its influence is confined to the Pakistani border city of Peshawar. Most are said to be in favour of negotiating directly with the Najibullah government. They at least recognise certain geopolitical imperatives that seem to have escaped the analysts in both Washington and Islamabad.

First, because Afghanistan has more than a thousand miles of common border with the Soviet Union, no government in Kabul can ever afford to be anti-Soviet. It is a fact of history as well as geography which has been demonstrated repeatedly over the centuries and from which there is no escape. Afghanistan was, after all, the first nation in the world to sign a treaty of friendship with the new Bolshevik regime when it came to power in 1917.

Second, in view of the alarming rise of nationalist sentiments in various republics of the Soviet Union, the Afghan question is far more important for Moscow now than it ever was. Iranian fundamentalists are beaming inflammatory radio broadcasts in regional languages to a population of Tajiks, Uzbecks and Turkomans who populate both the northern areas of Afghanistan and the adjoining Soviet republics. This, along with recent unrest in the Baltics, Azerbaijan, Armenia and Georgia, have made Moscow all the more jittery about potential Afghan fall out. Before the Soviets can be persuaded to stop meddling in Afghanistan, their sensitivity

about any Afghan influence on their Asian republics must be put to rest.

All the while Soviet soldiers were in Afghanistan, the US and Pakistan found it logical to support the Mujahideen. But now that the obvious enemy has withdrawn and the war still rages, embarrassing questions are being raised. In an age of rapidly improving east-west relations, would not American effort be more wisely invested in the search for a political solution in Afghanistan? Should the US continue supporting a diverse and chaotic group of resistance fighters whom most western diplomats in Asia privately characterise as backward thugs who hold the philosophies of Ayatollah Khomeini more dearly than their commitment to the values of democracy and freedom?

Moscow knows it can expect to continue playing a major role in the affairs of Afghanistan for some time to come. Whatever government comes to power will need at least to appear friendly. The Soviet Union provides the country's entire energy needs and buys all the natural gas produced in the northern provinces. It also absorbs about 75% of Afghanistan's other exports. In retrospect, far from being a failure, the Soviet adventure in Afghanistan seems to have achieved many of its objectives. The entire northern half of the country, down to the Hindu Kush mountains, is well integrated into the economic and civil administration systems of Soviet Central Asia. The electricity grids are interconnected and interdependent. The export of natural gas from Afghanistan to the Soviet Union has continued virtually unimpeded since before the occupation.

The tragedy of Afghanistan is far from over. The conflict, with a death toll approaching the proportions of the great plagues, continues unabated. Afghans on both sides are being killed or maimed in a civil war that threatens to become even more bloody. But the idea that Afghanistan is somehow the Soviet Union's Vietnam is a misconception.

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Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *The Soviet Union and China: All Quiet on the Eastern Front?* by Keith D. Suter, *Democratic Renewal and Consolidation, Debt and the Military: Recent Writing on Latin America* by Christopher Abel and *Anthony Powell: The Reversals and Renewals of Time* by Donald Williams Bruce. Leo Muray's article on Germany will appear in May. The *Quarterly Fiction Review* is deferred to May.

IN SEARCH OF MOTHER RUSSIA

by Charles Evans

ON a June evening I stood nervously in the foyer of a Moscow hotel. The auguries for my future did not seem good. Despite the happy prospect of three months' exploration in a new country, dark forces were gathering: my luggage had mysteriously disappeared, telephone contacts hung up as they heard my voice, strangers approached me with bizarre proposals. Or were these dark forces? Later, I would recognise the Westerner's paranoia, the urge to see evil where there is mere inefficiency. In distinguishing these (and perceiving both), I was fortunate to have with me an extraordinary friend and companion. When I think of Russia, I think of her.

Now she came, solid and heavy, carving through the flotsam of tourists like a steamship. This was Yelena, mother of two teenage boys, loyal Russian and arch Soviet critic, cousin of a London *émigrée* friend and my unflagging guide in the months that followed. Yelena, characteristically unpunctual, was unperturbed by my fears. She distinguished swiftly — and, as I learned, unerringly — between surveillance and bad service. I was reassured, organised, pointed firmly towards a certain Russian Orthodox church, her 'most loved church in Moscow', an intentionally symbolic start to my time in Russia. And so we set off in the blazing sunshine of that summer, Yelena striding the busy streets tirelessly, always ahead, full of Russian strength and cheerful stories and church history, pointing to statues, monuments, buildings — and I had my first dazzling kaleidoscope of images: queues and ice-cream, battered cars, empty shops, tourists in marshalled groups, grim-faced shoppers in headscarves, jeans, mini-skirts and the incessant hammer of fast, loud Russian.

The bus stopped a yard from the pavement. As I paused, Yelena pushed firmly from behind — and I joined the heaving mass of close-packed Muscovites, was pressed into the dark interior as my feet lost contact with the ground, stood pinned as we lurched off in the hooting, swerving flow of traffic. It was my first experience of the Russian *collective*. These jammed Russian bodies, jostling for space with knee and elbow, smelling of sweat and garlic and the fresh flowers they carried everywhere, bawling their conversation at two yards' distance, passing coins and tickets at third and fourth hand, this was no compartment of private individuals — we were a group, an organism, a single corporate thing. A massive ancient television, swaddled in blankets, blocks the aisle: whose is it? Should it be there? Does it work? Conversation and argument erupt around it. A small girl, hair ribbons fluttering on her tiny top-knot, submerges in the crush and is swept to a seat on a sea of sympathetic hands and commiserating voices. I open my mouth to speak: instantly there are three rival students for an impromptu English class. This bus, for the duration of our ride, is one Russian family. 'Your trouble is', another friend said later, 'for you the unit is the personality'.

Yelena's little church lay some distance from the centre, as if hidden. We left the bus to a babble of farewells, stepped carefully across the shiny tramlines and cobbles, walked a steep incline into a quiet side street. I looked up in amazement. A jewel seemed to spring from the shadows. The yellow building glistened like gold, onion domes bright with blue and green, carved doors open in the broad archway; from within, the shimmering of massed candles, dark still figures in silhouette — and a continuous low chant, wave upon wave of overlapping sound, repetitive and insistent. I drew back. It was long since I had entered any church. But Yelena, sensing my unease, came to my side, drew me forward with a smile. Inside, I stood uncertainly, peering at the little scattered groups. They were mostly old people, darkly dressed, a little ragged. Heads were bowed, hands clasped. There were continuous Signs of the Cross, foreheads dipping to the floor as a fourth point of touch. There was the sweetness of incense, the just audible crackle of the pale pink candles, the dead-white pallor of old faces against the black shawls — and always the chant, throbbing with energy. Now hands were busy around me: bread was being passed forward for blessing — no symbolic wafers these but big loafy chunks, homely in chipped enamel bowls and clinking buckets. Occasionally there was movement: an old grandmother, back bent almost to the floor, moved to perform a tiny, cherished task; a child, big-eyed with awe, was pressed forward to light his candle; a cluster at the little corner stall jostled for icons and medals.

We edged forward. The space was open, but packed densely towards the front. Better-dressed Muscovites seemed to come and go more restlessly behind us. A few elderly rested periodically on the single bench along the rear wall, straining painfully to stand as aching limbs allowed. 'We do not sit before God', murmured Yelena beside me. I looked across at her. Her eyes were dancing in her flushed face, more alive now than at any time I had seen her. She lowered her voice to whisper explanations — icons, illustrated parables, iconostasis — speaking the words like gifts. I asked her why so many women formed the congregation, so few men. Now she smiled. 'In difficult times, women keep the church alive, I think.' Confirmation came unexpectedly. Tired, I moved back, slipped into a place on the bench. On an impulse of relaxation, I leaned back, crossed my legs. Retribution was instant, my neighbour exploding into angry hissed Russian: 'That is not the way to sit in church! Are you watching television?' She looked around for support. 'Why does the gentleman not show respect?' She could not be stemmed. I was still offering apologies to the old *babushka* as Yelena hurried to my rescue.

But we did not leave. First, Yelena drew me forward, pressed me almost to the front as the chanting rose majestically — and from the gleaming sanctuary partition emerged the black-bearded and golden-caped priest, now in full song. I was stunned by the sound around me; the air seemed to vibrate with it. I looked at Yelena and she drew me aside, pressed a candle in my hand, motioned me to a side-altar. A smile played on her lips and her dark eyes looked almost amused. There was

a small sanctuary light and I held my candle to it, fumbling the task in my nervousness, clumsily extinguishing both. Distinctly, I heard Yelena's small gasp of horror behind me. But by now I was known. He was a foreigner, this young man, from England, and could be excused. There was instant help, understanding smiles and tiny forgiving gestures of hand and head. And so we moved outside on this tide of care and concern, into the bright sunshine and the quiet lane.

Yelena walked quickly (as she always did), smiling to herself, keeping her counsel. My own mind buzzed with questions. I think now she did not want me to speak, fearing the damage that words can do. But finally I stopped her. Her brown eyes rested on me in the quiet street. She said nothing. I poured out a jumbled sentence to her, searching for shape and meaning to the images I had seen. As my words rambled on (for I did not even know what I was asking), I came to transubstantiation, clung to it as a point of focus. The question, absurdly technical, hung in the air between us. I should have known better. Yelena smiled gently. 'I think it does not matter', she said.

A week later we stood together in the Lenin Museum. It was my idea, not hers. In those seven days we had toured palaces, inspected monuments, scrutinised paintings, walked parks — Yelena always at my side, explaining, observing, recounting. Yet something was missing. We walked against a background of red posters and slogans. Huge wall paintings still extolled the revolutionary virtues. Over the factory gates banners invoked socialist zeal and industry. Yelena passed them by as if they were invisible. And the mystery crystallized in my mind: Where now the bowed heads and chanting? What of Marx and Lenin? What corner of the Russian mind accommodated these figures of idolatry? Here, surely, in Lenin's own museum, I might approach the mystery.

It was, for a start, an extraordinary building. I was often to admire this. Rublev, Palyenov, Mayakovsky — their museums were no dusty showcase compilations but memorials which caught the flavour of their subjects, the new museum art. Lenin's had this, and more. Huge, marvellously clean and shining, it led through white concrete, airy expanses of glass, purring escalators of aluminium. There were photographs, relics, reconstructions — all meticulously labelled and imaginatively presented. Overhead, red sweeps of colour at dramatic angles — banners, posters, placards — directed, explained, retold the revolutionary struggle, led inescapably on. The museum also had Boris.

Boris (as I thought of him) was the museum guide. As we entered, we heard his high fast voice enthusing to his charge. She was an elderly and garrulous American, an ex-Party member with the predictable blend of reverence and iconoclasm. I was drawn instantly to Boris; she was happy to share him as one might a hamburger. And so this unlikely quartet, in different tongues, with some suspicion and quite by chance, walked and talked together through a strange and magic afternoon.

Boris, head cocked, hands fluttering, words spouting from him, paused only reluctantly for questions, ever alert to danger, to implications.

complications, reservations. Questions he saw in moral terms. The good questions — those which showed sympathy, understanding — earned praise, further explanation. The bad questions — arguing a point of history, querying a claim — drew sadness, swift correction, even once a wagging forefinger. Then always came the brilliant smile, deflecting criticism, disarming hostility, his words racing on from danger, his hands displaying like a conjuror yet another trick from history. Always he drew us on, away from feeling and darkness and guesswork (as he saw it) — and on to the pure white light, the clear answers, the unambiguous one-dimensional truths of his outlook, his vision. It was a breathtaking display. Once the American confided how she felt about the Revolution. She had hardly finished when he had her by the throat. 'Feeling? Feeling? I am a scientist! I believe in Science!' Following him from a screen dense with photographs of Lenin's life, I murmured that Inessa Armand was not much in evidence. He rounded on me so that the screen rattled. 'It is speculation!' he cried, as if in distress. 'What is speculation? Where are the documents? Where are the documents?' (Weeks later Yelena and I were still shouting this question at each other in our lighter moments). Occasionally, he went too far even by his own standards, as if carried off on his own fanatical enthusiasm. 'No, Stalin did not kill anybody,' he asserted at one point. Then, as all our eyebrows rose together, he quickly found dry land: 'There was repression. Yes, there is always repression.'

The two visits I have described remain deeply etched in my mind. The church, the museum — these two formed the twin poles of my visit, the parameters between which so much else that I saw moved and had meaning. Each had its initiates, its ritual, its implausibility, its deep attractions — and, just as events seemed to pull irresistibly in the direction of one, so the power of the other, long latent, became manifest. Yelena afterwards described Boris to me as 'a dead man' — but, for once, I think she was wrong. She was as wrong as Boris with his contemptuous dismissal of the Russian church. I remember always that I saw them stand together, she in her dowdy dark dress and worn shoes, her eyes gentle, arms submissive at her side, he in his sharp-cut suit, face agile and intense, hands wildly at work before him. They were together, but apart; there was speaking, but no exchange; both were present, but neither saw the other. Seeing them stand together I felt suddenly that this meeting should not have happened, the sequence of events was wrong — yet somehow a kind of picture. These were two Russians, two living souls who were friendly and hospitable, thought collectively, loved to laugh, treasured the past and were given to absolute beliefs. That they stood now in mutual incomprehension was Russia's tragedy.

[Charles Evans is a retired naval officer who now lectures in Marxism-Leninism at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. In 1989 he was awarded a Churchill Travelling Fellowship and travelled widely in the Soviet Union.]

THE CORONER'S CONTRIBUTION

by Paul B. Rose

SCANNING the pages of local and indeed national newspapers, there seems to be an almost morbid fascination with reports of Coroners' Inquests. By the same token there is almost a complete blanket of ignorance, not least among the legal profession, and barristers in particular, concerning the Coroner's Court. Indeed Coroner's Law and the practical work of a Coroner is hardly given mention other than in a historical context in courses for law degrees or either of the two branches of the legal profession. Even in courses on Constitutional Law there is a startling omission with regard to the work of the Coroner's Court.

This may arise from a common misconception that Coroners are more connected with the medical profession and that Coroners must be qualified medical practitioners. In fact Coroners are drawn from both the legal and medical professions and in my view such a balance is extremely helpful. Most of the full time Coroners, a third of whom cover the seven Coroners' areas into which Greater London is divided, are medically qualified. Some have both legal and medical qualifications. Having myself moved directly from the Bar and an Assistant Recordership, I am astonished that few if any of my colleagues have considered this career option which has many attractions.

In the counties many part-time Coroners are solicitors, often from long-established firms that have undertaken Coroners' work. However, the Broderick report, which looked into the role of the Coroner, clearly considered it to be judicial function. There are certain cases where medical expertise is vital, not least in post-operative deaths where complex surgery has been carried out. In appointing medical practitioners as my Deputy and Assistant Deputy Coroners, I myself have tried to balance the team. The main courtroom ability is to conduct an Enquiry and medical expertise comes from the pathologist and sometimes medical specialists who give evidence at Court. My fourteen years as an Assistant Recorder have been valuable in acquiring the skills necessary to conduct an enquiry and to direct a jury in those cases where a jury is empanelled.

The principal difference between a Coroner's Court on the one hand and the Criminal and Civil Courts on the other is that the procedure in the former is inquisitorial and in the latter adversarial. There may well be interested parties representing opposing interests, but the Coroner is specifically required not to consider questions of civil liability or criminal liability of an individual. Indeed, that direction must be made to a jury when the Coroner sits with a jury as required in certain circumstances or where the Coroner elects to sit with a jury at his discretion. Thus it is clear that experience in the courts can be a great advantage in which the experienced lawyer may have the edge over his medical counterpart. Just as one does not have to be an orthopaedic surgeon in order to conduct personal injury cases, one does not have to be a pathologist in

order to conduct an Inquest. Indeed the presence of the pathologist at the Inquest in my view is invaluable to a Coroner with a legal rather than a medical background. Practice differs in various Courts but in my own Court there are a limited number of pathologists serving the various boroughs within my jurisdiction and I list my Inquests around their availability.

It is perhaps curious that the oldest court in our land, which will shortly be celebrating its 800th birthday, adopts a procedure more in keeping with the method of enquiry adopted by our continental neighbours than the Common Law adversarial system. Coroners exist in all of those commonwealth countries, colonies and areas of the world where once the crown held sway and interest was focused more recently on Gibraltar while I have received reports in respect of deaths in Hong Kong, Canada and the USA from fellow Coroners, as well as from other countries where British citizens have unfortunately died or been involved in fatal accidents and from which their bodies have been returned to my jurisdiction. Even in those countries without a Coroner, there is usually a similar sort of enquiry held by an official who has similar responsibilities and I have found that, for example, the detail into which the Turkish authorities go is quite remarkable in ruling out all possibilities other than an accidental death which in that case happened to be by drowning.

The media shape the popular image of the Coroner and, perhaps somewhat unfortunately, the popular programme 'Quincy' has so affected the public perception of the Coroner as to be rather embarrassing. As Quincy plays the role of a forensic pathologist, efficient detective and coroner combined it is somewhat mundane to explain that I do not have to be an expert with the scalpel, or in ballistics, nor do I concern myself with murder enquiries. In that respect the police, together with their forensic pathologist and Home Office pathologists, will play the central role, although I will have to open the Inquest and in some cases where there is no suspect I will have to carry out the enquiry.

Much of the coroner's time is taken up with routine enquiries into classes of death that I have found to form a pattern. Thus, half of my case load of Inquests consists of death by accident or misadventure. Recent High Court decisions have tended to look with disfavour on the concept of misadventure but in my personal view, while there is an overlap, there are two distinct concepts, albeit they are grouped together for statistical purposes. An accident results from an unintended occurrence. However, if one deliberately inhales solvents, drinks lethal amounts of alcohol or undergoes an operation for a fractured femur which is followed a week later by a fatal pulmonery embolism (a not uncommon occurrence among the elderly and frail), that would be misadventure, i.e., the unintended result of a deliberate and intended act.

All these classes of cases tend to be of a fairly routine nature and, without describing methods, even the methods of suicide fall into fairly regular categories, although it is an interesting fact that far more men commit suicide within my jurisdiction and that the method of suicide

tends to be more violent in the case of men than in the case of women. Too large a load for comfort are the road traffic accidents. Again, I have discerned patterns such as the licence to jaywalk which places the very young and elderly in a particularly vulnerable position as against those with nimble quick reactions, A far more disciplined approach to road crossing in populated areas would save many lives.

In an area such as my own jurisdiction and that of others in urban and particularly suburban areas, or in the lanes and highways of Essex, Kent or Surrey, for example, there are very many avoidable accidents. The problem is that today the articulated lorry shares over-crowded roads with the unprotected cyclist and virtually unprotected motorcyclist. Legislation on alcohol, seatbelts and construction and use regulations have been effective in cutting down a number of deaths and serious injuries but greater action on road safety, and in respect of the safety standards of vehicles, is called for. Those who have seen the tangled metal of vehicles involved in many horrific accidents will realise that one is driving frequently at a lethal speed with only something a little thicker than a baked bean tin to protect one. Not for nothing does this Coroner drive a Saab. Perhaps vehicle sales should be promoted on the basis of safety rather than speed, particularly in our urban areas where the average speed of a motor car is no more than about 11 mph, although those same lethal weapons can be driven at speeds far in excess of the maximum 70 mph, in certain circumstances.

Road traffic Inquests no longer require a jury but deaths on railway property are required by law to be heard before a jury. Except in disasters, such as the one in Purley, this would appear to be anomalous since the public has as much interest in being protected in respect of either form of travel. Many accidents on railways involve the absent-mindedness or deliberate intention of a passenger or person crossing the railway. It so happens that within my jurisdiction I have no tube stations and I must have the greatest mileage of commuter transport into London from the Kent, Sussex, Hampshire and Surrey areas. These converge in the Westminster Coroner's area of jurisdiction and we have both had the unpleasant task of attending major tragedies during 1989. A need for Government to invest in a safe, fast and comfortable network of commuter transport akin to that which surrounds Paris is the only way in which both rail and road travel can become more comfortable, faster and safer at the same time. This requires Government intervention and subsidy but would be repaid largely in the saving of fuel, hospital and auxiliary service time, to say nothing of improving the quality of life in our capital city. I have no doubt that with modern forms of transport and recent tragedies on oil rigs, boats, trains, aeroplanes and, most recently in my own jurisdiction, the helicopter which cost as many lives as the Purley disaster, all Coroners are concerned at the problems surrounding a major disaster although the police and emergency services are those who are called upon to deal with rescue and search operations in the first instance. In this respect it seems to me that the Coroner's role

has been largely usurped in major disasters by the Public Enquiry although such enquiries as in the case of Clapham or Hillsborough have led to extremely useful recommendations for future practices that may avoid a repetition of such disasters. In particular, the Hillsborough enquiry underlined the futility and probable counter-productive nature of the Minister for Sports proposals for football supporters.

Notwithstanding this, a recent article in *The Times* appeared to suggest that the Coroner had too much power, although it conceded that powers had been eroded. In my view the Coroner's powers should not be increased but should be broadened and in a sense there is a paradox in that, in those areas where the Coroner has power, he may have too much power, while the Coroner has lost power in respect of the breadth of his jurisdiction. Nevertheless, the Coroner is master or mistress of the jurisdiction and decides upon the modus operandi, whether an Inquest is necessary, which witnesses should be called, whether (other than in those cases provided for by law) to sit with or without a jury. Although the Coroner should not in theory comment upon matters unconnected with the who, when, where and how the deceased met his or her death, in practice one is able to make strong recommendations either in summing up or more appropriately through the mouth of a key witness such as a Factory Inspector or Accident Investigation Officer who is able to speak with authority in answer to the Coroner's questions.

Unlike a judge, a Coroner has more freedom in that he is not bound by the practices of other Coroners; but by the same token he does not benefit from the company of other judges in order to discuss mutual problems, and there is a sense of isolation which is perhaps the most negative factor in the Coroner's working life. The Coroner may be king of his castle but there are legal remedies to quash a verdict or compel a Coroner to hold an Inquest so that the Coroner's powers are not unfettered and are subject to judicial review and review by the Attorney General. On the other hand the Coroner is not a prisoner of the List Office. He also has the freedom to delegate his powers to a Deputy or Assistant Deputy Coroner in order to take a holiday or if he is indisposed or has other important activities. Many Coroners lecture to students in their spare time, write or act as consultants or undertake part-time judicial duties. There is the proviso that, when the Coroner is in charge, he is on call 24-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week, and it is only when he has specifically delegated his powers that this is not the case.

Coronership therefore has many features that make the office far more attractive than that of a Circuit Judgeship and particularly greater autonomy and less restriction on other activities. There is also less pomp and ceremony although some may regard that as a disadvantage, but the one factor which many members of the Bar would undoubtedly miss is isolation from one's former profession and one's former professional colleagues. There is not the camaradie of the Bar Mess or the Judges' Mess but, on the other hand, one does work with a team.

The Coroner has this team in the shape of the Coroner's Officers. They

are usually serving police officers but civilianisation is gradually superseding this tradition. They are the Coroner's eyes and ears. They go to the scene of deaths, make arrangements for the removal of bodies, take statements, investigate and comfort and advise the bereaved, liaise with the registrar and the pathologists, and the police force. They keep the Coroner informed of all developments and seek his approval for various actions. This is why a Coroner constantly carries a pager with him and no doubt a mobile 'phone would be a great advantage as part of a Coroner's equipment, unless he is to be immobilised. This might be regarded as a disadvantage by those judges and magistrates who feel that, once they have finished their day's work in court, they are at least free to pursue their own social and personal lives without interference. I myself do not find that this is a particularly burdensome side of my work although there are occasions where one can be paged or telephoned at an inconvenient moment.

Those officers attached to my jurisdiction with whom I am fortunate enough to work are highly dedicated, thoroughly professional, and undertake what is a stressful occupation that requires sensitivity, thoroughness and initiative. They present a side of police work which is often undervalued, even by the police force itself. It is one which is immensely valuable, not only for the community but also for the image of the police force. Those who know my record both inside and outside Parliament and in my legal work with regard to concern at some police powers and practices, and my equal concern for civil liberties, may perhaps be surprised that I am strongly opposed to the civilianisation of the role of Coroners' Officers.

There are two sides to the police force. One of these is to avert and combat crime and to apprehend the suspect and make further enquiries. In this, police powers clearly have to be balanced with the protection of the liberties of the subject. On the other hand there is a side to police activities which often goes unsung and is forgotten by those who would denigrate the police force as a whole rather than see it as merely one institution manned by human beings who are just as fallible as those in any other walk of life. The fact that they have certain powers makes it important for them to behave in a manner which does not attract criticism and that goes similarly for members of the judiciary or any other profession which has power and perhaps privilege. It is too often forgotten that there is another side of police work, which is the protection of the citizen and the assistance of the citizen at times of emergency, accident or disaster and in this respect our police, ambulance service, fire service and casualty departments in hospitals usually display a devotion to the community and even heroism which is beyond that which could be normally expected. In this respect the experienced police officer who elects to become a Coroners' Officer is invaluable, not only because of his knowledge of police procedures and experience on the beat, but also because of a certain training and discipline and ability to deal with the public in times of crisis.

In any event the type of police officer who attracts criticism is not likely to be the type of officer who volunteers for this particularly stressful occupation. I do not subscribe to the view that the Coroners' Officer should be a glorified clerk. I regret that the Home Office, by reason of the need to place more police officers on the street, has seen fit to support civilianisation and I would have thought that the answer was to recruit more police officers rather than to civilianise the Coroners' Officers function. I do, however, concede that members of other emergency services, and in some cases the armed services or persons who have worked within the medical sphere, may be equally well qualified to carry out this specialised work. I should not think it easy for the average recruit from outside those areas to attend at, say, a suicide by means of hanging or jumping in front of a train.

About a fifth of the Inquests in my jurisdiction result in a verdict of suicide, expressed in the stark words that he or she killed himself or herself. This is an underestimate, since many 'Open Verdicts' mask a higher rate. The reason for this is that the degree of proof required in order to reach a verdict of suicide is akin to the criminal burden of proof and not merely upon the balance of probabilities. During the period that I have held office, I have found it a rather sad reflection on society that we do not accord more help to those suffering from depression either by reason of chemical imbalance or personal and financial problems. Drepression is an illness like any other and is as common as influenza. Nevertheless, it is often regarded as a stigma, thus perpetuating a vicious circle which often prevents sufferers from acknowledging, coming to terms with, or seeking help for their problem. Apart from the organisation MIND, there seems to be too little understanding of this very widespread phenomenon. There seems to to be too much reliance on drugs and not enough time devoted to the individual sufferer. Further, it is very difficult in most occupations for the sufferer to acknowledge this incapacity to his superiors for fear of being regarded as some sort of freak whereas, in fact, most people will suffer from a degree of depression at some time in their lives.

Industrial diseases and accidents account for a small proportion of my cases in a suburban jurisdiction although it is noticeable how many people still die from mesotheliomas caused by the inhalation of asbestos many years before it was known to be a dangerous substance. It ought to be added, to put these matters in perspective, that of the 3,000 deaths which are reported to the Coroner each year in my area, a little over 10% result in Inquests since sudden, violent and unnatural deaths which have to be reported to a Coroner most usually turn out to be natural deaths on further investigation. In very few of the categories which I have listed would there be any advantage in having a jury and indeed it would often be an intrusion into private grief. It is for this reason that, although I am opposed to the erosion of the jury system in criminal cases where the liberty of an individual is at stake, I see no role for a jury in an Enquiry limited to the matters which a Coroner has to discover

which, in addition to those that I have related, include the matters that have to be registered with the Registrar.

If there are matters that are of general concern to the citizen, as in the Blair Peach decision, then these Inquests will be held before a jury and this is certainly desirable. Similarly, deaths in police custody or matters which have to be reported to such a body as the Health & Safety Executive have to be held before a jury and there is every justification for this. There may be any number of reasons why a Coroner may wish to sit with a jury if he feels that the matter is of general public interest but these are not the run of the mill cases.

If there are justifications for carrying out the duties of the Coroner, they certainly are far from the origins in collecting cash for the King's Coffers and keeping an eye on the greedy local Sheriff. The one vestige of that role remains in the Inquest on Treasure Trove which is a rather odd remnant from the past.

To me, the first justification for the work of the Coroner is that the true nature of how a person met his or her death is established not only to rule out foul play but also to give relatives an insight into the circumstances in which those dear to them have passed away. This often clears the air and gives them an opportunity to ask questions and take a load off their minds. In some cases of course, it may lead to the initiation of a civil action in another court where death has been caused by negligence.

Secondly, an Inquest, and I write this without any embarrassment, is rather like a secular service in many cases in laying the deceased to rest and offering some solace to the bereaved. Many Coroners might reject that function but it is in my view overlooking an important role in which compassion and understanding can be as important as efficiency and expedition.

Thirdly, and perhaps most important, is the opportunity to point out dangerous practices whether they stem from the use of solvents or lack of safety in industrial practices or in transport or in failure to meet safety standards. In one particularly harrowing case with which I had to deal, failure to meet safety standard in respect of a large glass window was alleged to be the cause of death of a young child who ran into that window. The other side of the coin is to raise public awareness of such dangers and also the Coroner has the power to write to or contact those whose practices may constitute a danger to individuals or to the public and this can happen in quite unusual circumstances. The Coroner can therefore play an important role in regard to safety.

I seem to find a thread from the thesis which I wrote at university on 'industrial injuries insurance', through my period in the House of Commons when I took a special interest in industrial safety and was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Transport when the first legislation on seatbelts and driving over the prescribed limit were introduced. At that time I had no idea that I would become involved in a different capacity in which I would have a role to play in alerting both

the public and others to these and very many other forms of danger to life and limb. Even after my second Christmas in office, I still find it hard to believe that I am now playing a part in a very different role in a topic which has always been of great concern to me.

That role is not new, since the Coroner has existed for 800 years but his function has changed in many ways. The power of the Coroner has been narrowed greatly and in 1988 a golden opportunity was lost to update the patchwork of legislation, rules and judicial precedents that guide and provide framework for the Coroner. The law was consolidated and that at least simplified the sources. It did not come to terms with the changes in technology or public practices. Cremation, for example, must have been unknown to the early Coroner. It is a curious fact that a jury can demand a second post mortem examination but the reality is that now the body will have been cremated in most cases. No Coroner can function efficiently if the letter of the ancient law is followed to the last word, particularly in the large urban areas. There is no recognition of the real role of the Coroner's Officer as distinct from the Coroner in carrying out many of the tasks that the old Coroner would have performed personally. The age of the fax machine, computer, copier, tape recorder particularly for transcripts of evidence, even the telephone was not forseen when most of the ancient Coroner's Law was passed.

By the same token, most Coroner's Law pre-dates the age of the train, aeroplane, internal combustion engine, oil-rig, nuclear power, and the way in which communications have caused the earth to shrink.

It could not have been seen when much of Coroner's Law was passed that accidents far away in Miami or Australia could be the subject of Inquests in Croydon or Colchester. The urban growth, together with difficulties in transport, also have to be considered in re-drafting many of the provisions relating to the various forms that Coroners have to sign and in permitting the delegation to Coroner's Officers.

One difference in the role of the Coroner from that of the Judge is that a Coroner has to sign very many forms and also to administer a budget as well as to direct, advise and I would also add, learn, from the officers who serve him. The Coroner has to liaise with the police, local authorities, health and environmental health authorities, other courts and the various bodies concerned with statistics and prevention of accidents or research into accidents or diseases. Thus, there is a great deal of concern about possible effects of changing from animal to human insulin although there is no certainty on the subject. Similarly, a great deal of research has been undertaken on cot deaths, known as the 'Sudden Infant Death Syndrome', and into the effect of alcohol, not least in road traffic deaths. The Coroner has to sign forms where appropriate, certifying either that a post mortem is not necessary or that it is necessary and permitting a body to leave the jurisdiction or indead to release a body from his authority. Through his officers and the police force as well as enforcing authorities statements and reports are obtained and he has

to spend a great deal of time sanctioning expenditure.

The signing of my name has become a rather time consuming part of my office as Coroner, since from the moment a death is reported, burial or cremation certificate issued, an Inquest opened up to the endorsement of a verdict or the return of a form to the relevant authority as in a rail death or a report to the Health & Safety Executive that signature would be used many times. It would also be used in authorising payment to jurors of expenses and compensation for loss of wages. It will be used to permit payment to undertakers and to pathologists. Indeed, every item in a budget of nearly £500,000 excluding the Coroner's officers wages, has to be personally signed for by the Coroner so there is an administrative role far and away above that which I had imagined when I first entered upon Coronership. In this respect one's experience at the Bar can be no substitute for dealing with the administration of, in my case, five offices covering four London boroughs. While ultimate authority rests with the Coroner, most of the leg-work is in fact done by those very Coroner's officers to whom I have already referred and the efficiency of those officers is vital to the success of the administration of a Coroner's jurisdiction. Some Coroners prefer to let their officers get on with the job, and others to interfere to a greater degree. Personally I have always been a great believer in teamwork and in the view that one who accepts responsibility should look after the interests of those from whom he in turn expects loyalty and assistance. The style of different Coroners will differ greatly and may depend upon the nature of a particular area and past traditions. There are far more variations in practice than one would find in the Courts of Law where the very fact that judges mingle together tends to create a certain uniformity.

Certainly Coroner's Law needs to be updated and the role of the Coroner redefined to meet modern circumstances, broadened to give greater scope for Coronership in order to attract able members of the medical and legal professions into this important post. Nevertheless, I for one would not exchange my office for that of the Circuit Judge, and enjoy both the freedom and the responsibility which are the two sides of any executive role. There are many who may think that a Coroner's job is morbid but a Coroner can in fact do a great deal to alleviate suffering and prevent future hazards. Coronership does, however, demand a sense of humour and balance for one's own preservation if one has any sensitivity at all. Thus it is very sensible that a Coroner should enjoy outside interests and take on other roles while giving his first loyalty and priority to his office of Coroner. It is an office which has endured for eight centuries and which should demand a greater share of the resources of the Home Office which overlooks and assists with the Coroner's work. Curiously, the Coroner, while appointed by the Local Authority which is responsible for his payment, is not employed other than in the sense that a judge is employed and is removeable by the Lord Chancellor only for misconduct and insanity. It is a source of amusement among my officers that the latter is far more likely on a

Sunday following the defeat of my favourite football team which has recently been showing distinctly suicidal tendencies. The Coroner also plays a role in civic matters which dates from the time when he was second to the Sheriff and still is second in precedence to the Lord Mayor. However, the down-to-earth workings of the Coroner's Court have rather lost their link with local authority tradition in London since the abolition of the GLC and their large scale covering of a number of London boroughs — in my case four.

My concern with regard to the role of the Coroner is that so few of my former colleagues in the House of Commons and at the Bar have the slightest knowledge of Coroner's Law. For this reason, the updating of that Law not only to modernise and to streamline it but to deal with the often conflicting decisions of the High Court has been passed over. There are too few Coroners, particularly in full-time appointment, to constitute the sort of lobby that one has seen in the legal profession following the Lord Chancellor's proposed reforms. Coroners and judges very rarely meet either socially or professionally and live in two separate worlds. The medico-legal society is one area of common interest but the Coroner largely has to function alone. This again makes it difficult for Coroners to impress upon the profession and the legislature the need to update Coroner's Law. The first step is to educate the legal profession and raise it from its astonishing ignorance of Coroner's Law and the work of the Coroner. Each time I supply a transcript of an Enquiry which I know may be the foundation for a legal action in the High Court, it occurs to me that the Coroner's Court has impartially enquired into what will be the probable settlement of a dispute or the foundation of a legal claim, and yet those responsible for pursuing that action know so little of how the Coroner's Court functions. Perhaps a start may be made in the teaching of the English legal system or constitutional law and be carried through into the Inns of Court and Law Society so that the next generation of lawyers will have more knowledge that will enable them to take their rightful part in that Court, both as Coroners and Deputy Coroners. If it appears to be a medical preserve, it is entirely their own fault and it would be useful for the medical profession and the legal profession alike to see more experienced counsel and solicitors within the realms of full-time Coroners. Both professions have an enormous amount to give to the Coroner's Court and currently the medical profession are far more aware, albeit to a limited degree, of its role. For the practising barrister, Coronership can be a most useful part of one's experience or alternatively a climax to a career which could be as, if not more, rewarding than the circuit bench.

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HITLER AND CHURCHILL: WHY THEY NEVER MET

by C. C. Aronsfeld

IT must seem a pity Hitler and Churchill never met — in peace, before they clashed in war. They once very nearly did, and it is interesting why they did not. In April 1932 Churchill happened to be staying in Munich where Hitler had his headquarters, the Brown House. Randolph Churchill who, then a budding journalist, had covered the German presidential campaign, informed Hitler's Press Secretary, Ernst Hanfstängl, that his father would like to meet the Führer. Hanfstängl promptly passed on the message, urging Hitler not to miss this 'tremendous opportunity' of meeting 'one of the most influential men in England'. But Hitler refused; he claimed to be 'busy'. Besides, he demurred, 'what on earth would I talk to him about?'

In his reminiscences (*Hitler: The Missing Years*, London, 1957), Hanfstängl vividly describes the scene: 'Hitler produced a thousand excuses, as he always did when he was afraid of meeting someone. With a figure he knew to be his equal in political ability, the uncertain bourgeois emerged again, the man who would not go to a dancing class for fear of making a fool of himself, the man who only acquired confidence in his manipulation of a yelling audience'. In any case, Hitler told Hanfstängl, 'they say your Mr. Churchill is a rabid Francophile', which put him off immediately. Now Churchill's views of the French were not discussed at the dinner party which Hanfstängl attended, but Hitler's antisemitism was, and when Hanfstängl tried to 'give as mild an account of the subject as I could', Churchill (according to Hanfstängl) remarked: 'Tell your boss from me that antisemitism may be a good starter but it is a bad sticker'.

In his memoirs Churchill also refers to this part of the table conversation. According to him, he had asked Hanfstängl: 'Why is your chief so violent about the Jews?' And he went on to demolish the senselessness of this prejudice, because after all, 'how can any man help how he is born?' The question is not answered here, but it is in a similar incident described by Dostoyevsky in his novel *The Brothers Karamazov* where Ivan recalls how he had once been asked 'Why do you hate that man so much?' And, in a fit of his clownish shamelessness, he had replied, 'I'll tell you why. It's true he has done nothing to me, but I played him a dirty trick, and as soon as I had done it I at once hated him for it'.

Churchill believed that Hanfstängl must have repeated their conversation to Hitler, because (he writes) 'the next day he came round with rather a serious air and said that the appointment he had made with me to meet Hitler could not take place as the Führer would not be coming to the hotel that afternoon ... Thus Hitler lost his only chance of meeting me. Later on, when he was all-powerful, I was to receive several invitations from him. But by that time a lot had happened, and I excused myself'. Hanfstängl (later a refugee in the USA) tried hard to persuade Hitler who (he says) 'spent the whole evening talking shop with Julius Streicher' (the

arch-Jew-baiter), but 'it was no good'. He had 'made up his mind not to expose himself to anyone with the capacity to steal his thunder'. He strikingly illustrated the truth of Nietzsche's aphorism: ' "I dislike him". Why? "I am not his equal! ". Has any man ever so answered?' Certainly Hitler hadn't.

In a variation of Churchill's story, Hanfstängl says he 'did not even pass on Churchill's comment about Hitler's antisemitism in case it provided him with the excuse he needed. The Churchills stayed in Munich for two or three more days, I believe, but Hitler kept away until they had gone'.

In doggedly avoiding Churchill, Hitler showed the sound flair for which he was notorious. For though Churchill, in his memoirs, strangely enough writes: 'I had no national prejudice against Hitler at this time. I knew little of his doctrine or record and nothing of his character', in fact he knew a great deal and had publicly said so. In a book on *The Caged Lion: Winston Churchill 1932-1940* (London, 1988), William Manchester refers to this 'astonishing lapse of memory': 'By then he had been well informed about Hitler for two years, had published several appraisals of him and had repeatedly warned Parliament of the imminent threat in central Europe. His perception was exceptional...' So Hitler realised that here was a man who had seen through him and was not hoodwinked by such blatant 'big lies' as that perpetrated recently in a London *Times* interview (of 15 October 1930) in which he, the author of *Mein Kampf*, brazenly claimed that he had 'nothing against decent Jews', that only if Jews 'associated themselves with Bolshevism... they must be regarded as enemies. The party was against all violence', etc.

Churchill was not deceived. Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, had every reason to confess (in his wartime diaries, 1 May 1941): 'If Churchill had been in power in 1933, we would not be where we are today'. So if Hitler kept away from Churchill he knew what he was doing. In this man he was to meet his match and a great deal more than that. This notable kink in Hitler's character was revealed in a particularly glaring if different manner during the last months of his regime, in the days of his remorselessly approaching defeat, when he kept away from his hard-tried people who were expecting from him words of cheer, comfort and defiance — much in the way that Churchill had spoken in the days of Dunkirk.

He had already fallen conspicuously silent after the attempt on his life in July 1944; his last public speech was broadcast on 30 January 1945. But when the blows were falling fast and furiously, and all the old boast and bluster was exposed as so much fraud and empty verbiage, 'he began to shun reality' (writes his German biographer, Joachim Fest), and he 'withdrew into the abstract world of map tables and military conferences... He faced the public less and less often; he shrank from the onetime grand appearances. With the defeats he lost the energy he needed for striking poses'. Dr. Goebbels, in his diary, laments the 'tragedy that the Führer has so cut himself off from life and is leading an excessively unhealthy life. He no longer gets out in the fresh air, no longer has any relaxation; he sits

in his bunker, acts and broods'.

What he ought to do in their desperate situation, Goebbels feels, is to stand up and speak out — 'give the people a watchword for their life and death struggle'. This was what the moment demanded, and Goebbels tells him so: 'At first the Führer is reluctant to do this because at the moment he can say nothing positive. I put such pressure on him, however, that in the end he says that he agrees with my proposal'. Admittedly, 'this speech will be very difficult. But it should be possible for the Führer to cite a whole series of positive factors, in particular as regards the probable development of the air war' — which in fact, at that time, was offering a pathetic prospect because the 'corrupt' Luftwaffe, led by 'cowards', is (as Goebbels knows) in 'no position to do anything positive'.

Next day, Goebbels again 'urges the Führer to speak over the radio . . . it is now as essential as daily bread'. But Hitler has 'no great inclination' to speak: 'He tells me that he has initiated extraordinarily large-scale measures of a military nature in the West', and they 'must first have some visible effect before he can appear before the people'. He 'promises me to make his speech to the German people', but, alas, it was not the first promise he was to break, and Goebbels is rightly 'somewhat sceptical whether he will in fact speak in the foreseeable future'. Goebbels is 'really sorry for the Führer when I see him in his present physical and mental state', but 'I cannot abandon my demand that he speak to the people as soon as possible. The most important thing is that he should reconsolidate the people; I can do the rest'.

'Reconsolidate'? The witch doctor of propaganda does not understand that, apart from being psychologically incapacitated, Hitler does not really care what happens to the people who could once be made to serve his imperialist figment of an 'Aryan' Master Race but for whom he never had feelings other than utter contempt. If they are defeated, he once told his friend Albert Speer, they will have shown that they were 'too weak, unable to withstand the test of history' and so were 'destined for nothing but doom'.

In his frantic attempts to make Hitler face reality, Goebbels actually criticises the otherwise idolised Leader: 'I regard it as a great mistake that the Führer does not speak. Even if at the moment we have no victory to which we can point, the Führer could still say something; it is not only in victory that one should speak but in misfortune as well'. Indeed he tells Hitler 'what Churchill and Stalin did when their countries were in extreme crisis. The Führer realises this fully and is now firmly determined to make his speech as soon as possible'.

Goebbels must have heard this solemn vow before, but in fact he finds the boss to be 'indefatigable' only in 'urging the generals to resist'. It would be 'better (he writes) if the Führer addressed the people direct since here are the grass-roots of resistance'. No wonder there is not only a 'leadership crisis' but 'a definite Führer crisis'. By 31 March 'people no longer shrink from sharp criticism of the Führer'. Goebbels keeps on insisting: 'What both the people and the troops lack is the stirring word to rouse both man

and woman', and 'in the nature of things this stirring word can come only from the Führer'.

When it did not come, its persistent absence was due not to 'the nature of things' but rather to the nature of the Leader: the stirring word now could never come from him. His 'finest hour' (like Churchill's) came not with valour in the face of his people's trials but only when he could indulge in pitiless indiscriminate mass murder. That was the time when he could talk big and make those terror-striking and self-fulfilling 'prophecies' about the 'unimaginable' annihilation of the Jews.

In fairness, any speechifying of his would now have made little difference. By now the Germans were beaten beyond recovery. As Goebbels himself notes, they were 'totally defenceless'; 'apathy and resignation' were spreading fast, both among the people and the armed forces, and any faith in the Leader was part of the relentlessly increasing ruins all around them. Hitler was a great orator when things went well for him and as long as they did. When put to 'the test of history' it was he, not the people, who failed. His consuming hatred devoured all his substance, leaving only the void of that utter nihilism which was the hallmark of all his obsessions and the doom of all his calculations. With this wild obsession also he differed from Churchill, one of whose outstanding characteristics was that generosity of which he once said it 'ranked among the noblest impulses of the human breast'. 'Chivalric magnanimity' in personal judgements was seen by critics as a noble feature of his memoirs where he could salute a worthy enemy (Field Marshal Rommel).

Indeed, there was a time when he could be generous even to quite an unworthy figure. In 1935, when he had already sounded the alarm, he wrote he still 'could not tell' whether Hitler would 'rank in Valhalla with Pericles, with Augustus and with Washington, or welter in the inferno of human scorn with Attila and Tamerlane'; it seemed to him that 'both possibilities were open' at that moment. Two years later, he thought that the Nazi persecution of Christians and Jews, 'as long as it was confined inside Germany', was 'not our business'. He found it possible to 'dislike Hitler's system and yet admire his patriotic achievement'. As late as 1938, after Munich, he readily confessed he had 'always said that if Great Britain were defeated in war, I hope we should find a Hitler to lead us back to our rightful position among the nations'. Even during the war, in 1944, commiserating with the enemy on having their backs to the wall, he could say: 'I would run like Hell to help Hitler if I were a Hun!'.

One must wish to think it would have been a very different Hitler to command Churchill's allegiance. For although up to a point he may well have shared a belief in the 'blood' of nationalists — he spoke (in 1951) of the 'British blood flowing in our veins' — it was at the same time a belief in 'a free, progressive, cultured community, with a chance for all, fair play for all'. If nationalism can be defined as a half-way house between humanism and bestialism, Hitler had long taken the short cut to the far end, while Churchill, by comparison, remained firmly at the centre. Certainly he must have been repelled by the folly as well as by the evil

shown by the Nazi paragon of 'patriotism'.

When Hitler boasted of having rid his country of the 'pernicious and inferior rabble' of refugees and émigrés, 'rootless sub-humans', just 'ordinary criminals' wanted by the police, Churchill gladly acknowledged the advantage Britain had reaped by receiving them: 'Since the Germans drove out the Jews and lowered their technical standards' (he told Parliament in 1940) 'our science is definitely ahead of theirs', and others readily bore witness that 'the brilliant sons of Germany, now refugees here, some of the finest minds of Europe', persecuted by 'countries too stupid to make use of them', had, 'by their inventive genius, greatly strengthened Britain's defences' — not without making the Germans feel the pinch.

Hitler tried to demolish Churchill by accusing him of being 'under the thumb of the Jews'. This was his standard trick which had scared stiff and then destroyed many of his opponents. That 'secret weapon' was described by Dr. Goebbels in his diary where he promised to 'step up our antisemitic propaganda so that no enemy statesman will dare to be seen at the side of a Jew without being immediately discredited among his own people as a stooge of the Jews'. Churchill, in this respect, offered a useful target when one of his close friends was discovered to be the US Jewish banker Bernard Baruch. But the trick did not now work. Hitler was forced to confess he had 'underrated the hold the Jews have over Churchill', which, translated from Nazi jargon, meant he had underrated Britain's power and resolution to resist him.

Churchill was able to stand up to him not only because of his bulldog determination 'never to give in', a determination assisted by the favour of geography and help and sympathy worldwide, but also by the nature of his nationalism which differed from Hitler's in that the emotions were bridled by reason, and the civilised mind kept breaking in on them. There never was anything truly civilised about Hitler. His savage end merely revealed a frightful sight in the eyes of the world, but by his own standards a piece, literally, of human rubble that could inspire not even those most devoted to him. In his rat-hole of the Berlin bunker, he showed himself constitutionally incapable of facing the fact that he was not really as absolutely invincible and unquestionably infallible as he fancied himself and only the arts of a cunning and too long unrecognised and unresisted propaganda had made him appear to be. Now he was shown up, found out as the unscrupulous humbug and desperate adventurer he was. The mask had fallen, the hero vanished.

POEM

DEAR MRS. KING-HARMAN

(For 6 years, from 1896, Captain Hugh Rose wrote 119 utterly circumspect letters to Mrs. King-Harman, happily married wife of a friend, each one enclosed in an envelope he'd painted with an exquisite water colour.)

Never anything closer than formality,
correct address (what may we imagine
in that allowable 'Dear'?) he wrote
for six years letters that seemed to float

on air-flows, they circumnavigated
the Empire's mass, its casual isles
so easily: Gibraltar, Mauritius,
London, St. Lucia, Barbados.

Constance replied (happily posted
with husband and children) to the facts
of military marches, harsh campaigns,
the stringencies of foreign sun and rains;

the duties of friendship, too, whatever
guise it came in. But perhaps her wrist
fluttered a little, the parasol shivered
when the latest letter was delivered.

For each was wrapped in a cameo
water-colour: a newsboy shouts her name;
hares dance; Disraeli's comically threatened,
and more significantly, on the sea bed

a diver finds her name and place on wreckage.
Delicate messages, they fleshed out
a life's prosaic events, acceptable envelopes
for sunken, unadmitted hopes.

The letters ceased. The upright soldier
bloodied in war, retired at last
to the painterly landscape of an estate
in Scotland. He married late.

And we correspondents continually wrap ourselves
in colour, tender, promising:
(Yours sincerely), while being unsure of
the darker content that might be love.

Joan Downar

JOSEPH WRIGHT — AN ENLIGHTENED ROMANTIC

by Muriel Julius

NO question about it, Mr. Nicholas Serota, Director of the Tate Gallery, is the flavour of the moment. His refurbishment of the building — the first in twenty years — is a triumphant success. The long enfilade of Duveen galleries, now uncluttered, look again as a great museum should look. And the re-hang of the permanent collection is exciting and coherent.

Now his first exhibition of the year — one hundred and fifty works by Joseph Wright — is a revelation. Invariably known as Joseph Wright of Derby to distinguish him from Richard Wright of Liverpool and yet another Joseph Wright in America, he has languished under the patronizing description 'provincial'. He actually dared to make his name and reputation entirely outside London. For many people he is something of an unknown quantity. It was only in 1968 that his rehabilitation began when Benedict Nicolson, sometime Editor of *The Burlington Magazine,* published his two volume work, *Joseph Wright of Derby: Painter of Light.*

He was born in Derby in 1734 into a middle-class family. His father was an attorney. Joseph was perhaps unlucky to be the contemporary of such outstandingly gifted artists as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough and George Stubbs. Much as one might dislike the vapid, pretentious portraits of Reynolds, historically he is the most important figure in British painting. The style and elegance inherent in Gainsborough's portraits made him the favourite in Court circles while the perfection of Stubbs could not fail in a country of animal lovers.

Wright was highly individual — and original — a romantic fascinated by the effects of candlelight, moonlight and lamplight, who put into paint some of the important social, philosophical and scientific questions of the day. It was the age of Chatham, 'an age of aristocracy and liberty . . . of the growth of philanthropic feeling and endeavour; of creative vigour in all the trades and arts that serve and adorn the life of man', wrote the historian G. M. Trevelyan. The Industrial Revolution that affected fundamentally the structure of English society is thought to have begun in 1760. The changes in industry, transport, technology were revolutionary. In textiles, Arkwright's water frame (1769), Hargreaves's Jenny (1770) and Crompton's Mule (1779) brought weavers a prosperity that lasted for a quarter of a century. Great advances were made in mining, metallurgy and engineering. New processes at Coalbrookdale made the production of cast iron rapid and cheap. Watt invented the steam engine in 1769. The eccentric Henry Cavendish and Joseph Priestley were scientists of immense distinction. Wright became fascinated by the new industrial scene.

He was trained in London by Thomas Hudson, one of the great portrait painters of the day who had taught Reynolds also. At that time, 1751, London was not a serene environment. Sir Robert Walpole complained that street robbers were so numerous that 'one was forced to travel. even

at noon, as if one was going into battle'. That year one of the last highwaymen, McLean, was hanged at Tyburn.

When he returned to Derby, Wright's career as a portraitist began with commissions from local friends, affluent Midlands merchants, their wives and children. They all wear formal attire and none could paint better the silks and velvets or the exquisitely worked lace shawls such as those worn by Mrs. Andrew Lindington (No. 28) when she sat for him in 1761. Wright reveals true insight into character. These are not sitters from the *beau monde*, few are handsome and his honest, forthright and unflattering approach makes them real to us.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Derbyshire was not only the county of romantic moors and peaks, landed gentry, hunting squires and grand dukes, but of scholars and intellectuals, influenced by Rousseau and Voltaire. Between 1764 and 65 the Lunar Society of Birmingham was formed by an important group of philosophers and scientists. Josiah Wedgwood, Matthew Boulton, James Watt and Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, were among its members. Darwin was a particularly close friend of Wright and, through his contact with him and the Lunar Society Wright knew of the radical developments in religious, philosophical and scientific thought known as The Enlightenment.

In 1766 Wright exhibited one of his most famous 'candlelight' pictures — 'A Philosopher giving that Lecture on the Orrery, in which a Lamp is put in place of the Sun' (No. 18). The influence of Caravaggio and Georges de la Tour is unmistakeable but there were no precedents for pictures of this kind in British art. The picture shows a group of men, women and children paying rapt attention as the scientist, who closely resembles the long dead Isaac Newton, explains the workings of the orrery. Named after its patron, the Earl of Orrery, it showed the movement of planets around the sun in the course of a year. The room is in darkness, the light coming from within the centre of the global model falls upon the seven spectators. It is their responses Wright captures so brilliantly. With the exception of the man making notes, the three adults and the three children gaze down into the light with rapt solemnity. It is a painting redolent of religious imagery — a modern Nativity where the crib has been replaced by the orrery, a dichotomy of science and faith.

Two years after exhibiting this picture, Wright produced his masterpiece — another 'candlelight' and a pivotal work in the history of art. 'An Experiment on a Bird in an Air Pump' (No. 21) was surely meant to elicit reflection on God's beneficence, his gift of oxygen and thus of life. In this painting scientific demonstration is equated with religious revelation.

The subject is a demonstration, favoured by itinerant scientific lecturers, in which an animal, bird, mouse, frog, but in this case, for artistic contrast, a white cockatoo, is placed in a glass receptacle. The point of the experiment was to demonstrate the necessity of air for life. The candle is placed low in a gap of the ring of ten figures, inviting the spectator to join it. The bowl contains a skull, a *vanitas*, symbol of the ephemeral quality of life. Around it are immaculately painted small objects reflected in the polished

table top. Wright's acute observation noted the dilated pupils of the watching eyes, the intense black of the young woman's jet necklace, the cabochon cuff-links on the central, pointing hand. Again Wright demonstrates the different reactions of the spectators — the young lovers' indifference, the old man lost in reverie, the older girl who turns away in fear while the younger one stares fascinated. As the moment of ultimate tension arrives the prophet-like manipulator raises an arm dramatically. Will he open the pump in time? Will the bird live or die? Death or resurrection? This painting was much admired by Gustave Flaubert in 1865 and a century later the distinguished art historian, Sir Ellis Waterhouse, described it as 'one of the wholly original masterpieces of British art.'

Less dramatic are two scenes involved with fine art. 'Three Persons Viewing the Gladiator by Candlelight' (No. 22) shows Wright himself, his handsome friend, Peter Perez Burdett, and an older man, John Wilson, who lived in an almshouse in Derby, admiring the plaster cast of the Gladiator, then in the Villa Borghese but now in the Louvre, which was one of the most admired works of antiquity of the time. The intense, thrusting limbs of the statue contrast with the quiet studiousness of the three men. It is a secret enclave.

The mood of 'An Academy by Lamplight' (No. 23) is different. In a vaulted room the light rests on a marble copy of a semi-nude antique, 'Nymph with a Shell'. Six boys, some very young, the eldest perhaps 19, surround it, some sketching, some gazing at her, one turning away to speak to a friend. It is an interesting glimpse of an eighteenth century art academy, reminiscent of fifteenth century Italian academies in that they also took boys of a mere seven or eight years old.

After these triumphs Wright went to Liverpool, a city of rich merchants and ship-owners, a hive of those anxious to be perpetuated in paint. Among his sitters were two formidable women. For all the sensual gleam of her handsome black satin gown with its drifts of white muslin, it is the cold, calculating grey-green eyes of Mrs. John Ashton that compel our attention. She was the widow of a rich slave-trader, a practice actively pursued in Liverpool so that when the Reverend William Bagshaw Stevens visited it in 1797, he wrote, 'Throughout this large-built town every Brick is cemented to its fellow Brick by the blood and sweat of Negroes'.

The portrait of Mrs. Sarah Clayton tells quite a different story. The face is alive with humour, kindness and intelligence. Her father, Mayor of Liverpool for many years, owned property in the town. On the death of her mother, Sarah Clayton, who was unmarried, — the 'Mrs.' being a courtesy to ladies of a certain age — inherited an estate with a coal mine. She not only ran this herself but opened two further mines. She developed Clayton Square in the centre of the town, and was sensible enough to influence the selection of John Wood of Bath as architect for Liverpool's New Exchange. An admirable woman whose essence Wright captures.

In 1774, newly married, Wright went to Italy for two years. There he volcano Vesuvius and the Girandola or Fireworks in Rome. These became found subjects of a grandeur unimaginable at home; the eruption of the

his open-air candlelights on a vast scale. In addition, he discovered the Italian landscape and in particular two grottoes which he later elaborated into hauntingly beautiful pictures.

Wright could not possibly have seen Vesuvius in eruption. It had not erupted since 1767 and did not do so again until 1777 when he was already at home, so the white hot jet of molten liquid hurled upward that he shows in his 1774 painting, 'An Eruption of Vesuvius seen from Portici' (No. 10), now in Aberystwyth, was an imagined image. But the subject became so popular that on his return to England he painted thirty or more vast versions of it. One was purchased for Catherine the Great and is on loan from the Pushkin State Museum in Moscow (No. 105).

Catherine the Great also had in her vast collections Wright's 'The Girandola or Great Fire Work at the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome' (No. 106), now loaned from The Hermitage Museum, Leningrad. One senses that Wright loved painting these enormous explosions of light into the vast moonlit blackness of night. These works are far removed from the paintings of an Iron Forge (Nos. 49 and 50) or 'The Philosopher in a Lamplit Cave' (No. 41) or even the moonlit 'The Earthstopper on the Banks of the Derwent' (No. 51).

On his return to England he went to Bath, hoping to inherit the mantle of Gainsborough as a fashionable society painter. But he was entirely overshadowed by his lingering reputation. After two disastrous years he returned to Derby where he remained for the rest of his life. He did not lack patrons there: John Whitehurst, Geologist and Fellow of the Royal Society (No. 147); Samuel Crompton, Banker and High Sherriff of Derbyshire (No. 132), Erasmus Darwin, Doctor and Poet (No. 145) and the immensely rich, hugely obese Sir Richard Arkwright (No. 126) seated beside a model of a set of cotton spinning rollers, the fundamental part of the weaving machines that made his fortune and which, according to Fitton, 'contributed more than any other to the transformation of the industrial face of England'.

There is something positively ludicrous about Wright's most famous portrait: Brooke Boothby (No. 59), a heavy-lidded, effete young aristocrat reclining against an uncomfortable looking rock in a lonely wooded glade, clasping a copy of Rousseau. He is meant to personify the Age of Sensibility that was equated with melancholy. In fact, Boothby's moment of fame came when, passing through Paris on returning from the Grand Tour, he called on Rousseau who entrusted to him the manuscript of his autobiographical *Dialogues* so that it might be published in England. Drawing on the cult of sensibility, Wright twice painted Sterne's melancholy 'Maria' (Nos. 52 and 58), 'The Lady in Milton's *Comus*' (No. 66) typifying chastity and the 'Widow of an Indian Chief' (No. 67) typifying fidelity.

In the exhibition, impeccably arranged by Judy Egerton, we have seen, for the first time, the extraordinarily varied range of this idiosyncratic artist. It remains at the Tate Gallery until April 22nd.

IMAGINE THE WATER

by Jill Burberry

THE life bestowing garden which is to these buildings as the soul is to the body and the lamp to an assembly; and the pure canal, the limpid water of which is to the cascades, each of which is the whitener of the dawn . . . and the fountains, each of which is a hand of light inclined to shake hands with the inhabitants of heavens, or a string of bright pearls made to descend to reward the inhabitants of earth; and the tank, full to the brim of water of life and in its purity the envy of light and the spring of the sun', so runs the Arabic description of the water garden at Delhi's Red Fort. Such gardens were a feature of Mughal palaces.

Deforestation has caused the 'life bestowing' liquid to become scarce in gardens in Kashmir which were created because of its abundance. This and the cost of operating them are probably why it is no longer used as the designers intended in the Mughal gardens I visited in India.

At Shalamar Bagh outside Lahore in Pakistan, it is still possible to see water extravagantly displayed. Nearly four hundred fountains throw single jets four metres high, pools overflow and translucent curtains veil the marble niches on three sides of the *sawan bhadun*, a sunken room created to evoke the luxury of rain. I wanted to go to Lahore but it was too far.

Tamurlane, who conquered Samarkand and lived in the Persian gardens he loved to build, had his throne set on a platform above water courses that represented the four rivers of life. He conquered Delhi in 1398. Babur who was descended from Tamurlane as well as from Ghenghis Khan, poet, musician and conqueror of Afghanistan, Delhi and Agra and founder of the Mughal Empire designed his own gardens and always included water. As he won new territory he would set up camp and create an open air environment in which he could live and work. Later Mughal emperors lived and worked in their gardens too. Water and its effects were an intrinsic part of their daily ambience, so they became masters at manipulating it. Babur is buried in 'Babur's Gardens' which he built in Kabul where the Afghans still meet to rest beneath the plane trees and enjoy the view over fifteen terraces. Such terraces were laid out according to exact specifications to enable cascades to pour rhythmically down them.

At most places I visited in India I had to imagine the water. At Delhi's Red Fort, canals, pools, falls and fountains link the palace, reception halls, baths, loggia and lawns and stretch right through the graceful marble and sandstone pavilions, but alas there is no water. Most of the ceilings have lost the silver and mirror work that used to reflect the flames from the scented lamps and fantasise their dance in the pools where now there is no water.

There would be little point in setting those lamps in the niches that line the descents from one level to the next when there are no cascades to tumble over them and juggle with the light; niches pioneered during

Akbar's reign by Emperor Jehangir's father-in-law at his own gardens in Lahore. He filled them with flowers by day and perfumed lights after the sun went down. Reflections of carved and inlaid walls, fretted lattice screens and stalactite ceilings must have been jazzed by the flowing liquid into patterns that dazzled the brain out of its accustomed paths. And those patterns themselves could have reflected back on to the walls as rippling shadows stirring them to life. Or mirrored in slow moving canals, reversed and gently undulating they might give wing to the creative springs latent in every mortal's soul. But there is no water.

There are lotus bud fountains in the Taj Mahal gardens at Agra that I had to imagine shooting up columns of spray which would drop into its long canals and raised lotus-shaped pool to complement and further enchant that almost immortal building.

I have heard of fountains that play in floral patterns on the surface of ponds, mosaic and inlaid basins to which wind-stirred waves add mystery, and of the moon lighting white scented flowers and marble buildings that tremble in the crystalline depths. But my ears had to dream up the drips, trickles and splashes, gurgle, babble and purl of the invisible running water.

There is a garden set in a lake at Amber Palace near Jaipur in Rajasthan. It is a Hindu adaptation of a Mughal design. A similar lay-out of stone-curbed plots is filled with plants like a floral mosaic at the Anguri Bagh or Grape Garden at Agra Fort. But at Amber there are only the barren geometrical forms, a potential fountain, an empty octagonal basin and stark dry niche-backed falls to look down on from the palace above, not the paradise that was destined to flicker in the lake beneath. It is surrounded by the element that would give it life, but contains no water.

Have you ever wanted to dance in a storm? In 1725 the Jat ruler of Bharatpur in Rajasthan built a Mughal garden at Dig. Sheets of artificial rain pour from the eaves of a pavilion together with fountains, jets and thunder to give the illusion of a tempest. When real rain was rare in the hot dry seasons, Rajahs and their consorts, children and friends could relax in their own cool micro-climate and relish the substitute without spoiling their robes. Wooden plugs are pulled out of a large tank at roof level by swimming boys to gravity-feed the fountains and water devices below. I did not have time to visit it. It sounds a complex show to put on for tourists and I fear there would be no water.

Mughal tombs stand in gardens like cosmic mountains set in the centre of a quartered square intersected by channels that symbolise the rivers of life. Humayun's tomb was the first to be built in this style, but today the channels and octagonal pools that complement the tomb are dry. Only modern luxury hotels like the Ram Bagh Palace at Jaipur offer their visitors a taste of illuminated fountains, trees and flowers and of moving living waters.

NOTE:

I am indebted to *Paradise as a Garden in Persia and Mughal India* by Elizabeth B. Moynihan, published by Scolar Press, for information and for the English translation of the Arabic quotation.

Literary Supplement

CITY OF CULTURE 1990

Glasgow: Portraits of a City. Allan Massie. Barrie & Jenkins. £14.95.

I know no study of Glasgow which captures the spirit of 'the dear green place' as evocatively as does this. Allan Massie describes it in a number of set pieces, each as vivid as the next. For St. Mungo and the site on the Molendinar, his vantage point is the Necropolis, that still majestically-Victorian city of the dead on the hill behind the Cathedral — a building that absorbed and survived the Reformation. For the eighteenth century he is wiser than Scottish Nationalists in recognising that Glasgow made the Clyde, and the Clyde made Glasgow, when the Act of Union opened up to the West of Scotland the trade and the opportunities of the Atlantic, hitherto an English monopoly. And, alongside it, he emphasises the role of the University, with its 'star' professors of the mid-1770s in Francis Hutcheson and Adam Smith, and its craftsman in James Watt. He describes the nineteenth-century exploitation of iron and coal, ships, railways and engines as 'Heyday and Hell', depending on which side of the tracks you lived on; and he notes too that the pride of the skilled men, in shipyards and boiler-rooms, factories and workshops, was a barrier against union with the unskilled in any struggle with employers. That was a problem for the twentieth century.

More than most reporters, Massie recognises that much of Glasgow's appeal rests in its contradictions: it is at once hard-headed and work-proud, that is, Lowland and Protestant, yet also romantic, lachrymose, emotional, nostalgic and inventive, as, that is, Catholic Irish and Highland; translated into its week-end carnival, this becomes Rangers *versus* Celtic, whose rivalry Massie sees as both symbolic and symbiotic. 'Take either club away, and the city would not only be diminished, but out of kilter.'

The book is designed as a tribute to the Glasgow which is to become Europe's 'City of Culture' in 1990. Despite the magpie collection of Sir William Burrell, now housed in style in Pollok House, despite the face-lift and the ringroads of recent decades, that description still remains a surprise to those who remember it from pre-war or indeed post-war years. Glasgow has always smiled more than Edinburgh, and its roster of great men, many of them noted here, is impressive: Tobacco Lords like Buchanans and Glassfords, shipbuilders like the Lithgows, the Yarrows and the Beardmores, textile Kings like the Tennants and Whites, scientists and inventors like the Kelvins and Listers. Allan Massie has not room for them all: when Lord Fraser of Allander died in 1966, the city closed down for the day of his funeral — a tribute, and also a recognition that its embourgeoisement began before the City Council went in for paint, gilt and advertisement. Glasgow certainly smiles better. But the scars have not yet gone from the peripheral high-rise schemes, some of them now derelict; the corporation's device for rehousing its citizens on the cheap was also designed to ensure its one-party grip in local and national politics. This is the city that New York and Chicago would understand — and to it in the late nineteenth century many American civil reformers came to study, and to emulate. Massie recognises that there is an Italian flavour to this Victorian city-state, where the fringe towns of Bearsden and Milngavie, Rutherglen and Wishaw belong in spirit to Glasgow as closely as do Fiesole and Settignano to Florence. But the

Puritan authoritarianism of its local government in enforcing that no pubs mar the housing blocks removes the flavour, if not the temptations, of Europe. Certainly after reading this book Glasgow is a city Europeans will more readily understand, even if its characteristic skyline of immobile cranes is no more.

ESMOND WRIGHT

LITERATURE AND POLITICS

British Writers of the Thirties. Valentine Cunningham. Oxford University Press. £9.95.

When the hardback edition of Valentine Cunningham's *British Writers of the Thirties* first appeared in 1988, it won for itself many golden opinions. Reviewers praised it as the definitive study of the period and spoke of its future as essential required reading. Now, with its publisher bringing it out as a massive paperback — all of 530 close pages — we ask ourselves to quite what end the author has deployed his immense knowledge of the epoch — what sort of book he had in mind to write.

Chapter one has us in something of a tangle with the issues of structuralism and deconstruction; but Mr. Cunningham is clear enough when he declares that his 'book is an account of British literature in the 1930s. A literature in a history and a society'. Call it literary criticism or a literary history, the announcement here is that the author will be looking at the texts of different works in their context of time and place.

The way he sets about this is by examination of leading obsessions and images as found in society and literature; that is, in the minds of the public and of individual writers. All these are seen as crystallising about the desperate state of bourgeois democracy confronted by Fascism and Communism, and reaching its bloody crisis first in Spain and then in World War II.

In Auden and Company, and other Leftist writers, Mr. Cunningham locates a Public School and University guilt about being members of a privileged elite; and sometimes, an emotional guilt or vulnerable awareness from being homosexual. Communism attracted them as an attitude of mind, an activity of being in which they would lose their middle-class inhibitions; as did the youth-cults of sun-bathing and nudism. Travelling, mountaineering and flying appeared as testing-experiences through which they could be freed of that immaturity or 'permanent adolescence' attributed to Public School upbringing.

Mr. Cunningham takes the call to the solidarity and commitment to the Republican cause in Spain as the two main challenges facing the intelligentsia in the Thirties; and his book is of considerable value as it tirelessly quotes chapter and verse for the strong pull away from isolating individualism which the writers of the time record. Nor does the writer forget the Right Wing resistance to this phenomenon in such GIPs as Evelyn Waugh, Percy Wyndham Lewis and T. S. Eliot.

Spain brough to light the Machiavellian and inhumane face of Communism with Orwell's exposure of the Soviet mission. Mr. Cunningham believes that 'the Utopian notion of innocence' was proved inadequate to the occasion, 'a kind of Christian awareness of sin' becoming necessary to deal with the age-old forgotten vision of evil. A democratic communism, incorporating a religious or spiritual consciousness, would appear to be his hope for the future — but, at this point, he ends his work.

If we accept, at the start, that this author's concern is not with the

discrimination of literary sensibility, but, rather, with the grouping and counting of significant images whose import is to be reckoned socially and psychologically, it becomes plain that Mr. Cunningham has written an important work; one which illumines the period more penetratingly than formal literary criticism sets out to do.

DEREK STANFORD

CHARITY BEGINS IN 1601

The Alms Trade: Charities Past, Present and Future. Ian Williams. 218pp. Unwin and Hyman. £12.95.

Charity is high on the current political agenda. The Minister responsible for the environment has proposed meetings of management associations to seek their help in extending participation in the government sponsored scheme for regular donations to charities from payrolls. Tax relief for contributions to charities has been increased. The government, from time immemorial, has supported charities by exempting them from rates and taxes. Before responding to ministerial appeals taxpayers may well want to know more about activities to which they are already making substantial contributions.

Mr. Ian Williams's book is therefore timely. It is well researched investigative journalism and makes a case for reconsideration of charitable status. Unfortunately, many who would agree with that will be antagonised by his partisanship. At times he seems to be engaged in a debate within the Labour Party, and he strays from charities into general social policy, especially with reference to the National Health Service.

Mr. Williams seems to follow the popular connotation of charity with the relief of poverty. A glance at the Charity Commission's register of over 160,000 charities will show that only a small proportion of them are concerned with the relief of poverty. It has always been so. The 1601 Act, which established the criteria, still operative, for what is a charitable purpose, was not, as Mr. Williams believes, mainly a supplement to the Poor Laws: it covered not only eleemosynary trusts but also benefactions not likely to concern the really poor. The interests of Elizabeth's ministers suggest that the endowments it was most anxious to protect were social services, such as schools and hospitals, salvaged from the confiscation of monasteries and chantries by Henry VIII. City companies were active in providing schools, primarily for sons of their own members, though they usually offered places to others. The free places they offered could not have been taken by the really poor, who could not afford to maintain their children there. They sometimes charged entrance fees, and fee-paying pupils were often admitted.

The government had no means of enforcing the statute. The only remedy it set up for abuse of an endowment was appeal to the notorious Court of Chancery, an experience only the wealthy and very persistent could contemplate. Corruption and mismanagement crippled most of the trusts. When reformers began, in the nineteenth century, to clean up the Augean stables they soon developed a strong antipathy to endowments, which they saw as opportunities for patronage and unadaptable to the needs of their age. Even conservatives such as Robert Lowe wanted to get rid of them. The most pressing need was for education. Eventually the Endowed Schools Act of 1869 enabled a Commission to apply to education endowments intended partly for other purposes which seemed to it better provided for otherwise. The Commission could not deal with some of the most prestigious schools or affect the

conversion of some local grammar schools into expensive private schools, a development to be deplored not just for its social effects, on which Mr. Williams concentrates, but chiefly because it gave respectability to a discredited and obsolete type of education.

Where the Commission could reorganise foundations it encouraged new curricula, replacing the classics with new knowledge more relevant to careers for which pupils were being prepared. It tried to concentrate resources and to spread secondary education fairly over areas where there was a demand for it. When the Act became law the state was providing no education at all, and after 1870 until the end of the century it promoted only elementary education. Endowments were the only source of assured income, and fees had to be charged, but voluntary contributions to the funds enabled most schools to keep fees low and to offer some free places to be filled by competition not, as was normal previously, by patronage. Nobody engaged in building up a network covering the country was satisfied: even conservatives like the two Arnolds thought a national system was needed. Nevertheless the achievement was impressive. Mr. Williams does it less than justice.

He is on firmer ground in a useful survey of the legal history of charities. It reveals all the defects of the English legal system. A judge is quoted as saying in 1970, 'I find it incredible that the law on this subject is still derived from the Preamble to the Statute of Elizabeth I, long since repealed and long since out of date, and in modern times applied by analogy upon analogy. It is time this branch of law was considered, rationalised and modernised'. (p.36). The Preamble referred to had given only examples of the kinds of trust to be protected: the actual endowments to be covered were never specified, but decisions by judges over three centuries threw out criteria for assessing whether a trust was charitable or not. Hard cases make bad law, and only hard cases got to the Court of Chancery. Chancery it was indeed: it all depended on the kinds of question that came before particular judges with their various experiences and prejudices. The exasperation of the judge quoted above was well justified and his recommendation very sensible. But what is remarkable is that he was speaking ten years after a new Charity Act was passed to clarify what an eminent lawyer had described as 'the charity muddle'. The Act merely confounded the confusion. According to its Section 45, ' "Charity" means any institution, corporate or not, which is established for charitable purposes, and is subject to the control of the High Court in the exercise of the court's jurisdiction with respect to charities'. Far from defining a charity, the nonsensical mumbo-jumbo merely refers back to the chaos of precedents. In practice a charity is whatever the Charity Commission staff chooses to put on its register.

About all that seems comparatively clear in the mists of past litigation is a nebulous conception that a charity is an institution beneficial to the public as a whole. But any judgement that an activity is for the public good must be very subjective and likely to be controversial. Education is accepted as a worthy purpose without questioning whether those who profess to be promoting it are competent to do so or are providing education of a satisfactory quality. Anything religious is almost unquestioned, but activity against religion is not — an anomoly in a society only a minority of whose members subscribe to any religion. Political activity is also suspect, though the Commission appears to be taking a tolerant view of the extent to which charities may seek to influence changes in government policy or other circumstances which may affect their objectives.

It is obviously difficult to draw a line round the status of charity, and to put responsibility for drawing it on officials is unsatisfactory. With the futility of the 1960 Act as a warning against wasting more Parliamentary time on grappling with such an impalpable hypostatisation, a layman can only wonder why the word 'charity' needs to be used at all to describe an institution or an organisation; and whether it would not be simpler and just as fair to give tax concessions to voluntary associations which do not distribute profits to their members or trustees.

BRUCE PATTISON

SIR HENRY STANLEY, EXPLORER

Stanley: the Making of an African Explorer. Frank McLynn. Constable. 411pp. £17.95.

Like Conan Doyle, never able to kill off his hated creation, Sherlock Holmes, Sir Henry Stanley was lumbered for life by Livingstone and an unfortunate four words. A great explorer in his own right, Stanley never quite emerged from Livingstone's shadow or the darker shadows of his later life. Yet the two men enjoyed a halcyon friendship in their brief four months together at Ujiji, in 1871, both perhaps more alike than they knew with similar obstacles to face.

Stanley had an extraordinary life by any standards; the reality was quite as incredible as the Munchausen type of embroideries and fantasies he added. A classic Victorian survivor from poverty, illegitimacy, the workhouse and maternal rejection, he would have had a posse of social workers pondering on his psyche today. His own solution was simply to excise his whole Welsh childhood as J. Rowlands, and start afresh after working his passage to America, including the name and background of his American benefactor, Henry Stanley. Young Stanley managed to join both sides in the Civil War as well as the US Navy. Writing about this discovered his talent for journalism to the *New York Herald,* and his world scoop on the Napier Expedition to Abbyssinia made his name and the papers's choice 'to find Livingstone'.

Familiarity has dimmed this achievement in human endurance, and also his outstanding trans-African crossing from Zanzibar to the Atlantic, together with the knowledge that the Lualaba River fed into the Congo and not the Nile, as Livingstone had surmised. With no planes, no cars, no telephone, no communication except the bush telegraph, this 999 day epic was the greatest feat in the history of African exploration. In these days it is hard to realise that little over a hundred years ago this part of Africa was quite unknown (despite Dr. Banda's indignant expostulation when Livingstone claimed to have discovered Nyasaland: 'We were here all the time'.)

The contrast between the adulation given to Livingstone, and the hostility of the British press and the Royal Geographical Society to himself, must have struck Stanley when he served as pall bearer to Livingstone's State funeral (preceded by his two days lying in state at the RGS), in April 1874.

Although Stanley's tangled web of deception was responsible for some distrust, there was something peculiar in the Victorian outlook which produced such hysterical adulation of Livingstone. An unsuccessful missionary who never clocked up a single clear convert, leader of the disastrous Zambesi expedition, and a man in such violent conflict with his fellow Europeans in Africa, the British Consul was driven to comment of Livingstone: 'He must be out of his mind'. In any objective survey of each man, achievement and effect on Africa,

Stanley seems due for some measure of re-appraisal. Mr. McLynn's nice appreciation of both men goes some way to redressing the balance.

MOLLY MORTIMER

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA: A BIOGRAPHY TO END BIOGRAPHIES

Lawrence of Arabia: The Authorised Biography of T. E. Lawrence. Jeremy Wilson. Heinemann. £25.00.

This biography presents both the reviewer and the would-be purchaser with a number of problems. The first and most obvious is its sheer size. It weighs in at a mammoth 1,188 pages of which 939 are text, 36 are appendices, 185 are notes and the balance, index. Middlemas and Barnes's 1969 biography of Stanley Baldwin was a mere 1,149 and he happened twice to have been Prime Minister. (Admittedly their print was considerably smaller and if one has to have a long book it is better to make it a readable one.) Why such a mammoth book for a man who wrote only two books of which he later abridged one, plus two translations, several prefaces and official reports, who read history at Oxford, worked as an archaeologist and then intelligence officer in the Great War, was seconded as one of the team to liaise with the Arab uprising, and then after the war worked for the Colonial Office, afterwards retiring into private life as a soldier-writer? The answer to this is 'The Lawrence Cult'.

From the time Lowel Thomas's road-show about Lawrence the 'Uncrowned King of Arabia' hit London, its subject has had a cultic appeal. In its intensity one is reminded of that given by illiterates to James Dean or Elvis Presley. I recall once visting Lawrence's Dorset cottage to find a girl, on her own, sitting in the upstairs room which had served Lawrence as a sitting room. She made it obvious that our presence was not appreciated and we withdrew. Afterwards my friends and I passed her in our car; one friend asked if we should not stop and offer her a lift. No, I said, you don't understand. We were driving, and she was walking, on the road on which Lawrence was thrown from his motorbike in 1935 and she was carefully measuring her steps to arrive at the spot where the accident occurred. The last thing she wanted was to be offered a lift. This was the appeal of the Lawrence Cult.

It lies in the fascination of the tortured, introspective, neurotic burdened with the need and gifted with the ability to analyse and describe feelings with a precision missing among the bulk of mankind. As such he appeals to those of that inclination or those attracted by the type. (The euphony of the name — Lawrence of Arabia — helps: would Blatherwyck of Tuvalu have done as well?). The cult has increased with time. Indeed, it is very much a twentieth century cult, just as that surrounding Florence Nightingale was of the nineteenth century. Here we have an intelligent, well educated, talented but lonely man who is propelled into war and then into disproportionate world fame: he rejects this for the life of the common soldier or aircraftman. He also writes and publishes, as only intellectuals can do, of the most intimate events in his life and at a time when this had not become the commonplace of every television chat-show. There were few men who emerged from the First World War who could or did describe over several pages how they were raped by Turkish soldiers.

The myth grew with each biography that came out until the inevitable de-bunking began with Richard Aldington's book in the 1950s. If the myth were damaged the cult survived and was reinvigorated in the 1960s when the *Sunday Times* showed that Lawrence had had himself beaten and was, to the

delight of our sex-obsessed age, a masochist. This book is in a way an attempt to lay the myth to rest by burying it in an exhaustive and minute history of Lawrence's life. It is properly critical of many of the sources used by former biographers and of some of the more outlandish conclusions some have reached. Yet at the same time it can be extremely uncritical of Lawrence himself, especially in those places where great care is needed such as the famous Deraa incident: Mr. Wilson can be extremely dismissive of accounts at variance with his own and Lawrence's yet Lawrence himself admitted that *Seven Pillars* was not a memoir or a history as these terms are normally understood. There was literary exaggeration, as well as his own penchant for adventures reminiscent of the *Boys' Own* tales of his youth. (Some of Lawrence's Deraa tale cannot be taken seriously other than as a form of school-boy bravado.)

Again, there is the tale of Lawrence's losing eight of the eleven sections of the manuscript of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* while at Reading Station and then sitting down and, in two months, re-writing from memory the lost sections of a book which was 672 pages long (1935 edition), although admittedly only roughly half the length of this biography. This was not an impossible task but it was an unlikely one, especially when confirmation is based on a reported conversation as later recalled in memoirs of a third party and meant for publication. One suspects exaggeration all along the line but the author passes it off as beyond question, as he does the now 'authorised' version of the Deraa incident. This is a pity in such a well researched book about a man who could be so extremely kind.

Part of the problem with this book, besides its over-length, is what must be called its 'tone'. There is a pomposity here, almost a smugness. It is the author's first proper book, his other works being introductions and editions and there is a certain naivety as, for example, in his taking a paragraph to talk about his 'style' and the approach of the book, which he describes as 'historical' as opposed to 'critical'. Mr. Wilson also assumes that readers already have a familiarity with preceding biographies; indeed, without such knowledge some portions of this book are beside the point. Presumably, only devotees would be prepared to spend £25 and plough through such a mammoth work.

The 'historical' approach has meant that the author has produced a thorough piece of scholarship, well researched and, on the whole, balanced but there remains a certain unease: is it a reluctance to put Lawrence into the context of the self-obsessed neurotic who with all his quirks and oddities, indeed, partly because of them, remains very much a hero of our times? Whether he should be is another question. Again, the sheer weight of material is almost self-defeating.

Mr. Wilson insists that as the 'authorised' biographer his work must not be thought less than objective nor must one think that Lawrence's surviving brother 'censored' anything. Agreed, but why then make the sub-title of the book, 'The authorised biography . . .'? Is it because the book, or, rather, the biographer, has set himself the task of producing the final, full and perfect study, like the translators of the 'authorised version'? If so this would explain the detached tone, the great length and the massive amount of information presented and what some will see as the lack of enough critical insight into the evidence his character left behind him.

JAMES MUNSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Companion to Scottish History from the Reformation to the Present Day. (Batsford. £17.95.) This informative volume, comprehensive in style, though not in content, has been compiled by two distinguished Scottish historians, Dr. Ian Donnachie and Dr. George Hewitt. They have chosen 'a series of themes and topics, providing the readers with cross-references to key events, personalities and movements'. 'Our selection was governed partly by the relative historical importance of each entry and partly by the findings of recent research'. No doubt there will be some disagreement on the choice of events, and their treatment, but the volume should be widely welcomed among students of modern Scottish history.

This study on **The Awakening of the Soviet Union** (Heineman. £13.95) by Professor Hosking was completed in June 1989. Since then progress to a democratic society in the USSR has been gathering pace. This volume is derived from the author's Reith Lectures in 1988. Nonetheless the work remains of great value in describing the nature and potential of change in the Soviet Union. Indeed without this background knowledge, it makes assessing the present and forecasting the future almost impossible.

Wartime Women. (Heineman. £14.95.) This 'anthology of Women's Wartime Writing for Mass-Observation 1937-45' has been compiled by Dorothy Sheridan from a variety of contemporary sources. The contributors themselves cover wide experiences of the war. They demonstrate particularly the greater freedom and choice in activities which the war enabled women to enjoy. It was a period of liberation for women, as these entries demonstrate. The editor obtained most of the material published from the Mass-Observation archives kept at the University of Sussex. The volume is useful as a work of reference and also for the pleasure of reading.

In Teleki's Footsteps: A Walk Across East Africa. (Macmillan, London. £14.95.) By bicycle and on foot, in 1981, Tom Heaton undertook an apparently impossible trek along the old slave and ivory route into the interior of East Africa. Inspired by a similar expedition made a hundred years previously by the Hungarian Count Teleki and his Austrian amanuensis, Ludwig von Hoehnel, he mapped out the route described by them in 1894, planning to follow it fairly exactly. The story of his journey is well documented with maps, lively description and racy anecdote. It is likely to appeal to all serious students of developing and modernised parts of the African Continent as well as to readers of travel books in a less specialised context. There is a useful glossary of terms used in tribal languages and a bibliography.

The Trick of It. (Viking. £11.95.) This new novel by Michael Frayn is cast in the form of letters, all written by one Richard Dunnett, a lecturer in English Literature in a provincial university, to a married woman. His preoccupation with the modern novel is so complete that, when he has successfully invited his most admired female novelist and correspondent, JL (always thus designated) to meet him he feels bound to sleep with her as well. Thereafter, amid much highly pyrotechnic disaster, she tries to sort out the complicated relationships thereby set up in her family life. Their eventual marriage causes an intermingling of their writing lives and it soon emerges that the 'writing about writing' is the real subject of concern. On that level it is immensely amusing, if on any other faintly horrific.

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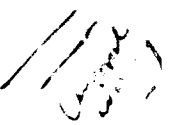

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A NEW FACE FOR NEUTRALITY?

by Peter Johnson

IN October 1988, when an article on the Future of Neutrality was printed in these pages, it was not difficult to believe that there was ample time for thought and discussion about the future shape of Europe. In that article it was suggested that the debate should range around a basic choice between the prolongation, albeit in some modified form, of the military confrontation as against the concept of breaking down that confrontation through the concept of neutrality, non-alignment in the rivalry of the super-powers.

Since that time the gigantic events in Eastern Europe have made clear that individual Europeans have no more time for dalliance. They have to make up their minds now as to the general lines on which they want their continent to develop and if they do not do so it will be too late and others will decide for them.

Whether from lethargy, fear, distrust, legitimate caution or the workings of the powerful military-industrial interests which benefit from the status quo, the tendency in the West has been not to initiate any major and positive reaction to the events we are witnessing. So accustomed have we become to the hugely expensive pattern of confrontation which has ossified in Central Europe that now, when many brave peoples have taken the first steps away from the past, the response from the West has been sympathetic and sometimes triumphant, but has contributed nothing to a long term policy to match events. The role seems to have been seen as simply one of moral support combined with assistance in training, advice and finance directed towards the changeover to mixed economies. Such an approach is perfectly sound as far as it goes and one could wish it were everywhere being pursued with the determination displayed by the Federal Republic towards East Germany which probably needs help less than any other of the states emerging from the blight of communism.

Even when the maximum of help is given to the mouldering economies of Eastern Europe, there will remain a gaping hole in the vision which even success in these enterprises may bring. Lacking is a correlation between the social, political and economic upheavals and military postures. The disinclination to face the full implications of basic facts is preventing any great leap forward in progress towards a permanent

settlement in Europe.

While the two great military alliances face one another across a long land frontier there is no alternative to the maintenance of large, efficient, modernised forces in a state of readiness along the line of confrontation. It is impossible to refute the military logic of this stance, which entails the long term continuance by the great powers of a huge application of resources to the scientific, technological and industrial requirements of the military. They dare not let up in the constant search for new and improved weapons in the fear of a breakthrough by the other side which might quite suddenly produce an unacceptable edge in fighting power. Arms limitation agreements, no matter how strict the methods of verification, cannot avoid this, which is, in effect, a continuation of the arms race. A highly unsavoury by-product is that, new weapons being so expensive and complex, the manufacturers and the states who are the prime buyers try to reduce their costs by pressing their lethal hardware on to poorer nations. In addition to its contribution to the notorious debt mountain, this competition in arms sales bears no small responsibility for lack of progress by the Third World towards a more acceptable standard of life.

The problem centres, as do most European problems, on Germany and the Germans. The two Germanies have long been, not particularly surreptitiously, on better and closer terms than they officially admitted. They are now very close indeed and the inevitable result of such intimacy must be either a very close liaison or an actual marriage. Whichever of those outcomes materialises, an international confrontation across the present dividing line will lack any conceivable credibility. It is impossible to imagine a shooting war between NATO and the Warsaw Pact across a 'line' which no longer exists for any other purpose. The substantial German content in 'opposing' contingents would make even the suggestion of such a war ludicrous and the position of the British Army of the Rhine would defy imagination. A phantom division of Europe cannot survive in a military sense when all other barriers have collapsed.

A factor sometimes overlooked is that it is a truism that military forces outside their own country rapidly lose morale if they can see no reason for their continued presence. The tolerance, let alone welcome, of the alien population around them will soon turn from sullen acceptance to active demand for their removal. We should disabuse ourselves of the idea that the general populace in Germany enjoy the presence of British troops there. The substantial American contingent in Britain, in spite of intensive public relations efforts, is no longer popular or welcome.

The rapid march of events and the unpredictable behaviour of inexperienced politicians and restless, long deprived peoples in Eastern Europe, may make it inevitable that initial action will have to be in tinkering with the existing, now very rickety, structure. But the time has assuredly come when we must go back to basic principles and try to discover what might be a really sound and permanent frame for international relations in Europe.

The historian Thucydides was no mean judge of politics in a community of states no less quarrelsome and prone to war than we in Europe have shown ourselves. It was one of his most famous dicta, not contradicted by subsequent history, that the only reason for alliance as a policy is fear. The reverse side of this coin is that, if fear breeds alliance, so does alliance breed fear. When Stalin ignored the Western interpretation of the Yalta agreements and established Soviet domination over Eastern Europe, fear of further Russian advance, fuelled by the cruel blockade of West Berlin, justified the formation of NATO. But this move, fully justified as it was, sowed distrust and even fear in the Kremlin of a well equipped, integrated defence organisation along the Western boundary of the Soviet glacis. This fear is, of course, sustained and reinforced by traditionally paranoid memories of the invasions of Russia from the West in 1815, 1854, 1914, 1918 and 1941. So the two 'defensive' alliances have kept the uneasy and expensive peace for nigh on half a century through fear of one another. These fears which, with hindsight, may always have been exaggerated, have now receded and show reasonable expectation of becoming groundless.

It is pretty clear to almost everyone that, on a rational analysis, the existence of vulnerable nuclear power stations, the horrors of modern weapons and the well developed techniques of passive and active civilian and guerrilla resistance on the ground, have ensured that the 1939-45 war will be the last attempt in Europe to conquer and control nations by direct force. But even if the Western and Soviet authorities both know in their hearts that the idea of great wars of aggression is outdated and does not feature among the options of the 1990s, that does not automatically eradicate fear. So long as the great alliances exist with their awesome armouries of modern conventional and nuclear weapons, their fleets of helicopters and aircraft, their masses of tanks so heavily armoured as to be nearly invulnerable, the unknown horrors which may exist in the brains of their scientists, the huge capacities of their factories to produce weapons, so long will there remain a not irrational fear of one another. This residual fear is apt to eclipse the rational knowledge that Hitler was unable to maintain his conquests and that the Soviet Union has gained nothing and lost a great deal by its domination of Eastern Europe.

At this stage we should stand back and see what kind of an 'ultimate' solution might best promise a state of stable peace and diminishing armaments in Europe.

A policy of developing and modifying the present confrontation of the two super-powers on territory no longer under their control presents a possibility of temporary, if fragile, stability. It holds no hope for a long term breakthrough leading to a permanently acceptable settlement in Europe. We must, therefore, examine the alternative. Would an extension of neutrality in some form and to some areas offer what is so sorely needed? If this seems likely, such a goal, although not to be achieved by a stroke of the pen, must be clearly visualised in something like its

hoped-for condition and its advantages assessed. Even if it seems immediately impracticable, only if the attraction of the completed picture is considerable will serious efforts be made towards its achievement.

At the centre of this new Europe based on the principles of neutrality lies a unified Germany, non-nuclear and voluntarily neutral, her formidable military tradition concentrated on the type of territorial defence already advocated by Andreas von Bulow and others in the Federal Republic. All foreign forces have been withdrawn, entailing a considerable run down and disbandment in several countries, particularly in the Soviet Union which would have co-operated by declaring the USSR (in whatever form it then may exist) a 'defensive only' zone West of the Urals.

With Germany declaring for neutrality, the Warsaw Pact and NATO would inevitably have dissolved. Their constituent European nations would all be neutrals on an 'Austrian' basis with undertakings that their defensively orientated armed forces will be of such size and strength as to give rise to no uneasiness among their neighbours. The numerous ethnic and minority problems which have always bedevilled the melting pot of Eastern Europe could not be ignored, but would be acknowledged with undertakings that they would not be approached by force. All the Eastern European nations, now democracies, would have been joined with the West in some kind of extension of the EFTA agreements to which the Soviet Union, the USA and Canada would also have subscribed. The United Kingdom would have joined Germany in a policy of permanent neutrality. We can only suppose that France had pursued her inevitably individual way but had at least confirmed her post war stance of friendship with her old adversary across the Rhine.

It is impossible to forecast the shape in which the Soviet Union will emerge from its present convulsions but we must assume that, for Russia to take her natural place alongside the new Europe, Stalinist communism will have been totally abandoned and the international vision held by Lenin and Trotsky of communism's world role is also dead and buried. Inevitably the armed forces available for outside adventure would have been hugely reduced, the bulk of military strength being deployed to watch the border with China.

The United States, having withdrawn its forces from Europe, would also have been able to make very large force reductions and could no longer, except for whatever remained of the strategic nuclear arsenals, be seen by the Soviet Union as a threat in Europe, although her political and commercial interest in the area would remain.

At this stage I think I hear readers exclaiming against such 'idealistic nonsense'. Is this any more than an attempt to conjure up a cloud-cuckoo-land of virtue out of the incorrigible morass of vice, vested interest and indolence which is reality? Visions of peace have abounded in the world of ideas since the days, at least, of Erasmus in the fifteenth century and have always fallen victim to the follies or wickedness of mankind. But nobody suggests that all this is going to happen at the drop of a hat

or by the usage of a single conference. Such a consummation can only come about in steps. It will take time and there may be faltering on the way, but this does not prove that, with a new spirit abroad in the world, much better arrangements than have heretofore been known are impossible. It must be worthwhile to investigate and discuss an alternative which would so patently improve the lot of the world. We need to encourage the faint-hearted by exploring the paths by which it could be reached, without either ignoring or magnifying the obstacles and barriers in the way.

The most immediately formidable circle which has to be squared lies in the assumption, which must be made, that German reunification is an inevitable constituent of the future Europe. Present indications are that the Soviet Union will only agree willingly to this on the condition of all-German neutrality. Without willing Soviet agreement there can be no stability, but NATO and some of its constituent parts, including the present West German Government, insist that German neutrality is impossible and unacceptable. One suggestion, floated by Dr. Kissinger and put forward by the Foreign Minister of the Federal Republic, is of a united Germany within NATO with the territory of the present East Germany neutralised and demilitarised. This would be a compromise but hardly fully commensurate with a unified, sovereign Germany. It would conjure unfortunate memories of the similar status of the Rhineland after 1919. Admittedly that arrangement was imposed by the Allies at Versailles while the new suggestion would emanate from within Germany itself. But however you look at it, it would not fit in with the concept of a fully independent Germany without similar concessions from the Russians in their own country East of the Polish border.

On the NATO side, American troops cannot be expected to remain forever in a Europe seemingly on the way to pacification. In the wake of Soviet withdrawals the cry of 'Bring the boys home' will be ever more insistent. The Germany-in-NATO scenario without a dominant US element could only lead to a German led 'Eurato' NATO. The argument that Anglo-French leadership, with some American backing, could balance Germany in her own country holds no water. In a coalition the most important, the strongest, the richest, the most vigorous and above all the most concerned, partner will be in the lead. If America relinquished her supremacy for political and economic reasons, it could only fall to United Germany. British participation in such an alliance would be to say the least, uncomfortable and alien to her traditions.

What then of the lesser Warsaw Pact nations when they are fully released from Soviet dominance? Will it be for them just another swing of the pendulum? Have they only to look forward to a second instalment of German rule? However much they yearn for German trade, German expertise and German technology, they would be strongly tempted to seek reassurances from 'Big Brother' in the East against the possibility of renewed German dominance, even within a military alliance of the West.

So, looking objectively at the disadvantages long term of preserving the alliance system, is the alternative vision, the scenario sketched above, so very difficult to accept as the ultimate goal?

It has been generally accepted, not least by the Germans, that unification will come in the context of, and with due regard to, the interests of Europe as a whole and of the super-powers. But let us not delude ourselves that there is anywhere a veto or that the Germans will put up with indefinite delays because of outside objections.

The advantages of a Europe with neutrality at its centre are that it would be virtually immune from major war, even one based on the Mad Major or Desperate Dictator syndromes. Stated neutrality, as opposed to uneasy alliance, would enormously reduce the burden of useless armaments and open up trade to a degree unknown since 1914. What then are the snags that we are denied this apparent Elysium? Is the root factor of all-German neutrality really so impossible as it is so often said to be?

The first argument against it is always that a united Germany is too big and too powerful economically and in too important a strategic position to be able to adopt neutrality, which is an option only open to lesser countries. Provided, however, that she harbours no ambitions for expansion or for altering frontiers, it is precisely because of her size and geographical situation that neutrality is an attractive option for Germany. Her interest, and that of Europe as a whole, is in stability. If she is a member of either an Eastern or a Western bloc her weight in the scales of a balance of power would always be so great as to constitute a potential threat to the other bloc. Neutral, with new Eastern markets and old Western cultural and economic ties, she could take her rightful place, as Bismarck once intended, in providing the balancing factor needed between East and West.

A second objection lies in the belief in the West that Germany is needed in the Western camp to counter the still potent military threat from the East. The validity of this depends heavily on whether the cautious steps so far taken in the Soviet Union can be seen to be leading irreversibly to real democracy. If that happens, and without it Europe must remain in the melting pot, the threat from the East will assume a totally different and infinitely more benign aspect.

Next is the idea that it is necessary for the Western allies to keep a united Germany in the Alliance in order that they retain some measure of control, or at least influence, over her good behaviour. The ghost of Lord Ismay's famous aphorism that NATO exists to 'keep the US in, Germany down and Russia out' still walks in some circles. To revive or try to perpetuate this doctrine is a certain way to raise the worst elements in the German political character and submerge the better.

Lastly, the bogey of dominance by a united Germany of the smaller nations of Eastern Europe is inherent in any pattern of European politics. But Germany, like Everest, is there and those nations have to live with her. A Germany with an official policy of neutrality would be an easier,

certainly a no more difficult, bedfellow for those countries than one within a NATO alliance.

It would be most desirable to approach the goal of all-German neutrality by an intermediate and lesser stage in Central Europe which would tend to give confidence to other parties before Germany decided for herself. There is, unfortunately, considerable likelihood that the Germans, with the bit between their teeth, will settle their own future first. It would wonderfully demonstrate their steadiness, goodwill and political acumen if they, and the Western Alliance with them, encouraged, assisted and negotiated a switch to neutrality by Hungary and Czechoslovakia. So far these countries have publicly only asked for the withdrawal of Soviet troops, perhaps avoiding mention of neutrality because of the Soviet action in response to Hungary's declaration in 1956. The adoption of an 'Austrian solution' here would be of quite inestimable value to a settlement in Central Europe and might be crucial in promoting all-German neutrality and the final withdrawal, in suitable stages, of foreign troops from Central Europe.

Regrettably, it would almost certainly transpire that the United Kingdom, in spite of her proud record in Hitler's war, would be the last nation in Europe to play host to foreign troops. While Russia would only have a few miles with good communications to cover to reverse her withdrawal, the Americans would have 3,000 miles of sea and a probably unwilling Congress between them and any recovery of their position. It would only be reasonable, therefore, for the West to have visible evidence that the Soviet departure was genuine and irreversible before finally severing the lifeline of Europe to her great transatlantic ally.

No one should pretend that the scenario outlined here will unfold exactly as suggested nor that it will be easy or very quick of attainment. What is important is that the core Europeans, including the British, should give evidence that they believe extended neutrality, rather than the continuance of super-power confrontation, is the key to peace in Europe.

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ONCE MORE A REAL GERMAN PROBLEM

by Leo Muray

THE German problem is with us now. It will remain with us for a long time. It has become more and more threatening because the Soviet Union has now entered a period of fundamental instability. So have most of the members of what was once the Soviet Bloc. German unification is turning out to be of crucial importance in its implications because in addition to its contentious economic, strategic and political consequences it is also proving the test case for the real chances of reshaping the Central Command Economies of the Soviet Bloc. It is obvious that the chances of succeeding are best in East Germany that is now being dismantled. No other former Soviet Bloc country can expect the same effort and determined enthusiasm to be spent on it.

It is obvious now that Chancellor Kohl was, and still is, determined to accomplish the practical unification in all its sectors, monetary, economic, social and party political in advance of formal legal unification. Once this is done any delays caused or imposed by the 'Four Allies', Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the US in the international establishment of Germany as an enlarged state would matter much less in the real world of international relations. The newly elected Parliament and the new coalition government is giving priority to a reform of the Constitution to set up again the five East German lands — Saxony, Saxony-Anhalt, Thuringia, Brandenburg and Mecklenburg — the Stalinist regime abolished 35 years ago replacing them with 14 Soviet-style Districts in order to make tight control easier and suppress the strong national feelings in, say, the old kingdom of Saxony and in Brandenburg, the ancient heartland of Prussia. There will then be 16 lands in the united Germany.

The existence of these lands, introduced originally by the Western Allies, is a major feature of Federal German democracy. Article 23 of the Federal Constitution allows the joining of any territory regarded as German; and the Saarland did so by a referendum in 1952. But it took three years for it to become fully integrated. The Bonn government preferred Article 23 to Article 146 that postulated a referendum and a change of constitution. The Bonn government wants to avoid this. One powerful reason for Article 23 is that the five East German lands join individually and there is not suddenly a powerful 16 million new land in the Federation.

The land elections are expected to be held in October and before that the tricky issue of uniting Berlin has to be sorted out. In Berlin the four occupying powers are directly involved because they have retained more detailed rights of supervision there and can interfere directly. West Berlin is regarded as a land in Federal Germany. Of the five lands Saxony is more determined than the others to play a key role once in the Federal Republic, as Bavaria does now, but Saxony is Protestant. The March elections have shown that there are real differences between the five lands. In Mecklenburg, for instance, the refurbished Communist PSD Party came

second after the victorious Alliance of Chancellor Kohl, beating the Social Democrats by three percentage points, 26.4 against 23.4 per cent.

There is another advantage in Article 23. Just as France did not interfere practically when Saarland joined although it had been under French administration, the Four Allies are unlikely to interfere in the discussions and arrangements considering that none of the five lands borders on an Ally. The real complications are expected to arise with the EEC. But behind the scenes EEC diplomats admit that they did not really expect, despite all fervent declarations to the contrary, that the Bonn government will give priority to EEC commitments over the need to get unification right. Under Article 23, the Bonn — and East Berlin — governments have much more freedom when negotiating the details. This applies especially to the details of monetary unification. Indeed, the demands for effective monetary union on the Bonn Exchequer are such that these are now at the head of the queue of EMU, European Monetary Union, problems, like Britain joining.

The Western D-Mark is to be the official East German currency in July. This implies that the Federal Bank must take over the 20 billion dollar foreign debt of the East whose hard foreign currency stock is virtually non-existent. This leads to another extremely tricky issue. President Gorbachov demanded at his meeting with Chancellor Kohl that Federal Germany must pay for all the Soviet exports to East Germany, and there are long-term commitments, in Deutschmarks. Until now they were paid in 'Eastmarks'. And there is another extremely delicate money issue. The Russians ask for the cost of their troops in East Germany, however reduced their number may be in the end, to be paid in the hard Deutschmark currency. There will then arise the funny situation that a member of NATO and of the EEC EMU, will pay for the maintenance of Soviet troops in a region then part of NATO. That may not last too long but it is likely to come true.

In March officials of both governments produced a report on the actual economic situation in East Germany. It is the first report ever to be made jointly by Western and Soviet Bloc officials on the real economic conditions of a country run for 40 years on Central Command economy lines. It was summed up by one member as being much worse than they had all imagined. It illustrates the strain the West German economy, and therefore indirectly the EEC, is going to have to bear. Although this is not stated in the report it puts a question mark against a smooth start of the 1992 EEC Internal Free Market.

The Bonn government, for instance, has to face the problem of the billions of Eastmarks the Central Command Control industries in the East owe to their state bank. Once the Deutschmark is introduced these are likely to be written off by fixing a specially low exchange rate different from the 1-to-1 for small savers. But it implies also that most of these industries will have to be re-organised, re-equipped or closed down. Yet, in theory, the Bonn government must stick to the EEC rules banning subsidies and, however many powerful West German concerns will do the actual business in terms of financial support, it will have to get back to the Federal

authorities. Another forceful feature will be the enormous new purchasing power given to the East Germans by the introduction of Deutschmarks. This will be balanced, so to speak, by the widespread loss of jobs, temporary most likely, in East Germany due to the streamlining of industries. A million unemployed are expected in the starting period which implies 8,000 million Deutschmarks in dole money to begin with. But the East Germans have no unemployment insurance. The West Germans have. The Bonn government is anxious to reduce still further the falling exodus of workers to the West so the dole payment must be reasonable, 65% — in Deutschmarks — of the last weekly wage.

The social union with East Germany requires much legislation and enormous efforts. The West Germans have established that 1½ million apartments should not be lived in and four million need repairs for they were built in the Nazi period. That would require 750 billion Deutschmarks according to the Western officials. But this requires a settlement of the tricky problems of ownership. Moreover the West would have to supply the building materials, equipment and some trained workforce. There is the same trouble with improving the road and rail network — again 200 billion cost is the estimate. Bonn officials regard the improvement of the traffic system as the 'basis and pre-condition for the monetary and economic union'.

The whole legal and property rights system of the East German state must be changed unless the East German Parliament and the five lands simply accept West German laws as they stand. A delicate problem is what to do with the 1,200 judges. Many of them will be unacceptable because of their Communist past. And there are the approximately two million public servants of the present state. They make up 12% of the population. Tens of thousands, of course, are employed in the control of the Central Command system of the economy.

Then there are the police and the army. There are 25,000 Border Guards and 114,000 'People's' police. Here again, the lands in Federal Germany control the police except the Federal Special Police. In East Germany it was all under STASI, the Secret Police with 200,000 men and women co-operating permanently or casually. Then there is the army: 173,100 men with 335 aircraft, 3,140 tanks and armoured vehicles and 19 warships, five more than the West German navy, but no submarines. Nothing has been settled about this. Yet it is a very sensitive issue. A straight handover would provide most useful detailed information to NATO. Much has been given away already. The morale of the officer corps is brittle and troubled. The curious fact is that the Eastern Army has been brought up in the spirit of the old Prussian Army while that in the West is, inevitably, more influenced by the US and British armies. The Soviet Union may well demand the handover of all tanks, ships, aircraft and communication equipment. One does not know.

The future of the armed forces of a united Germany is hard to decide until the four Allies have determined how many troops they are going to keep in a united Germany. This depends entirely on an agreement between the Four

implying now, inevitably, agreement on the future of NATO and what is left, if anything, of the Warsaw Pact. Basically the Soviets want what Stalin proposed to the West in his 10 March 1952 note: a united Germany, neutral, outside NATO, with its own defensive army. This is what the new leader of the Social Democrats in Bonn, Oskar Lafontaine, wants and so does an impressive slice of the West German public.

President Gorbachov has said a united Germany cannot remain in NATO. But he is gravely pre-occupied. The Bonn government is proposing, for how long it is hard to tell, that a united Germany in NATO would have no troops in East Germany. Inevitably, one is reminded of 1936, when Hitler marched his troops into the Rhineland although the Versailles Treaty had banned them. Paris and London obediently shrugged their shoulders. The Bonn government is unlikely to think of that.

This brings us to the issue of the German-Polish border. Chancellor Kohl had twisted and turned after Paris had firmly demanded that the two German states, before formal unification, guarantee the Western Polish border. There should be international guarantees after unification and some sort of international control. The Chancellor first linked the guarantee with the Poles dropping the demand for reparations. This upset many. In 1970 Federal Germany had recognised the Oder-Neisse river line as Poland's irrevocable border. The legalistic view in Germany is that only a future united German government can really issue such a declaration. There is also the view that the Four Allies will only renege the ultimate rights of control they still have if the new united Germany guarantees and finally accepts the Oder-Neisse line. Chancellor Kohl, after dropping the link between reparations and the border, stated that Germany would respect the Western Border of Poland as permanent and inviolable. But he did not specify the border.

In the background is the bitter argument about the Oder-Neisse line. For there are two arms of the Neisse river, rarely mentioned but a feature of a debate in the Commons between Ernest Bevin and Churchill in August 1945, after Potsdam. There is the Eastern or Glatz Neisse and the Western or Lusatian Neisse. It appears, according to Conservative M.P., Professor Savory, that Foreign Secretary Bevin had thought the line would be along the Eastern Neisse while Stalin and the Kremlin had the Western, Lusatian Neisse in mind and fixed the border there. It meant a difference in round figures of 10,000 square miles and three million inhabitants according to the professor; and Bevin admitted there had been uncertainty. This is obviously the real reason why the Poles insist on such a guarantee and on being present at any discussions of the 'Two Plus Four', East and West Germany and the four Allies, on the border issue.

The Reparations issue aroused resentment in Germany. In a 1953 London agreement on Germany's External Debts the Germans agreed to repay the Western powers and 30 other non-communist states pre-war and war time debts while the Western Allies put off their war reparation claims until there was a formal peace treaty with Germany. Since 1954 Bonn has paid one billion Deutschmarks to 16 European governments but insisted that

the payments were not reparations. Significantly, in March the Yugoslav government announced that unification would immediately raise the issue of paying reparations. Bonn has also paid 80 billion Deutschmarks to Nazi victims in Germany and abroad. The Reparations issue is still in the background, resented by some.

The prospect of unification as a negotiated certainty has created many difficulties. Within Germany the cohabitation in one federal state of the eleven and the five lands must be ensured which will take quite some time. The extremely sensitive issue of making Berlin the capital again — and what kind of capital? — must be worked out. There are suggestions that, as in Pretoria and Capetown in South Africa, the functions of the capital should be shared by Bonn and Berlin. There is the hardly mentioned key issue of a new treaty with a united Germany not only with the Four Allies but also with all those countries that fought Germany. In such a treaty the Four Allies will have to agree amongst themselves first. There are not only deep divisions between Russia and the three Westerners but also among the three Western Allies. The French are furiously disappointed that Chancellor Kohl made the first agreement with Washington. They now privately tend to try to persuade London to join them. The White House continues to see Bonn as the senior partner in Europe and is inclined to give them a more or less free hand. Britain is holding back halfway, so to speak, between Paris and the White House. The Kremlin, facing loss of prestige at home, is believed not to be able to afford more concessions.

Because of the many uncertainties, Chancellor Kohl, facing elections and difficult negotiations with the Allies, is now resigned to try not to convey the impression of aggressiveness, privately blaming Polish and Jewish newsmen for a negative image of the Germans.

But all the same the prospect has now emerged of a powerful united Germany, leading the Allies rather than as up to now being led by them.

LOOKING INWARD: THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR MUST WITHDRAW THEIR TALONS AND CLAWS

by Marvin Goldwert

THE present dissolution of the Cold War should impel both the United States and the Soviet Union to look inward at the problems of their respective societies. Both Bush and Gorbachov must seize this opportunity presented by the winding down of the Cold War. Both the Eagle and the Bear, in withdrawing their talons and claws, must crown this lull in international tensions by diverting excessive military expenses into domestic reforms.

In the long-standing debate between the globalists and regionalists within the United States State Department, the latter must emerge victorious. The globalists, with their insistence upon a global strategy against Communist expansion, must now recognise that Marxism, weakened at the core, must no longer be considered a Soviet-Octopus whose tentacles seek to smother the world. On the other hand, the regionalists, who have always supported clear-sighted pragmatism on regional Marxist challenges, must check the atavistic efforts by globalists to 'Cold-Warisize' every Communist movement. This flexible United-States decision-making would then be geared toward recognizing the complexities of a world in sudden and basic flux.

The collapse of the Soviet Empire offers American liberals an excellent opportunity for pressing a new agenda for reform in the United States. Paradoxically, American liberals have, as if the globalists were looking over their shoulders, been the eagle-like hard-liners in the Cold War. For example, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson were all proponents of hard-line globalism, as if to press their credentials on the far-right within the United States and not to be deemed soft on Communism. Now is the time for liberals to seize the moment by developing a plan for domestic reform which would make the United States the shining light of the world. One need not recite the litany of problems, from housing to drugs, which cry out for cuts in the military budget and for new programmes of constructive reform. Although I by no means want the policy of looking inward to be equated with isolation, I urge American liberals to seize the day.

As for the Russian Bear, Gorbachov, too, must withdraw his paws and take a good look inward. If his policy of *glasnost* is to be successful, Soviet military expenditures must be both reduced and channelled into domestic reform. Increased freedom is very desirable, but it must be accompanied by an improved standard of living. In this connection, both the Eagle and the Bear should alter their policies on the European continent. As for NATO, it has always been more myth than reality, a trip-wire to delay a fictional surge West by the Soviet Union until, theoretically, the United States could bring to bear atomic weapons. It is time, I think, for the nations of Western Europe, on the brink of unity,

to finance their own defence. As for the Warsaw Pact, it should be replaced by a kind of Finlandization of the ex-satellites with the Soviet Union co-ordinating, to a limited extent, the foreign policy of a liberalized Eastern Europe. Both the United States and the Soviet Union would thus return to 'natural size' — the power of great nations who seek to inspire by example rather than by brute force.

Both the Eagle and the Bear must look to Asia for challenges on the horizon. The potential of a Japan-China alliance, with Japanese managerial skills wedded to cheap, disciplined Chinese labour, is no doubt one of Gorbachov's nightmares. Finally, the long-standing Japanese interest in China has, down through history, been a bone-of-contention for the United States.

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Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *Northern Ireland as a Political Unit* by Hugh Munro, *Worker Motivation, Life Time Employment and Co-determination: Lessons From Japan and West Germany for Productivity Growth* by Richard Welford and *The Making of a Cantata: Contemporary Music in Deepest Berkshire* by Diane Knill.

PUTTING THE LID ON THE CAP

by Mark Cook

THE furore caused by the workings of the Common Agricultural Policy (CAP) within the European Community (EC) has subsided over the last few years, due primarily to EC concentration on the completion of the internal market in 1992. The problems, however, still exist and, although the community leaders in February 1988 faced up to some of these difficulties, they were barely 'tinkering with an out of control car' as some commentators saw it.

The need to support agriculture seems obvious. A satisfactory level of food supplies is held as important for all countries. However, the agricultural sector, if left to market forces, shows elements of price and income instability. Furthermore, agriculture provides employment for many people, maintains the appearance and accessibility of the countryside, assists in terms of the overall balance of payments of the economy and contributes to the process of economic growth. Although the maintenance and long-term growth of agricultural income was the main aim of the CAP, there were a number of other objectives stated in Article 39 of the Treaty of Rome:

(i). To increase agricultural productivity.
(ii). To ensure a fair standard of living for the agricultural community.
(iii). To stabilise markets.
(iv). To provide certainty of supplies.
(v). To ensure supplies to consumers are at reasonable prices.

In addition to the above, the original creators of the CAP intended that there should be an equally effective policy to improve the structure of Community agriculture, consolidating scattered holdings, turning potentially viable farms into viable ones, and replacing older farmers with younger ones, whilst at the same time increasing the acreage of the farm. In reality the structural issues, highlighted in the Mansholt Plan (1968), have always taken a backseat, even though the original idea was that a quarter of the CAP expenditure should be used for these.

A number of reasons have been put forward for this. Firstly, the market and price policy took up so much of the budget that little was left for structural issues. Secondly, structural problems are more national than community ones and thirdly, there was reluctance to provide the national finance required for some of the community schemes. It is not surprising, therefore, that structural expenditure amounted to less than 4% of total agricultural expenditure.

The CAP machinery varies from one product to another but, in general, to support the farmer's income the market is regulated so that a high enough price can achieve that. The domestic price is the price in a protected market. Cheaper world imports are prevented from entering via tariffs and quotas. Furthermore, the EC buys any excess that might be stimulated within the market by offering a guaranteed price. These surpluses may be

stored or re-sold on external markets.

The farmers in the EC can also export agricultural products, but since their prices are higher than world prices an export subsidy or restitution is paid to EC exports. Additionally there are various other payments under the CAP: co-responsibility levies, denaturing subsidies (which pay for the conversion of a product into a lower priced alternative), deficiency payments, and Monetary Compension Amounts (MCAs) — these latter payments are used to offset exchange rate changes in agricultural prices, the so-called 'Green Currencies'.

Within the EC, agricultural prices are set in terms of European Currency Units (ECUs). These can be converted to each member's national currency through the exchange rate, called the 'Green Exchange Rate'. Countries can vary the price of the agricultural product in their own country by varying the green rate or not varying it when their own exchange rate changes. The fact that countries did not change their green exchange rates automatically when their own exchange rate changes led to a system of border taxes and subsidies (Monetary Compensation Amounts) being introduced in 1969 to safeguard national farmers until realignment took place. The MCA system, nevertheless, operates entirely contrary to the principles of a common market — one system of trade barriers has been substituted for another. Although supposed to be temporary, the movement out of the Bretton-Woods Exchange system led MCAs to become somewhat permanent.

Because of these problems the European Commission in its 'Proposals for the Common Agricultural Policy', 1983, advocated the phasing-out of new MCAs. This policy was re-inforced in the Green Paper in 1985, 'Perspectives for the Common Agricultural Policy', which proposed the phasing-out of all MCAs by 1992. Perhaps fortunately for the member nations, the success of the European Monetary System and falls in inflation have reduced the divergence between the MCA rates, though elimination is almost a necessary requirement for the completion of the internal market in 1992.

A problem with reforming the CAP is that the various nations in the EC are different. Overall, the numbers involved in agriculture as a proportion of the civilian working population may well have declined in the Community from 59% in 1960 to 8% in 1987. Nevertheless, the proportions engaged by country differ dramatically with Greece and Portugal having over 20% of their population involved in agriculture in 1987 compared with the UK's 2.4% and Belgium's 2.8%. Moreover, the sizes of farms differ by country, with the United Kingdom having the greatest proportion of farms 50 hectares and over, whilst Greece, Italy and Portugal have over 80% of their farms at 10 hectares or under. The share of agriculture in GDP also varies by country with Greece and Ireland having a larger proportion of their GDP made up by agriculture, whilst the northern industrialised countries tend to have an agricultural sector which is a smaller part of their GDP. There are variations too, as to the type of product mainly produced in each country. Some favour higher stabilisation

prices for vegetables — mostly the Southern European countries, whilst the Northern European Countries want the best prices for beef/veal, pigmeat, and cereals. All the countries, however, desire to safeguard milk production — the success of which has led to the reformation of the CAP.

With regard to the performance of the CAP there have been important successes. The CAP replaced existing schemes of agricultural support with a common, if not complicated, scheme. Secondly, intra-European trade was stimulated and the EC has become almost self sufficient in farm products apart from fertilizers, animal feed and some oil products, principally soya. Thirdly, agriculture has experienced high levels of technical progress leading to increased productivity and the stability of EC agricultural markets with self-sufficiency.

These benefits from the CAP need to be tempered by other facts. Firstly, the rise in productivity within agriculture appears to be matched by the rises elsewhere, suggesting that technical progress and the greater use of fertilizers, of which the EC is a major importer, have been a costly exercise. With regard to incomes, there is no doubt that some farmers have benefited, mainly those with large acreages and good quality land. The increase in farm incomes has only matched those in other sectors of the community and more recently the percentage growth in incomes, generally, in the EC 12 has outmatched the growth in agriculture. Furthermore, although there appears to be relative stability in the income received by farmers in general, by country the deviation can be quite large.

In stabilising prices the CAP may well have protected the community from external market price variations but has not stabilised quantities produced. The removal of market forces in this area has simply led to greater and greater surpluses. By the end of 1985, the Community held stocks of cereals were 18.6 million tonnes, butter over one million tonnes and beef nearly 600,000 tonnes. Finally, the CAP desire to provide supplies to consumers at reasonable prices does seem questionable, although consumers may prefer stable high prices to low but fluctuating prices.

So, if the CAP has been a success, why has it had so much 'bad press'? One of the major problems with the CAP is in its financing. It is financed through the European Agricultural Guidance and Guarantee Fund (EAGGF) and this has accounted for over two-thirds of community expenditure. The original idea was that much of the EAGGF would be financed out of import levies on foreign foodstuffs etc. entering the EC, but the 'success' of the CAP in reducing imports has resulted in a decline in revenue from this source. The main source of finance, therefore, is through VAT rates, i.e. individual countries contributed 1% of VAT revenues until 1985 when the CAP got into a 'little local difficulty' and the VAT rate was subsequently increased to 1.25% or thereabouts.

From the UK's point of view, since agriculture makes up only about 2% of GDP, yet forms a large part of the community budget, the return to the UK from its Budget contribution is negligible. This again might not be a problem if countries which were more agriculturally based were the poorer countries, yet this is not always the case. Countries like the Netherlands

and Denmark which have some of the highest per capita incomes in the community are also getting resources transferred to them from some of the poorer states. Secondly, the problem is exacerbated for some countries who not only contribute more than they believe is necessary but also see surpluses as a result. Thirdly, it is argued that low earnings in agriculture are a result of disparities in education levels in rural areas and that throwing money at the problem hides this fact. Fourthly, the MCA system which was supposed to be temporary, has become very sophisticated to accommodate national interests and may deter intra-EC trade since it is difficult to predict MCA values in the long term.

The impact of the CAP on third world countries also needs investigation. Subsidised exports make developing nations unable to compete at the artificial low price in external markets. Furthermore, any exports attempting to gain entry into the EC face import levies put there to protect the EC farmer. Countries like the Eastern Bloc nations appear to benefit, however, with estimates of $23Bn per year for cheaper subsidised surpluses. There are other more obvious income redistribution effects. Consumers pay more for their products, whilst farmers receive higher prices. This is the difference between the Community price and the world price. The fact that lower income consumers pay a higher proportion of their incomes for 'food stuffs' means that this group is particularly hard hit. The cost of surpluses is also a problem. These include the excess cost of buying surplus production, storage costs and the additional payments required to dispose of the surplus (denaturing subsidies). Even if the product is sold abroad, then there is still the cost of the export subsidy to be included.

Given these problems, the EC produced a number of documents looking at the reform of the CAP. A discussion of the reforms centres on two main arguments; firstly what could be done and secondly what should be done. There was certainly no shortage of Commission proposals for the reform of the CAP. Starting with the Mansholt Report (1968) through to the Proposals for the Common Agricultural Policy (1983), and Perspectives for the Common Agricultural Policy (1985), and on to The Review of Action Taken to Control the Agricultural Markets and the Outlook for the CAP (1987), the one thing in common was the furore raised in the community about their suggestions for reform. It took until 1983, however, for any major alterations in the CAP. In that year milk quotas were set for the first time, but although set below current production levels they were set above current consumption levels. The 0.5% decrease in ECUs of the average price of commodities led in fact to an average 3.2% increase in terms of national currencies. Quotas also froze the pattern of production and therefore did not favour the most efficient producers. Although the use of milk quotas was a step in the right direction, something more needed to be done if expenditure on agriculture was to be brought under control. The first additional action was known as the 'Set Aside' policy. Here farmers were encouraged not to produce on — or to set-aside — a part of their farmland. In return the farmer received an income supplement to compensate for what might have been earned if the land had remained in

production. The problem with such a system is the cost. Furthermore, while one country is setting-aside land another country could continue in production and take the former country's markets. The scheme may also be difficult to police and may be ineffective because production will be concentrated on the highest-yielding land with only the poorest land being set-aside. The initial impact of the scheme is minor as only the UK and Germany are taking part. For the UK, the Government proposes annual payments of between £45-£120 per hectare to farmers in Eastern England who set-aside land for environmental reasons. This is in addition to the £200 per hectare offered by the EC to farmers who agree to take 20% of arable land out of production for five years. Both sets of payments are only expected to take out about 1-2% of total agricultural land in the UK.

Secondly, agricultural stabilisers were introduced in 1987. By mid 1988 these schemes covered about half of all agricultural production and all used the same basic idea; that is, whenever production breaks through a ceiling set in advance, support is automatically reduced for that product. If the price support reduction is not severe enough or the ceiling placed too high then the impact of agricultural stabilisers is reduced. Such is the case for cereals. However, if the price support reduction is more severe for one commodity than another then farmers will switch from one product to the next. Even with cuts in price after the threshold, critics suggest that it will be many years before the price cut begins to bite. At the same time the Commission has restricted 'buying-in' so that the system cannot be used as a safety net to cushion farmers against short-term production fluctuations.

A third reform is extensification. The purpose of this scheme is to encourage farmers to adopt less intensive farming methods with a view to achieving a 20% reduction in output on the farms concerned. The scheme is to operate from January 1st 1989 in the beef/veal and wine sectors and from January 1st 1990 in other surplus areas. The UK Government admit that the scheme is going to be difficult to control but expect it to cost only about £400,000 in 1990 and £650,000 in the second year. An added advantage for environmentalists is that extensification will lead to a reduction in fertilisers (and EC imports of these products!). A problem again is that you are penalising the more efficient producers.

The CAP attempted to stabilise farmers' incomes by linking them to output. The proposal 'de-coupling' suggests that to reduce output then payments to farmers unrelated to output should be made. The de-coupled aid can be more easily targeted and is even the better for not being mandatory. A problem with that approach is that farmers become dependent on government hand-outs and they would prefer support related to output. Furthermore, what is the justification for giving farmers income aid unrelated to their farming activities rather than other sectors of the community? Moreover, when giving this 'de-coupled' income, how does this relate to other sources of income and how can this system of support be related to existing social security arrangements?

To reduce the proportion of the workforce involved in agriculture the EC proposed a set of 'Pre-pension' measures. This scheme was adopted in

April 1988 to enable farmers over the age of 55 to retire from farming, where farming is their main occupation. The land vacated by farmers was either set-aside or used to enlarge neighbouring farms. The community has also attempted through its conversion scheme to encourage farmers to grow or produce non-surplus products or to move into activities which are not strictly agricultural but are relevant to a rural society.

Schemes have also been undertaken to scale-down stocks. The first scheme was introduced in 1984 with the setting of milk quotas. Since 1985 more than one million tonnes of butter have been taken out of stock and mostly sold for export. The 'success' of the scheme and the sale of butter has led to butter stocks being reduced to 185,000 tonnes. The same reasons can be put forward for the reduction in skimmed milk powder. The reduction in stocks of cereals, however, has not been due solely to the policy outlined above. The drought in the United States in 1988 led to a world-wide short fall in cereals mostly accommodated by the EC. Furthermore, the wine lake, although 'drained', has been converted into industrial alcohol, giving the EC a 740 million litre industrial alcohol lake.

But perhaps one of the most important reforms is with the Agrimoney System. The Commission proposed in 1985 the dismantling of MCAs by the end of 1992. In 1987 this scheme was adopted with the automatic dismantlement in three stages of all the MCAs created on the occasion of new exchange rate re-alignments. In 1988, existing MCAs were to be dismantled in four stages, i.e. those currencies complying with the 2.25% differential. For the other currencies, the Commission is studying what action is appropriate.

In conclusion, therefore, given the original objectives of the CAP, the outcome has been a measured success. The reason why change is taking place, it is argued, is due to external pressures such as 1992 and fear of the reform of agriculture which may be foisted on the EC at the current GATT round. Additionally, since the French are now net contributors to the EC, some changes need to be made to the costs of agriculture. In many respects, the reforms have arrived a little late and perhaps do not go far enough. The current 'success' of the reforms, however, has been ameliorated by conditions in the rest of the world, e.g. poor harvests, and by disguising one politically sensitive product's surplus by converting it into another product with a less sensitive surplus. Furthermore, the decision taken last year to depreciate surplus foodstuffs after they are taken into storage although not altering the quantity, disguises the surplus in value terms. In the future, therefore, we will need to see all countries operating stricter price mechanisms and the further removal of resources out of agriculture. Otherwise the desire that, by 1992, expenditure on agriculture is to be £20.72 Bn and account for only 56% of the EC budget will not be fulfilled.

[Mark Cook is Head of Economics at Nene College, Northampton.]

SPACE DISCOVERY MAKES THE DESERT BLOOM

by Thomas Land

EGYPT's ancient river beds, recently identified beneath the eastern Sahara by radar images obtained from space, are already yielding subterranean water to colonize the land. The next generation of commercial radar remote-sensing equipment is scheduled to collect valuable information about the oceans.

The radar techniques have also proved their usefulness in mapping the Antarctic. Canada, members of the European Space Agency (ESA) and Japan are now preparing to join the United States and the Soviet Union in dispatching radar-equipped space vehicles. And they may well be joined by other countries. 'Their radar sensors will probably collect more data about the oceans in the next six years than have been collected during the past century', said one specialist at a recent conference.

Consider the success story of radar surveillance in the Sahara where it has emerged as a potent tool for agricultural development. Each of the seven experimental wells drilled by the Egyptians in the Selima Sand Sheet, part of the almost entirely uninhabited Arabian Desert near the Sudanese border, has yielded a rich water supply.

The drilling was part of a long series of investigations that confirmed the radar mapping of the region by equipment aboard the second flight of the United States space shuttle Columbia in November 1981. The radar studies promise to enhance man's understanding of both the deserts and the oceans. The Columbia flight produced a set of images depicting the earth beneath its surface. They identified an unknown world of subterranean river beds — some of them as wide as the Nile and perhaps 40 million years old — hidden by sand. The radar even picked out abandoned Stone Age settlements.

The Canadian government has just announced a $441m agreement to launch a radar satellite that promises to generate more information about the surface of the planet than any other civilian space vehicle. The satellite is intended primarily to monitor ice movements in the Arctic.

Lured by the promise of valuable knowledge about the oceans as well as the land, several other countries are also developing radar remote-sensing techniques in a big way to facilitate space mapping for a wide variety of purposes. Their effect on reliable long-term weather forecasting as well as agriculture, fisheries, navigation, shipping, commodity trading, offshore oil exploration, construction, insurance and many other industries will be enormous. Radarsat will be launched in 1994. The satellite will be able to register precise radar images of the earth and the oceans, even in the dark and through thick cloud cover.

The satellite will be used in the first place by the Canadian Ice Information Centre in Newfoundland to monitor winds, waves and ice movements in all weathers in order to improve navigation safety in the treacherous waters of the Arctic. It will also be put to many other uses. The initial

international scientific programme planned for Radarsat is to compile the first radar map of the Antarctic in collaboration with the US National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

David Drewry of Britain's Natural Environment Research Council has already used radar in some mapping exercises in the Antarctic. He can differentiate between sedimentary and igneous rocks — a matter of considerable importance to prospectors and geologists. The Radarsat programme creates lucrative development opportunities for natural resource planning and management in most areas. The agricultural and forestry industries, for example, will benefit from the ability of radar readings to monitor the humidity of soil and vegetation. Radarsat may indeed be used to make maps in regions of the world covered by dense jungle or frequent fog.

Two other civilian radar satellite programmes designed principally for the remote sensing of the oceans are being prepared for the early 1990s. Equipment designed for the new space vehicles to be launched by Canada, the ESA and Japan will study the major ocean currents, measure the height of waves and track the speed and directions of winds, enabling analysts to predict their behaviour with dependable accuracy. Such information will contribute to man's understanding of the influence of the oceans over the earth's weather system.

David Llewellyn-Jones, head of the Atmospheric Science Group at the Rutherford Appleton Laboratory in Oxfordshire, England, explains: 'The sea surface is a dynamic entity, a changing boundary between the oceans and the atmosphere. This boundary determines the way in which the atmosphere and sea drive each other's behaviour, especially with respect to the transfer of heat, humidity and momentum.

'These are the major driving forces of the global weather system, and we need continuous measurements to feed the powerful computer models that simulate the behaviour of the global climate in weather forecasting'.

Many of the most interesting, significant and violent climatic events begin at the surface of the sea. It is the boundary between the two great fluid systems of the planet — the oceans and the atmosphere. Energy passes from one to the other, creating events of global significance which are still little understood. A change of just a few degrees in the temperature of the sea — as for example in the *El Nino* phenomenon in the eastern Pacific which occurs every four years or so — can result in climatic disruptions around the world affecting most spheres of human endeavour, starting with agriculture.

The Radarsat programme was first announced in 1987, but lack of accord among the original partners in the venture — including Britain, the US and four Canadian provinces — has delayed its launching. A specialist at Canada's Centre for Remote Sensing says that radar observation is ideal for monitoring the poles during winter and the tropics in the rainy seasons when these regions are obscured for optical observation by atmospheric disturbances such as haze, rain, dust or cloud. Indeed, the value of up to 95 per cent of the data collected by the French optical satellite SPOT has been affected by clouds.

Radarsat will emit a signal penetrating through any cloud cover and bouncing back from the surfaces below. The satellite will then collect its data by comparing the transmitted beam with its reflection. The difference between the two can identify such valuable and unexpected resources as water in the Sahara desert.

The Egyptian discovery was in fact greeted with surprise and scepticism, for the region under surveillance was one of the driest and most forbidding expanses on earth. Specialists from Egypt and the United States, representing the geological surveys of both countries, various universities and the makers of Columbia's radar equipment, eventually confirmed the radar's findings after exploring the area on foot. Gerry Schaber, a distinguished American geologist, reported in the scientific press at the time that the radar had penetrated the surface 'through at least one metre in the sand sheets and perhaps several metres through active dune fields'.

Drilling conducted on the basis of the radar map of the region has since then tapped a subterranean water supply which is believed to be sufficient to sustain irrigated agriculture over 121,500 hectares. The region is rich in alluvium — once fertile soil that can be made to work again. An experimental farm is already blooming. Subsequent space surveys have conducted further radar mapping exercises over Egypt.

Radarsat will scan the entire planet every 16 days. Placed in polar orbit at an altitude of 800km, the microwave radar system carried by the Canadian space vehicle will monitor the physical properties of land, water and ice and register in real time the movement of waves, ice, ships — and even submarines. Such radar satellites have become practical for civilian use only recently, through the advent of very fast data processing techniques capable of digesting the enormous volume of observations required for meaningful readings. Canada has developed a world recognized reputation in such techniques, taking a lead in the application of radar to the observation and monitoring of its vast northern areas. In addition to routine mapping of ice in the Arctic by airborne radar, Canada benefited from the US Seasat in 1978, an experimental satellite that carried the first imaging radar in earth orbit. That was an L-band, high-resolution system capable of sweeping out a continuous image 100km wide.

Seasat operated only for 100 days because, it is believed, the US Department of Defence declined to make public the movement of its warships and submarines. The principal instruments used on board Seasat was a synthetic-aperture radar (SAR), a forerunner of Radarsat's monitoring system that will operate at a wavelength of 5cm. SAR's operating principles are closely related to holography, enabling the resulting data to be processed optically from the image.

The first digital processor for such data was designed by technologists in Canada who continue to set the global pace of its rapid development. Some of the radar and the ground based data processing systems designed for the European space programme are also being supplied by Canadian industry.

DEMOCRATIC RENEWAL AND CONSOLIDATION, DEBT AND THE MILITARY: RECENT WRITING ON LATIN AMERICA

by Christopher Abel

THE euphoria surrounding recent events in Eastern Europe has diverted international attention from the processes of democratic consolidation and renewal in Latin America (except for the deposition of General Manuel Noriega in Panama). Frequently Western Europeans overlook the fact that most of Latin America has, since independence in the nineteenth century, enjoyed considerably more experience of democratic experimentation than any part of Eastern Europe.

In the mid-1920s there was considerable reason for optimism that the Latin American republics were consolidating themselves as independent states and were increasingly embodying the aspirations of their citizens. Every one of the large and intermediate republics except Venezuela had evolved political systems in which disputes between elite factions were resolved peacefully through parliamentary institutions, in which presidents were elected at regular intervals, and in which the franchise was gradually expanding to incorporate non-elite groups. Constitutions provided for a system of checks and balances between the executive, the legislative and the judiciary, and political parties — Conservative, Liberal and, in some countries, Radical and Socialist — competed (except in Mexico) for power through the ballot-box. The beginnings of a modern public education system, of a mass circulation press and of free professional organizations and trade unions were visible. Nineteenth-century debates about the relative merits of centralism and federalism had subsided; and there was much evidence to support the view that elected civilians had effectively brought the military under control. Optimism about the viability and durability of civilian-led, semi-representative regimes and democratic institutions and procedures was matched by optimism about the performance of the major and intermediate Latin American economies.

Considerable economic progress had been made since the 1870s and 1880s as a consequence of permanent incorporation within the international economy through the export of commodities increasingly required in Western Europe and the United States — coffee, beef, sugar-cane, copper, tin and, in the early twentieth century, oil. The Argentine economy was especially promising. International bankers and investors regarded it more positively than some other countries of recent European settlement — Australia, Canada, New Zealand. The genesis of a modern manufacturing sector was seen in Argentina, Brazil, Mexico and Colombia. And the Latin American republics — unlike the nations of Europe — West and East — enjoyed a good record of resolving frontier disputes peacefully; and some were soon to participate exuberantly in the League of Nations. The political achievement of Latin America looked not only more impressive than that

of Eastern Europe, but compared favourably to that of much of Western Europe. During and after the economic crisis following the First World War, Spain fell to the tyranny of Primo da Rivera and Italy to the Fascist dictatorship of Mussolini. Democratic institutions proved more durable in Latin America. In 1929 Argentina had enjoyed ten more years of continuous civilian democratic rule than France, and Chile's democratic culture was better established than that of Argentina.

A similar optimism could be seen in Latin America in the early 1960s when all the major and intermediate countries — Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Chile, Peru, Uruguay — enjoyed different forms of civilian rule combined with good growth rates. (Cuba, under the revolutionary socialist government of Fidel Castro, was a special case). Yet optimism broke by the mid-1970s. Military coups in several countries led to long periods of military rule in some, and military power expanded in other countries where civilians were still pre-eminent. The oppression of dissenters, the censorship of the media, the destruction of opposition trade unions and peasant organizations, the spread of human rights violations accompanied by the entrenchment of national security doctrines — by which military regimes justified lawless repression in terms of the defence of Catholic civilizations (an argument rejected by many Catholics) — all became routine. Authoritarian regimes undertook radical neo-liberal economic strategies involving drastic devaluations, indiscriminate assaults upon tariffs and overnight cuts in state subsidies, which failed, notoriously in the case of Argentina, to bring about a permanent resumption of growth.

Themes of democracy have, understandably, become the main concern of political scientists interested in Latin America. Why have democratic regimes broken down, and been overthrown by coups? How have they been restored? How durable is redemocratization? What are the obstacles to permanent democratic consolidation? There are no easy answers to these questions. Authoritarian traditions are, despite the persistence of democratic institutions and procedures, very tenacious in Latin America. The right of the military to intervene in the national interest in political crises has been written into some constitutions. What is more, authoritarian traditions remain especially powerful, at a local level, where bosses (*caciques* in Spanish America, *coronèis* in Brazil) have commanded a bloc vote, and where authoritarian practices in local government belie democratic language. The tenacity of authoritarian traditions has been matched in the short term by the failures of elected democratic governments to act on social policy promises, because of unpredictable economic dislocations, like the oil and debt crises. High abstention rates have, during periods of democratic government, indicated widespread dissatisfaction among vast sectors of the lower middle class, urban working-class, shanty-town dwellers, peasantry and rural labour who have received few or minimal benefits.

When large sections of the population have had no stake in the democratic order, the legitimacy and authority of that order have been thrown into doubt. The failure to implement promised radical reforms — agrarian, social security, housing, education, health and sanitation — also brought

into question the efficacy of democratic governments. The failure to bring about desired improvements in working and living conditions and to accomplish promised combinations of growth and redistribution meant that resistance to military coups was often diffused and limited in scope. Thus, when the dissent of small numbers of militants in the political parties, trade unions, and peasant, student and professional organizations had been curbed, military rule was usually consolidated with relative ease. Only in the countries of greatest popular mobilization — Argentina, Chile and, for reasons peculiar to itself, Guatemala — was repression most severe. It was here that under military tyranny the practices of exile, torture, extra-judicial executions and arbitrary imprisonment became day-to-day events and the extreme right conducted the 'dirty war' with a total lack of restraint.

These and related issues are addressed comparatively in a series of volumes, entitled *Transitions from Authoritarian Rule* (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore and London, 1986, paperbacks, vols. 1-3, £7 each, vol. 4 £4.50) edited by Philippe Schmitter, Guillermo O'Donnell and Laurence Whitehead. How was a transition to democracy to be accomplished in Latin America? Indeed, was a gradual transition appropriate or a total rupture with the past required? Various authors — all of them specialists in particular countries — examine the problem of restoring and re-equilibrating liberal democracy so that it acquires (or re-acquires) legitimacy, authority, efficacy and durability, given numerous obstacles. These range from the behaviour of an officer corps, alert to civilian determination to bring the violators of human rights to trial, to the problem of a new generation without democratic experience or even memories of active political participation. The transition to democracy has been slowed, not only by the delaying tactics of the military and right-wing allies in the senior echelons of the bureaucracy but also by divisions among civilians about the speed, direction and content of change, in particular the rules of formal, regularized political competition. Should Communist parties be legalized? What procedures for electoral registration should be followed? The book examines the difficulties of reaching negotiated political pacts between civilian factions and the growth of a popular upsurge in the transition that could easily lead to disenchantment when the performance of the incoming democratic government failed to meet expectations.

Political liberalization has been unsteady. No uniformity in the sequence, rhythm and scope of liberalization can be observed across the continent. No consensus could be reached about the handling of those who exploited the instruments of the state to pursue private interests, who practised torture and 'disappeared' their opponents. Should a policy of clemency that reined in expectations of revenge be undertaken? Or a policy of sanctions that met the demands of victims and their families? And if a policy of sanctions were to be pursued, should it be applied to all offenders or only to senior figures? No consensus could be reached about the nature of the transition. The business community often demanded a controlled transition, and expressed concern that economic recovery might be impeded by political conflict that worsened an already poor investment climate. The role of the

military in the transitions was also a matter of debate. Was it to be excluded from discussions? And, if not, how much importance should be attached to its views?

The new book edited by Larry Diamond, Juan J. Linz and Seymour Martin Lipset, *Democracy in Developing Countries. Volume 4: Latin America* (Adamantine Press, London 1989, hardback £32.50, paperback £12.95) takes these problems several stages further. It looks both at democratic restoration in such countries as Argentina and Brazil and at the problem of democratic enhancement in Colombia, Mexico and Venezuela, where the armed forces did not seize power in the 1960s or 70s. Cynthia McClintock looks at the problem of enlisting the support of ethnic minorities (especially Amerindians) in Peru for a democratic system, already confronting the triple crisis of massive external indebtedness, economic stagnation, and the ruthless challenge of the Maoist guerrilla, the Sendero Luminoso. The social democratic government of Alan Garcia has also to contend with the permanent threat of military realignment and renewed belligerence.

In a briskly written chapter, Jonathan Hartlyn examines the ways in which the Colombian Liberal government of President Virgilio Barco — municipal reform, popular election of mayors and fiscal decentralization — has tried to enlarge political liberties and popular participation, and to extend the accountability and responsiveness of local government, even while central government is struggling to ward off the challenges of the narcotics cartels and to reach durable negotiated peace settlements with four guerrilla groups. Peru and Colombia illustrate well the problems that exist elsewhere of a threat that democracy will be weakened when the state ceases to be authoritative. The combined challenges of guerrilla insurgency, drugs trafficking, right-wing death squads, organized criminal violence, human rights abuses and increasing military autonomy and restlessness can culminate in a crisis of ungovernability. Democratic restoration can be eased by a reduction of military spending to acceptable levels before a civilian government is installed, thus removing one possible area of conflict (as happened in Brazil). Democratic restoration and consolidation require, too, the implementation by leaders of democratic states of well conceived strategies towards the military that narrow their involvement in the regulation of conflict. (This implies the establishment of a responsible, competent police that is independent of the military High Command.) Furthermore, legislatures that can responsibly, effectively and regularly monitor the armed forces and intelligence systems are essential.

Civilian scholars and policy specialists have a part too in establishing independent expertise in military matters. Meanwhile, autonomous interest groups and civic associations, independent of state management and manipulation (trade unions, community groups, co-operatives and professional associations) have a role to play. So too, finally, have a pluralistic vigorous, democratic media — independent broadcasting and television, as well as newspapers, undertaking an audacious investigative journalism. These issues are most effectively discussed in this new book. It is curious

that so little British press coverage of Eastern Europe raises doubts about the future behaviour of the Eastern European armed forces. What happens if insecure, new governments fail to bring about rapid social and economic change? Does fraternization on the streets between soldiers and civilian protesters last for long? Latin American experience suggests otherwise.

Military rule has assumed different forms in different countries. In Brazil, between 1964 and 1985, a collegiate version of military use prevailed by which the officer corps elected the president and governed as a group. The Chilean version, by contrast, has been distinctly personalistic. On assuming power in the bloody coup of September 1973, General Pinochet first purged constitutionalist and neutral army officers and then asserted his own primacy over the air-force, navy and *carabinero* (paramilitary police) chiefs. The set of essays contained in J. Samuel Valenzuela and Arturo Valenzuela (eds.) *Military Rule in Chile* (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore and London, hardback £22.50, paperback £8.50), usefully examine the character of military rule in Chile -- due to terminate in April 1990. Like other military regimes in Latin America, that in Chile has been based on a coup, not on a mass movement; and, in this respect, the dictatorship has had a quite different character from Italian Fascism or Nazism. Corporatist schemes for functional representation were drawn up on paper but were never implemented; and a pattern of authority that paralleled the military chain of command evolved.

One essential feature of military rule, especially in the mid-1970s and early-1980s was National Security. This provided a pretext for widespread repression, an excuse for the proscription of all political parties (even those of the right) and a rationale for drastic neo-liberal economic strategies. Inefficient domestic industries with an obsolete technology and lagging managerial skills had been shielded for decades by democratically elected governments — Conservative-Liberal, Christian Democratic and Marxist alike — by a high wall of tariff protection. Pinochet and the 'Chicago Boys' in 1975-6 applied a neo-liberal shock treatment — much applauded by the international banks — to the manufacturing sector. They launched an indiscriminate assault upon tariffs; and simultaneously, they privatized public sector enterprises, withdrew the state from regulatory activities, opened the economy to private sector flows and adopted free market policies that de-regulated prices and capital. A language of individual choice and liberal principles and of the removal of the distorting influences of collective action provided a rationale for an attack upon the interests of manufacturers and trade unionists who had supported earlier governments. An influx of cheap manufactured goods of high quality smashed most of the uncompetitive manufacturing sector, and drove numerous workers into unemployment, thus weakening groups who had courageously resisted the coup and oppression.

Yet even Pinochet underestimated the tenacity of commitment to the political parties and the capacity of the Church to act as a focus for resistance. In one essay — the most valuable in the book — the Valenzuelas outline the nature and evolution of the opposition parties and examine the

problems of factionalism among them, of differences between exiles and those who remained in Chile. It was a commonplace to say of Chile before 1973 that it had the best-entrenched democratic political culture in Latin America, which compared favourably to that in Italy, Spain, parts of the United States, or any country of Eastern Europe, Africa or Asia. This assumption appeared complacent during and after the coup of 1973. Yet a democratic commitment survived, especially at a local level. For decades the political parties had been more than instruments of political representation and participation. They enjoyed a popular loyalty because they were also welfare institutions. The local party club in the city *barrio* or the small town was a vital social institution that provided assistance in employment and the mediation of petty disputes, and even offered marriage counselling. The political parties had recreational functions as well as flourishing students' and womens' associations. Pinochet could demobilize; he could not depoliticize. And external pressures joined with domestic forces in 1978 to prpmpt the first stages in redemocratization.

The AFL-CIO threatened a boycott of shipping with Chile unless the military dictatorship allowed trade union elections and collective bargaining. Another essay in the book, authored by Brian Smith, examines the role of the Catholic Church (and also of Protestant agencies) in the opposition. The chapter is valuable in presenting a clear analysis of the new institutional commitments of the Church to human rights between 1973 and 1979 and the interactions between domestic pressures for an end to human rights violations and international pressures from Catholic agencies like *Misereor* and *Adveniat* in West Germany and the Catholic Relief Services in the United States. Non-government agencies and foreign governments channelled resources to Church-sponsored projects; and when, in 1975, the dictatorship threatened to legislate against foreign aid that was not channelled through the government, ecclesiastical pressures were applied to the international banks holding Chilean deposits. Meanwhile, in Chile itself, the bishops, angry that the military regime was not the transitional government initially proclaimed by the junta, organized the Vicariate of Solidarity in 1976, which provided legal, health, nutritional and job services for over 700,000 people, some training, credit and technical assistance in the countryside, and hot meals for poor children. Church-sponsored organizations became instruments through which opponents of the regime — even diehard anticlericals — placed their skills at the service of the urban and rural poor. The Church, the political parties and the human rights agencies became essential tools in the struggle for redemocratization.

At the time of writing this process is still not complete. Elections are scheduled. But several question-marks remain. How much power will Pinochet retain inside and outside the armed forces after the elections? Will the armed forces be subordinate to an elected civilian president? Will Congress have the skill and the capacity to monitor the armed forces effectively? How much freedom to operate will be allowed to the once powerful Communist party? The incoming civilian regime will inherit an economy that is less badly managed than that of Argentina, but whose debt

record is poorer than that of the civilian government in Colombia; but it will also encounter popular expectations of growth and welfare, combined with a demand for practices of participation and accountability that may well prove difficult to satisfy, and thus provide the setting for political conflict which in turn could offer a pretext for renewed military intervention. The book in review provides excellent background to the burning issues of 1990.

The debt issue poses a major challenge to the consolidation of democratic government throughout the continent. In a highly effective and penetrating work that combines synthesis with new material, a former economics minister in Peru, Pedro-Pablo Kuczynski, examines *The Latin American Debt* (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore and London, 1988 — hardback £21, paperback £8.50). Debt crises were not new in 1982 when Mexico announced she was unable to continue her scheduled debt service. Serious problems had occurred previously in countries as diverse as Zaire, Indonesia and Poland. What was distinctive about the first debt crisis in Mexico, and subsequent debt crises in Latin America, was that they were widely interpreted as threatening the foundations of the international banking system. Kuczynski examines the characteristics — both general and specific — of the Latin American debt crises. The principal Latin American debtors — Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela — shared high levels of debt-export ratios. They borrowed from commercial banks at commercial rates of interest that floated to very high rates, especially in 1980-2. These rates were payable in US dollars; and the dollar was very high compared to other currencies, especially in the peak year of borrowing, 1980.

Thus a very large debt, denominated in dollars and at floating interest rates, combined with relatively low export earnings because commodity prices were weak, meant that in 1984 Latin America was paying out in interest on her external debt the equivalent of almost one-half of her earnings from export trade. The malaise became manifest when lenders lost confidence and ceased lending. Austerity policies followed; and the IMF assumed the new role of policing debtors. There is a general consensus among commentators, including Kuczynski, that those who suffered most from austerity programmes were the poor. What is a mystery is why frustration has not given rise to more violence. Riots have occurred — in São Paulo in 1983, in Santo Domingo in 1984, and above all in Caracas in 1989. There have been general strikes. But no explosion has taken place, despite significant declines in incomes and welfare. The author tentatively suggests that one factor restraining an explosion has been a drift back to the countryside of urban populations and a rise in farm output and incomes made possible in part by large currency devaluations.

Kuczynski is convincing in his general analysis. He is also careful to draw out distinctions between debtors, the most obvious being the difference between oil exporters and oil importers. Brazil and Mexico represented about one-half of total Euromarket lending to 'developing' countries in the 1970s. Their growth prospects were seen as good; they enjoyed well diversified economies — with a significant manufacturing sector, a large

agroexport sector, some efficient domestic agriculture and an increasingly technically proficient workforce. Brazil was an oil-importer. This meant that a fall in oil prices in 1986 offered the prospect of buoyancy and growth, that was aborted only because of poorly managed price and exchange rate policies. An overlong price and exchange rate freeze prompted the collapse of foreign exchange reserves and threw the country into crisis in 1987. Mexico, by contrast, was an oil exporter. When the oil price collapsed in 1986, Mexico, which seemed to some observers to be on the threshold of recovery from the crisis of 1982, was thrown into a second debt crisis. Nevertheless, in 1987 there was a little more optimism than in 1982. Rescue operations had been launched; and major disruption and panic in the international system had been avoided. Yet the appropriateness of adjustment policies has yet to be demonstrated. To date, the creditor countries and institutions have shied away from drastic initiatives that diminish debt service obligations and make possible the renewal of investment, in human and physical resources, that permits a resurgence of growth. The wisdom of transforming short-term obligations into long-term ones, of reducing interest rates and of swapping debt for equity, is much discussed. Should debts be repaid? Indeed, can debts be repaid? The impoverished Bolivian economy is unlikely ever to be able to repay; but oil-rich Venezuela should be capable of repaying in full.

Cuba is, of course, the exceptional case; both the one country in Latin America where revolutionary socialism is thorough-going and the only Comintern country to see no significant change of regime in recent years. Jean Stubbs is a British citizen who has resided in Cuba for over fifteen years and has already written an excellent monograph on the history of Cuban tobacco workers. Her new popular work, *Cuba—The Test of Time* (published by Latin American Bureau, 2 Amwell Street, London, 1989, hardback £8.95, paperback £3.95), is timely, readable and well-judged. It merits a wide audience, not least because it is cheap. The book was published before the Castro regime was shaken to the core by the Ochoa scandal. Senior government and military figures were found guilty in the summer of 1989 of consorting with drug traffickers, including the Medellín Cartel. Stubbs discusses a wide range of issues: the problem of consolidating a socialist regime when the US trade embargo cuts the island off from her obvious external market and supplier; the question of how far personalism and the power enjoyed by the veterans of the 26th July Movement frustrates change and inhibits socialism; the problem of gender relations in a revolutionary society that emerged from an assertively *macho*-led and inaugurated insurrection. Cuba feels more besieged than ever: by the new forces at work in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe as well as the United States.

Although in the 1980s her economic achievements have been considerable and she has enjoyed better growth rates than any of the capitalist Caribbean economies, Cuba nevertheless is doubly threatened. On the one hand, the renegotiation of her debt to the COMECON countries, mainly the Soviet Union, will become more complicated than ever, given both policy failures

in Cuba and economic crisis in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. On the other hand, Cuba has a problem of indebtedness to capitalist banks. Regarded a few years back as a 'good' debtor (unlike Mexico, Brazil, Poland and Romania) because she invested the monies lent to her in productive projects and squandered nothing on consumer spending sprees, Cuba has to placate Western banks (while assuming a belligerent rhetoric for Third World consumption) if she is to continue to borrow in order to improve the high technology invaluable within COMECON. And combined borrowing depends upon a flourishing export trade with capitalist countries in such commodities as sugar-cane whose prices are notoriously volatile. The new book by Stubbs addresses these issues directly, is refreshingly free of political science and economics jargon, and conveys a feeling for the texture of daily life (the problem of shortages of consumer goods, for example) in a revolutionary society subject to long periods of austerity, that only a work by a long-term resident can contain.

This group of books illustrates how far the study of political and economic issues has advanced in Latin America over the past twenty years. The study of social issues still lags behind but is catching up. Some new writings on nutrition, health, education, training, environment, ecology, housing and social security are accessible and of good quality. The social dimensions of policy constitute one aspect of democratic consolidation that requires further analysis.

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[Dr. Christopher Abel, lecturer in Latin American History, University College, London, was Visiting Professor at the Institute of Political Studies of the National University of Colombia, 1987-88.]

MEMORIES OF LAUGHARNE: PART 1

by Aeronwy Thomas

Christmas, when dad showed goodwill toward children

MY memories of Christmas spent with my family at Laugharne, at the now famous family home, 'The Boat House', began with a bang.

Luckily my mother was never a spoil sport, whatever other defects I might attach to her, and she filled our stockings with things that squeaked, whistled and trumpeted: rubbery toys, whistles and trumpets that whined metallically and magically.

My two brothers, Llewelyn and Colm, could never match my attention-catching and squeaking, banging and trumpet wailings. I snatched their stocking presents from resisting fingers to add to my own, assembled cacophony of 'musical' instruments amidst their howls of protest.

The noise must have been terrible enough to send my peace-loving father sloping off to his work shed at the other end of the cliff walk. But not at Christmas.

Christmas Day, as I remember it, was a day where normal habits and routine were temporarily waived and we, the children, came into our own. We were allowed to bully my father for an hour or so before he gingerly made his way off to Brown's pub, 20 minutes' walk from the house.

Before joining the festive crowd in the pub, he would cross the road to The Pelican, the house his parents inhabited in their last years. I cannot remember if my grandparents shared Christmas with us at The Boat House.

As they were such an integral part of my childhood, they might have faded in my memory. I can remember Christmas more for the general excitement due in the major part to my father's unaccustomed presence and participation.

One Christmas he returned with an enormous doll's house which preceded him, by an arm's length, as he delicately stepped his way down the precipitous flag stone steps of the garden path.

He broke his arm so often that we all waited with bated breath to see whether he would fall again to have his arm placed in its habitual gipsy scarf, Nelson-style across his chest.

My mother maintains the Thomas family had 'chicken bones'. Granny Thomas, as we knew her, constantly fractured arms and legs. However, my father's extreme care of the doll's house circumvented another accident.

He and the huge doll's house arrived as far as the front door where he deposited it. We fingered and commented on the many apertures, bits of furniture all jumbled together and the sectioned off rooms.

Anyone could see it was for me, the only girl in the family, and I cannot remember being more touched by any other one event.

This gesture of my father's was most unusual for its physical effort, something to be avoided at all costs with a strong Irish wife, who loved

movement of all types. In fact, when it came to lugging the coal left in sacks outside his shed the services of an odd job man were enlisted.

Christmas in our house started with stockings and the bigger presents were given out after lunch, so that the aim was to get to that moment as speedily as possible.

The weather was always bleak, cold and damp and I can never remember any exciting, lovely snow as we trudged to church (unaccompanied by adults) for the morning service.

My mother waited for us, on our return, for a long walk before lunch. It was called by her our 'penance' and felt like one as we tried to keep up with her as she took great strides and lungfulls of damp sea and country air.

But after a while the walk acquired the magic it always did and we followed our usual trail across Sir John's Hill. Our return 'loop', another of my mother's expressions, took us along the shingle and mudflats of the estuary, with overhead the castle walls and the cliffwalk with the occasional person or dog peering over at us and the estuary. The last part of the long walk took us along the rocks which we shinned to avoid sinking in the mud which surrounded the Boat House.

It was always lovely to get home out of the low-lying, swirling mists of the cold winter day. By this time, my father had returned from his indoor pub revelries ready for lunch cooked by our 'treasure', Dolly.

At Christmas we all ate together. My father's aversion to the noise of children, whereby he ate separately, was forgotten today. This aversion was normally so strong that when we travelled in trains my mother and we were banished to one carriage while my father travelled in another — a bag of sweets in one hand, a good thriller in another.

On Christmas Day the entire family ate in the dining room with a huge coal fire roaring in the grate, the holly over the mantelpiece singed at the edges. I loved the dining room, a small, cosy room with the table and chairs painted a shiny blue.

The same pot of paint must have provided new skins for the two sheds and the garden gate and the outside woodwork of the house. A sideboard, also blue, had ornate plates and china dogs when they were still not considered collectors' items. On occasion my mother would raid the housekeeping money (when there was some) to buy Staffordshire dogs and plates depicting places from a travelling salesman who set up shop in a nearby house. She could not resist pretty china.

After a traditional lunch, turkey, sprouts, mashed swede and potato, we opened our presents. These were nearly always books chosen by my father. Some of the books I can recall were *The Wind in the Willows*, Arthur Ransome books for Llewelyn, Baba, Dickens (of course) and especially for me *Mary Poppins* and Enid Blyton, because none of us knew she was uneducational.

From America, my father brought us many books, such as the marvellous illustrated books posing questions like, 'Who gave us Catherine wheels?' and you turn the page to see slant-eyed Oriental children holding the

spluttering wheels in their hands.

I loved these books. My father would often read to me, but always books of his own choice. We both favoured Grimm's *Fairy Tales*. He would enact the main characters becoming the wolf or the simpering little child, giving creditable characterisations of evil and good. We both relished the thrill of horror and fear that Grimm never fails to invoke.

'Read to me, read to me', I would scream at every opportunity. My father reading to me was my special ground with him and has given me the conviction of sharing a special relationship. This is a conviction held by others about themselves, I believe.

Throughout all the excitement of opening presents, my father and I ate sweets. It was a communal passion. Boiled sweets included the old-fashioned humbugs with beige, white and liver-coloured stripes, and were my father's delight.

Mine were liquorice and sherbert. I can never remember being told to eat fewer sweets in our house, and so grew rounder and more like my father every day.

After lunch, and presents and sweets and more sweets we started on games. My father had music in his day with his father, quite an accomplished pianist, but none of us were musical.

You could say words in any and every form had taken over from music. My father and his father would do the crossword every morning before crossing the road for their first pints of beer.

My father involved everyone in his overriding interest in words. To have married a man whose main interest is choral music offers not only a change from my background but is a constant source of refreshment for me.

The games my father enjoyed most were unsurprisingly based on words, so charades were played. His choice of words, in spite of being brilliantly acted, were rather difficult for us.

My own choice was always the same: macaroni and spaghetti and it amazed me how everyone guessed them straight away year after year. When we all got overtired, and started to quarrel among ourselves, my mother would stop us. One time, a crate sent all the way from California by a fan or friend of my father's was opened at this stage to reveal exotic dried fruit inside. We all pounced on it... but I was beginning to feel rather full. When our exuberance, refuelled by the short rest, could be contained no longer, we started playing our favourite Blind Man's Buff in which our hysterical dog, Mably, took an important role, biting everyone's ankles. This was the time my father usually felt he would like to make a move.

With my father out of the house, at Brown's waiting for my mother, games were followed by a noisy bedtime session. I tried not to delay my mother. My new books and my torch lay in waiting.

My mother would soon be leaving and there were no babysitters in those days, luckily. On reading my father's reminiscences years later I was surprised to see how he had read books by torchlight too. The characters seem to take a life of their own at night, and I listened with relief to the front door closing as my mother departed in one of her quilted, swirling

skirts.

Maybe they would return, as they did some years, with friends, stumbling down the unlit path and maybe mother would dance, Isadora Duncan style.

Now where's my torch? I thought, fumbling in the dark, and once again before I could enter my make-believe world of words or even mull over the wonderful Christmas Day, I would fall asleep.

Our poisonous tea party for an amorous student

The path going down to the Boat House winds its way precipitously down the cliffside, bordering what was once our front garden. It ends at the front door of the modest, seaswept house which was once our home, 25 years ago.

Now the Boat House has been made into a museum to honour my father's genius and tourists make the long trek to visit the house and the seatown of Laugharne, West Wales. We lived as a family miles from any large town, surrounded by some of the most beautiful sea and country landscapes in Wales, unaware that our time was limited and to be curtailed by my father's death in 1953.

I remember it was quite a long walk to and from the village, or town as it calls itself. The distance used to discourage some schoolfriends from joining me after school, and in retrospect they might have been stopped by their parents as the Boat House was one of the unsafest places imaginable for children. Alterations made since my time have minimised major hazards. My two brothers, Llewelyn (three years older) and Colm (six years younger) and I, together with friends willing to brave the perils, were blissfully unaware of all dangers. Maybe we learned to deal with them instead.

Revisiting Laugharne as an adult, it turns out to be a mere five-minute walk along the cliffwalk before you reach my father's old shed where he used to write. Painted a lively blue, it is perched there with a view of the estuary and a minute's walk takes me to another shed, similar in appearance, where we used to keep our bikes. I look over the railings where the cliffside constantly threatens to crumble and see below the roof and front of our one-time home.

Then turning the end corner of a stone wall, sprouting with grasses and wild flowers, I open a wooden gate, also painted bright blue.

As I look down the serpentine path at the grassy ledges which form a sort of garden called grandly by us the 'Front Garden' and see once again the low stone wall which is there to keep one from falling over the edge onto the estuary floor, I am transported back to my childhood.

We who lived there soon learned the art of the mountain goat, and cloven-hooved would run down the path, jumping over the steps which jut out of the earth at intervals, and become skating arenas in bad weather, resting a moment to regain footing and on again leaping and bounding down the path to home.

We learned to clamber all over the house up and down the narrow staircases, and the various wooden balconies (constantly renewable because

of the corroding salt air). We ran along the top surface of the surrounding walls with their uneven stones and like monkeys clambered all over the rocks which lay along the seashore.

No doubt my father would have had more visitors if he had chosen to live somewhere more accessible, but for me there were still too many of them to take him away from his family. Intense, foreign students studying my father's life and works for their degrees, or American 'friends' and acquaintances who showered us with gifts, were frequent visitors. They would look at us with unconcealed amazement as we children skipped along the top of a wall or vaulted over the outside low roof on to the wooden balcony which embraced our house, often treating us like little savages.

Our resentment for their intrusion into our lives took different forms. I can remember inviting a very good looking Scandinavian to partake of tea with me.

'*Everyone* comes to tea with me.' I assured him, and as he was still unsure, added, 'My father would expect it of you.' Taking tea consisted of sitting behind a shed out of view in the company of all my teddies and one of my girl-friends. The beverage was a purple coloured juice and the edibles some berries.

Politely he partook of the berry tea, looking rather uncomfortable on a piece of rock with jagged edges specially reserved for him. Solemnly, with the conscientious and serious demeanour of all the students we had seen at our house, he ate every berry, every one we hoped more poisonous. He did not go into convulsions or die as we half-hoped, but was ill enough to have to leave. A small price to pay, I thought, for flirting with my mother.

As far as I remember I was never punished. Discipline in our house must have seemed erratic to our visitors. My mother rarely nagged us about possible physical dangers lurking everywhere and allowed us to bring as many of our friends to play as we liked. Any punishment was meted out on the spot with a series of hits on the head. 'I can remember your father only ever hitting one of you children,' my mother told me, 'And that was you'.

Apparently, I would infuriate my parents to gain their attention. In fact, my father refused to reprimand us, verbally or physically, as he considered this my mother's role. I can never remember him raising his voice, let alone hitting anyone.

This attitude extended to his refusal to eat with his children. He hated the noise and presumably wished to avoid having to shout at us. We were delighted. The children were made to eat in the kitchen making as much bedlam as they chose, and we chose plenty, while my parents ate in the dining room with the door closed. We were allowed cider on the principle that cider is not alcoholic, while the grown ups had beer. Of course, the noise in the kitchen where we ate with as many cronies as we could jam in, became worse as more cider was consumed.

A perfect example illustrates my parents' varying attitudes: I lay in bed

with a severe case of mumps, ants walking in colonies over the wall in my delirium, when my parents started to row over something. My mother raged and ranted while my father expostulated quietly. This ended with my mother throwing a slipper at my father who was standing by my bed. His only form of resistance was to duck, allowing the slipper to hit me. It would have been quite out of keeping with his passive temperament to throw the slipper back.

This sort of rowing never upset me. We were used to it, and it did not threaten the stability of our home. What was more insidious were the steadily more frequent absences of my father from home as he pursued the promised crock of gold in America. My mother would react in a sullen, untypical way on my father's return. Her silences after an initial verbal outburst were infinitely worse than any throwing of slippers. Even as a child I began to feel some change in the air.

At the age of 10, my mother sent me to boarding school in England to train as a dancer, a chance *she* always wanted, but which I saw as a rejection of sorts by my family. Already Llewelyn was a boarder at Magdalen College School at Oxford and only came home for holidays, and my father was away in America on his third reading tour during that fateful year of 1953. Only my mother and Colm remained in Laugharne.

It was while I was at school, settling in and beginning to enjoy the delights of the ballet and allied arts, that my aunt, Nicolette Devas, brought me the news of my father's death. It was some time before I realised that our days in Laugharne were virtually over: my mother could not bear to return there without my father, and we only went back a couple more times. I could feel my mother's bewilderment and distress over my father's death and will never blame her for wanting to live the following years, now a quarter of a century, away from Wales in Rome and Sicily, as far as she could go from the memories of our family life there.

[Aeronwy, daughter of Dylan Thomas, spent her childhood in Laugharne, the model for her father's Llareggyb in *Under Milk Wood*. She is much in demand as a reader of her father's poetry, and has established a reputation on her own account as a writer and a translator. *In Country Sleep*, one of Dylan Thomas's most important late poems, was written in her honour.]

CITY ART GALLERY

It stands on a busy corner
where the curious stroll past
its strong deterring doors,
its jowled commissionaire.

Only few will step inside;
the rest hang it like a picture
on the wall of the main street,
collecting atmospheric dust.

It takes some moral effort
to go in, to face up squarely
to so much mere perfection
assembled in a single place.

We may even feel ourselves
somehow unworthy to countenance
such beauty: having trespassed,
we may hurry on outside.

Sense a sudden strong relief,
hitting us like the city air,
that we are once more excused
a searching self-examination. J. D. Mallinson

LATE CHEKHOV

Longing for Moscow, stuck in the boring sun
of Yalta, he waits for the post, writes letters:
My sweet love, shelters Gorky, works on his play.
Count Tolstoy is dying but the old boy finally goes
eight years later ridiculously in a railway station,
a gift to the farceur, already dead.

There are sharp words for the actors, soft ones for her:
My beloved, you will have a baby son, who was dancing
hundreds of miles away. And there was the blood.
It was the price of work, of love, his sweet strength,
always restrained, as if passion were ever so slightly
comic, like a mistimed pistol shot.

Thus was it leaked away, tucked inside
a tentative invitation, a sensible hand
at the samovar, choked in boredom.
If he'd survived the later grosser bloodshed
his steely Stakhanovite habit would surely have engaged
passionately with those lengthening silences. Joan Downar

NOT THE DORDOGNE

by Frank Lewis

APPARENTLY open season has been declared on the French property market. My wife and I, although American, were not so naive in embarking on our quest for a landed bourgeois existence as to assume we were the first to think of it. We had been told that for years the English have identified as desirable most of the Dordogne region, and by all means not to buy there. For one thing the prices would reflect their keen interest, and furthermore it would be crawling with Brits. I suppose the same would have been said of Chiantishire were we looking in Italy. But we weren't; after dozens of trips there over the years we had our hearts set on France.

Did it make any less sense, we reasoned, to own a French farmhouse than it did to own a semi-detached in London? Balham, at that! 'No!?' we cried. And in we leapt, careful of course to avoid stepping in the Dordogne. Poo.

Now as I said, we knew we wouldn't be alone but I think neither of us was prepared for the slick pace the sale of France had reached. With over sixty per cent of the country traditionally devoted to cultivation and the French youth seeming to increasingly shun lives involving agriculture, rural properties are coming to the market for relatively paltry amounts. And the English are discovering away-day house hunting. Open season. There was, we'd heard, heavy cross channel traffic. Certainly though there would be a few undiscovered bargains left for two Yanks in search of *Forchette Sud.*

We began by seeking out London based agents, not at all certain how fruitful our inquiries might prove. The field was, we discovered, very fruity. As are most crops of estate agents. But there were enough ripe amongst the rotten to see it would be worth our while to delve further. Expertise ranged from those who have associations with *notaires* and affiliated agents all over France to those who specialise in one particular region. For example, not surprisingly, the Dordogne. Most offered needed advice on all the potential steps along the way, from finance to future maintenance. And as the more affordably priced places tend to be neglected heaps, many touted connections with builders. All were prompt in forwarding to us descriptions of properties for sale and conscientious in limiting their pitch to what we could afford. Nothing is more annoying to a buyer than setting a price range and being shown things costing twice that. Most of them made us feel we were receiving no less attention to our limited needs than they would devote to a buyer with unlimited funds. And at least we had our limitations well defined; for twenty thousand pounds we expected no more than a fifteen-room chateau set in several hectares. But we'd be willing to pay a bit more if the perfect thing came along, 'so show us everything'.

Actually our ideals were a little nearer reality than that. We wanted

to spend a maximum of fifty thousand pounds, hopefully have it incorporate a few acres, and definitely involve water. We like water. As long as it had a stream or a pond or was on a river we would look at it.

Well that, if you'll allow, opened up the floodgates! We were astounded by the number of places that fit those parameters. France is positively overflowing with disused *moulins*, all obviously boasting water and modest acreage. Sadly a great number of them have stood empty for years and although initially cheap would require at least the same amount again to put right. Having too often managed building projects in our own home that proved nightmarish, we decided trying to oversee one in another country would be unwise, even for us. Thankfully it seemed there was enough on offer within our means which we could comfortably occupy without the undue distress of an overhaul.

Once we realised we could actually be serious about it and decided to arrange a trip down, setting up appointments couldn't have been easier. The agents we eventually used also assisted in reserving overnight accommodation for our journeys. None, however, could have been held responsible for the shortcomings of our visits.

After a seven hour drive from Normandy our initial trip's first night, spent in a 'country inn' somewhere south of Limoges but not very near anything at all, found us at the hands of Mssr. and Mdm. Barie. They shared their desperately out of the way farmhouse with their son Eric, the mechanic, and one other person whom we only knew existed in that food was periodically taken upstairs on a tray. Whether that person ate it I don't know, but Eric ate what we could hardly touch like he'd never eaten before. Not to be coarse, but Madame, I hope, does not have aspirations to seeing her name in rosettes. Unfortunately eating was the only available distraction from the fact that their English was no better than our near non-existent French. Tortuously we attempted to fashion some sort of conversation from a Collins pocket dictionary, and eventually Eric did reveal, between mouthfuls, a mastery of roughly five words we could recognise. But for the most part we could only glance awkwardly and smile exhaustedly between the endless portions of stuffed cabbage. It all reminded me of one of those B movies where the young couple become stranded in the country, seek help at the large dark house on the hill, and stumble unawares into a demented world. The evening's end had us close to setting the Collins alight.

Our frustrations might have been a clue that we wouldn't have much luck finding a house there. In fact we didn't. Even though over the next two days we looked at what seemed like hundreds, nothing felt right. We wanted something that could feel like home, if it ever had to. In the back of our minds is the prospect that we may live there permanently some day.

There was one place, the first we saw, that almost fitted the bill. It was a farmhouse set in seventeen acres of woods, meadows, millponds, and streams. However, buying the first thing we came across seemed a little hasty. I will probably always wonder if we should have done so.

But we decided another trip down, maybe further south, would be in order.

Upon return to London we set up some appointments with two agents in the Cahors region, north of Toulouse. This is dangerously near, for those who don't know, the Dordogne. But having enjoyed holidaying there eight years before, it was an area we knew we'd like. And in three weeks time we found ourselves on the scent once again.

This time we felt a bit more confident. Our French was still hopeless but at least we knew a little more about what was out there. Again we saw thousands of places in a matter of one weekend. And again the first we saw turned out to be the best. But this time we bought it.

Seventeen kilometres west of Cahors along the River Lot is our new pride and joy. It's a small three bedroom farmhouse built of local yellow stone and set in nearly two acres of riverside apple and pear orchards. All along the river in both directions are hundreds of hectares of vineyards. The local wine is a heavy red that doesn't enjoy much of a reputation outside France. But who cares? That means it will stay cheap and plentiful.

We have met the neighbouring farmers, a husband and wife team who also look after our property's orchards. They have a big Irish Setter named Toby and seem eminently likeable. Our introduction, however, was curtailed by the approaching start of the England/France rugby international. They had to go home, he on his tractor and she in a beat-up old Renault with the dog, to watch it. Hopefully he won't associate me with France's having lost, because we do anticipate spending quite a bit of time there. And I wouldn't want this to turn into another B movie.

Having had our initial offer rejected, we decided against further posturing and paid the asking price. Although gazumping isn't allowed there, we didn't want to muck about playing games and risk losing it to a keener buyer. The next step was signing a preliminary contract and handing over the standard ten per cent deposit, which is refundable if you can't secure financing, if the vendor backs out, or if the local survey turns up any unsavoury surprises. For instance, a government plan to tear down the chateau across the river and build a nuclear power station.

Now that our bank has agreed to let us do our part for inflation by extending the mortgage on our London house, and assuming the survey uncovers no hitches, we'll return to Cahors before long for the signing of the final contract and official transfer of ownership. Our hunt will have been successful, we will have avoided the Dordogne, and *bourgeoisie* will be ours!

IN THE SHADOW OF PARADISE

by Bryn Gunnell

LAPA and Laranjeiras, São Conrado and Cachambé, São Cristovão, Catumbi and Jacaré, Gavea and Ipanema, Gamboa and Nova Jerusalém: Rio de Janeiro is not so much a city as an agglomeration of towns separated by fangs of rock — the *morros*. Some of the *favelas* have reached the top of these dromedary mountains where the wind screams on stormy days and puffy clouds hang motionless when it is calm.

Trapped between plunging forest and the thumbs and fingers of the sea, Rio itself is an endearingly ugly mixture of the drably new and the sullenly middle-aged. One district, however, — *o bairro de Santa Teresa* — is unashamedly old, like a garrulous *contessa* who knows she has seen better days, but no longer cares. Here and there one finds a block of fashionable flats — black faces peering out of the kitchen and cellar windows; white faces on the balconies hung with ferns — but most of Santa Teresa consists of nineteenth century villas with gazebos. There is also a crop of oddities including a small replica of one of Ludwig of Bavaria's castles, a Russian dacha entirely constructed of wood, with piece-work dressings, and several Palladian mansions which have terraced gardens, a porter caged at street level and red-eyed mastiffs that rage up and down behind the railings. The relative homicidal propensities of these Molossian monsters is indicated by a charming litotes on an enamel plate fixed to the gate: *Cão bravo* or *cão manso*. In the *favelas*, at least, the dogs are all very *manso* and neither growl nor stir, but simply raise an eyebrow as you pass.

Santa Teresa jolts and teeters along the side of a *morro* that overbrows the city. A million tons of sheer bare rock hang poised above it. Santa Teresa swoops and swings; pulls up short in front of giant boulders; spills steps; runs up ramps of cobbles; edges along dizzy promontories and whisks into hollows. Dotted along its alleys and headlong streets are the villas, built in Rio's hey day by the people who then owned the mines and the railways. Their family mascots, carved in stone — acorns, vinegar-faced lions, caravels, lachrymose dogs and knock-kneed storks — still top the gate piers, and let into the walls beside the gates, there are always three boxes with flaps marked *pão, leite* and *cartas*.

Those who were particularly prosperous had their halls and patios decorated with *azulejos*. In one villa these blue tiles depict the stormier episodes of the war that was fought between Brazil and Paraguay in 1865. Generally, however, the villas are not ostentatious, their only ornament being the conch shell mouldings above the windows. All have suffered from neglect and the hot damp air: the stucco hangs in clots from the walls and the brickwork stares through, giving them a piebald look; the shutters, rimed with green mould, hang askew.

At night, when the rooms are lit up, you can see high beamed ceilings and floors of glowing red wood; ladders and stairs that disappear into cane-slatted lofts; heavy, high-backed chairs; long-handled parasols leaning in

corners; squitchy portraits and tarnished mirrors; little clocks like carved golden apples; ferns in baskets suspended from the ceiling and cages full of bouncy birds.

There are times — especially at dusk — when Santa Teresa looks as though it has risen from the sea. The houses are pitted and peppered with saltpetre. The paint is swollen and pustular; the walls vipered with black fissures and bleared with rusty blotches. The houses swim and wobble; take shape, buckle up and rise magically again, like Venetian *palazzi* reflected in a canal, and the glaring colours — indigo, pink, sandy yellow and venomous green — swirl and play hop-scotch in the seeping sticky light.

Behind the ferny old walls, the gardens fight and heave round pergolas and woodwork cloisters. The flowers rush at you as you pass: pistol shot poinsettias; fizzling *coralitas*; white gardenias and frangipani, and the thick tresses of the deep purple *viuvinha*.

Here comes *o bondinho*. This little tram has wooden seats and is open to the winds. No need to pay if you cling to the outside. It breaks down at least once every trip and always carries a blue uniformed policeman who is there to deter pickpockets.

The tram grinds to a halt and the shoppers who have just come out of the Maracaná supermarket — they carry their purchases in nylon haversacks for fear of being mugged — press forward. Suddenly everyone stops pushing and falls back: a frail old lady with crutches is gently lifted out of her seat by these people who are supposed to be thieves and murderers, and, with words of encouragement, is set on her way.

The tram chugs and chunters to itself. The inspector paces up and down, ferociously eyeing the people as they scramble in. A curly-headed gnome with bushy eyebrows and little fiery eyes behind thick glasses, he wears a khaki jacket, black trousers, shiny with age, granny's ankle boots and a spouting black tie. They say he was once a gold miner in the backlands, and he does have an air of mountain mystery, like some character out of the tales of Hoffmann.

The inspector nods. *Tudo bom*. The tram sizzles off down the hill.

A quiet main street that smells of sugar-cane petrol fumes, of rain and shadows. The shopping centre in Santa Teresa is unimpressive, though it is worth going into the grocer's which, with its massive, glass-fronted ebony cupboards and long rich red counter, rubbed shiny by the elbows of generations of indolent assistants, has a Dickensian atmosphere.

Next to the fishmonger's, where blue and orange lobsters hobble about in baskets, there is a shop heaving with bridal beds, all flounces and lace. Some are covered with enormous counterpanes of green and yellow, the colours of the Brazilian flag.

Most of the cafés in Brazil are tiled in white and look about as inviting as a hospital still-room. In Santa Teresa there is one for the naughty boys and another, frequented by the older generation, where you can sink into a deep wicker chair and watch the stack of sugar-cane outside diminish as it is fed into a growling machine which lollops green juice.

The most interesting shop in Santa Teresa is the toy shop. As soon as

you go in, you are struck by the ecclesiastical hush. Even the children lower their voices. After a decent pause, the owner appears. A tall, handsome man with a sad face, he could be the deposed president of some rainy, ruined republic. He smiles enigmatically when you say you just want to look round, then sighs, subsides into a rocking chair, crosses his legs — he always wears check carpet slippers — takes up a newspaper and leaves you to browse.

It is a magic, slightly eerie shop. The stacks of silent boxes contain games that disappeared from our shops half a century ago. One rediscovers halma, ludo, oca, the safe and expeditious traveller, nine men's morris, tric-trac, snakes and ladders, the Chinese zigzag and the diabolical cube. There are tarot cards, too; transfers, the flags of all nations, balloons and a whole shelf of home-made fireworks that look as if they would go off in your hand.

In one shadowy corner, railed off by a thick silk cord, is a *macumba* section with all the garish paraphernalia of the cult: the *orixas* — gods and devils — with their boss-eyed smiles; Exu and his trident; Ifá; Ená; Janaina, the sea goddess, who resembles the Virgin Mary; the red toad; the tattoed Indian and the different amulets and charms that almost everyone carries. For there is a dark side to the mirror: *nihil sine umbra.* The people in this city of dreams live in a double world — the world of everyday and another where fear perches in the trees; where spirits must be invoked before any important step is taken and where the voices of the dead whisper at your door.

No visitor to Rio de Janeiro can fail to be impressed by the grace of these people, their generosity and power of imagination, yet the sky of this earthly paradise is damp with sweat and spotted with blood. Violence and fantasy gather head and erupt without warning, shattering the smilingly innocent face of a city embowered in flowers. The human wrecks and the sick in spirit surface from the dark world of the *favelas.*

You find a drug addict lying in a pool of vomit at your door. You see a young girl, dirty and dishevelled, curled up like a sleeping dog beside a bus stop in a roaring street, with only a pair of broken plastic sandals as a pillow. You come across a dead man, covered with a newspaper, lying peacefully on a traffic island while the cars and buses rush round him. Someone has placed a flower on his chest, but there is no one to claim the body. You wake in the dark hour before the dawn to hear a burst of automatic fire in the *favela* below, and learn that some gangsters were gunned down by their rivals in the drug racket. You turn into an avenue as brilliantly illuminated as the Champs Elysées and are confronted by throngs of prostitutes. They all have waxen, expressionless faces; they all wear immaculate white costumes and spangled shoes, and they parade up and down under the watchful eyes of the pimps who flash gold-toothed smiles from the gaming-tables of dingy bars.

In the rua Aurea, on the gate of a house that is hidden deep inside a guava orchard, someone has put up a notice advertising *mel puro.*

A few people are making their way to the church that has oriel windows

and lurid magenta lighting. A little tab of a man in a ferocious check suit stands at the door and hands out temperance tracts in a silent, business-like way. The sound of the wheezy organ floats down the street which leads to a quiet square, deserted except for some spinsterish little *avoina* doves that are performing a clockwork minuet beneath the trees. A crowd of young men bursts into the square to play volley ball and — whoosh — the doves all fountain up into the softening sky, wheel in unison and land in the trees where they begin to coo, placatingly.

It is in this square that the *repentistas* gather on Sunday mornings — blind man with a broad nose, puckered features and a gravelly voice, and his red-faced companion who wears a trilby on the side of his head and is always drunk. They strum their guitars and improvise songs on any topic and even about members of the audience who sit eating *churrasco* and drinking iced Antarctica beer while the cook tends his smoky fire and does the washing up in a dirty zinc bowl.

The *repentistas* come from the Nordeste. They are bards — great and versatile poets in their way. One singer improvises a line which is capped by his companion, then another and so on. They never falter. The line that clinches always comes out pat.

The sun beats down on the plastic awnings. An assistant goes round selling hand-printed *folletos* or ballad sheets, illustrated with woodcuts, which treat of subjects ranging from AIDS and Halley's Comet to the legendary exploits of the *cangaceiros*. The *repentistas*, constantly plied with beer and *cachaça*, sing until their voices are hoarse and when they can sing no more, everyone decides to go home.

The light has become like thick pollen. The path that runs between banks of black-eyed Susan skirts the high walls of a convent and climbs steeply to the top of the *morro*. From here there is a fine view of the sea. Just below is the Santa Teresa brothel, a large villa, painted angry pink, that stands in a knot garden, all gravel walks and manicured hedges. The gate is closed. The gravel lies evenly raked. The house itself is silent, the shutters closed and there are no lights. It is here, they say, that young men 'of good family' are brought in shining limousines through the blue night to a snowy bed and the first bite of the apple.

Vultures circle above the rocky walls of the *morro*. They slide along a slant of wind, rest against its front edge, sink and rise again. High above them are frigate birds that look like spiky pterodactyls, also circling.

Rio de Janeiro is a city of the dawn. The sun goes down practically unnoticed in smoky crimson behind its back.

From up here this evening one can see all over the city, and far beyond. To the north lies Sumaré, like a sleeping giant with a Cyrano de Bergerac nose, and, seen for a moment through glooms of brown, are the sunlit fingers of the Serra de Orgão.

Immediately below is Santos Dumont airport — insect planes coming and going — and the long bridge that curves right across the bay to the white skyscrapers of Niteroi where the Portuguese first landed and exchanged laconic greetings with the Tupi king.

To the south is *O Centro* under its haze of pollution, the Sugarloaf and the sea. The *morros* that dominate and occupy the city, march right down to the shore and strip to face the sea.

The presence of the sea can be felt everywhere in Rio. It can be seen from every hill and high building, but it cannot be heard.

Bellowing with light and space; bursting in mile-long breakers of soapstone green and starch blue; footing the sands and fanging the distant cliffs and islands, the ocean is always there, powerful, immense and very close, but inaudible.

As the sun goes down and the piled clouds mass on the southern rim of the world, there comes a feeling of desolation, for there are no lands calling on the other side of the horizon; only the whistling solitudes of space and haystack waves shirring tons of foam, right down to the Antarctic.

The western sky is covered with little apples of fire. To the east is a great sky window of dusty blue, framed in cinnamon and black.

On the steep of the hill, the ungainly papaya trees stand with their hands on their hips, waiting.

A line of yellow sheets bellies beside a shack. A banana tree shivers its whole length in the sunset wind. Beside the steps that dog-leg down into the *favela*, geese knit their heads in and out of a wooden cage.

Darkness steps forward. The dry chirp of a cricket. Warm voices rise from the yards and gardens. White teeth gleam under the dark trees. There is a smell of coffee and oranges, of black earth and women. Now comes the sound of *berimbau* and *caxixi*. The strut and posture of the dance has begun and someone is singing:

Há tempo de nascer e de morrer.
Há tempo de plantar e tempo de colher.
Há tempo de enfermar e tempo de sarar.
Há tempo de chorar e tempo de reir.
Há tempo de destruir e tempo de edificar . . .

On the highest peak, O Corcovado, the gigantic Christ is suddenly floodlit. With arms outstretched, he dives in and out of the flying clouds. At his feet the city ripples in stacks and cones of light.

A choggy owl flies out of a tree and the first bats stagger across the dark gardens where the toads have set up their chilly trill.

It is time to go down. The old man in a sombrero has trundled out his popcorn barrow which is like a mini railway carriage lit up, and stands under the trees, swiping mosquitoes.

Through a lighted window I see three middle-aged women, each with hair dyed a different colour, sitting very upright on a long rexine sofa. They are watching a football match on TV. GOOAL! they roar, and from every house comes an echo — GOOAL! — as the people enjoy an hour of the national religion. GOOOAL!

Suddenly it is night, the extraordinary Rio night with its cool luminous blue, like the webbed reflections on the roof of a sea cave. The stars snap on. The sky is full of serpent eyes and the green moon seems to hang the wrong way up.

From the north side of the city comes a crackle like gunfire. Little

hopping stubs of fire appear in the sky; then a fountain of fire, a shower of golden grain. There is a pause. Now, from several directions at once, towers of light, huge chandelier-eyed monsters and prismy domes slowly rise into the blue and begin to drift towards the mountains, spouting flakes of fire. From all sides, fireworks burst high up and fall like shooting stars. The domes and gently swaying Portuguese men o'war rise higher and higher until they almost touch the roof of the night, then gradually collapse and are extinguished.

The cool night sky is empty for a while. Then, singly and in pairs, frail fire balloons begin to waver up from the *favelas*. They are made of paper and contain one glimmering candle. Frailly launched, they flush and fill with light, wobble and worm up into the sky. Each one carries a hope; with each one goes a wish or prayer. As they rise, waves of faint cheering accompany their progress. There comes a moment when they seem to take heart and sail straight up, calmly and majestically, but when they mingle with the stars, their hearts fail them: they flare, flicker and disintegrate, leaving only a few snaky wisps of blue smoke.

The last wisp falls diagonally down the sky. The night, with its arches of stars, is left to itself, and gradually the city and the ocean fall into a silver sleep.

Literary Supplement

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Betty Abel

Possession: A Romance. A. S. Byatt. Chatto & Windus. £13.95. *Falling.* Colin Thubron. Heinemann. £10.95. *Isarà: A Voyage Around 'Essay'.* Wole Soyinka. Methuen. £12.95.

The new novel by A. S. Byatt entitled *Possession: A Romance* is both a romantic tale and a work of substantial literary scholarship. It demonstrates too the extraordinary ability of the author to write creatively and convincingly in the manner of someone else, to emulate poets of a bygone age, even Browning, in a way almost dangerously close to the originals. She takes as a starting point Hawthorne's dictum that the writer of a romance intends always to 'claim a certain latitude, both as to fashion and material'. In his Preface to *The House of Seven Gables* Hawthorne says, 'the point of view in which this tale come under the Romantic definition lies in the attempt to connect a bygone time with the very present that is flitting away from us'. A. S. Byatt makes this attempt through her characters and succeeds brilliantly.

Roland Michell, a freelance tutor and occasional research worker in English literature, finds in a book in the London Library a cache of letters drafted by an eminent Victorian poet, Randolph Ash. Hitherto undisturbed, the letters inspire in Roland the desire to follow Ash's trail in a search that takes him through other libraries and archives, out on the Fens to a Gothic mansion, up to North Yorkshire and over the sea to Brittany in an increasingly serious effort to find out the secrets of the nineteenth century's poet's life and loves. By chance he meets a woman research worker concerned with women's studies who is following through the life story of an obscure Victorian spinster poet, Christabel LaMotte, to whom Randolph's letters were written. They continue the journey together, gradually dredging up evidence of a correspondence and meetings between these two poets whose relationship has never before been suspected, either in their own day or since. The novel is therefore off to a good start, promising the reader a comfortable stint of watching other people becoming engaged in the hard grind of pursuing complicated research.

Ash, it transpires, had led an apparently blameless married life: Christabel LaMotte had existed quietly in the company of a melancholic female friend who finally drowned herself in the Thames. Into this banal story Byatt brings suspense, tension and exciting historical and literary discoveries in a way that emulates the extreme curiosity displayed by many nineteenth century writers about both ideas and artefacts. *Possession* is designed to extol the intense pleasure to be gained from reading. The quest of Roland Michell has parallels with medieval romance as well as with the Victorians' more down-to-earth passions. Relics, fossils, heirlooms and even descendants come to light with sleight of hand rapidity. Contemporary critics reshape their evaluation of the two poets who had, in any case, clearly created a few myths and legends of their own to suit the times.

Into the action come recognisable campus figures like the rival sleuth, Mortimer Cropper, anxious to acquire new literary trophies in the shape of

manuscripts for his New Mexico college; money no object. There is a dazzling incessant to-and-fro in the text between the present and the past, involving 'the persistent shape-shifting life of things long dead'. Nothing is more impressive, however, than A. S. Byatt's brilliant sequences of poems that represent her Victorians' literary output. These include Ash's *Ragnarok*, a Nordic Edda saga, and his superb *Dramatic Monologues*, composed after the Browning model, in which he revivifies a vast gallery of seers and potentates as well as artists and scientists from past ages. LaMotte is credited with a number of Emily Dickinson imitations and a glamorous lady-into-snake poem of authentic Victorian mystery. The impressive range of styles emerges too in the form of fake Victorian journals and letters which contain, for the two initiates, clues to poetic images deployed in other texts. The sheer consistency of the performance takes the reader's breath away. *Possession* is indeed an apt title.

Colin Thubron, the author of several travel books as well as three other novels, has written a moving story called *Falling* containing references to the Fall of Man. The plot is the mundane one of a journalist's infatuation with a trapeze artist, Clara, whom he kills in a fit of self disgust. In prison Mark Swabey is trying to remember the exact manner of her death. The theme is somehow transmuted into an allegory of the myth of the Fall and Clara's real fall becomes related in Mark's fevered mind to the stained glass window depicting the Fall of Lucifer, which his former girl friend has been commissioned to create for a local church. He sees a paradox in the fact that he has unwittingly brought about his own downfall. Prison bound, he finds that even he as a human being can, when 'transformed by love', feel 'a little lower than the angels'.

However, even the second flight to a death, that of a violent fellow inmate, 'one of those who kept his pride by defeating the system', does not raise the novel to the level of effective allegory for its essential triviality cannot be ignored. There are illogicalities too, for if 'beating the system' means, as it appears to do, 'defying gravity' as well as the law's retributive machine, the plain fact is that it cannot be done. Proudly dangling above the abyss seems more like foolhardiness than pride and the obsession with the trapeze artist is 'dangerous and hopeless' only in this slightly absurd sense. In its own terms the tale is unworthy of its attempted elevation, although it is certainly readable for those who enjoy the emotional suspense which Colin Thubron most skilfully evokes.

Wole Soyinka's new novel, *Ìsarà: A Voyage Around 'Essay'*, confirms the strength and resilience of his other stories, poems and plays. It is a loose continuation of his life story but is directly about his father, 'Essay', a dedicated Nigerian schoolmaster. The sub-title is borrowed from John Mortimer's play, *A Voyage Round My Father*. In 1984, two years after completing his autobiography, *Aké: The Years of Childhood*, Soyinka opened a tin box that had belonged to his deceased father. Its scanty contents of old letters, notebook jottings, school reports and minutes of School Board meetings inspired him to compose a partly true, partly imagined and wholly delightful account in six parts of his father's own and other friends' experiences during the period before and during the Second World War, the late colonial times in Nigeria. The novel form gives Soyinka great license and scope to celebrate the full and varied lives of all Essay's village companions and their extended families.

Of the six parts only the third section tells a self-contained story whilst remaining inside the general framework of the book. An old woman of Ligun,

Mariam, a converted Christian, is grieving over the death of her unconverted brother, Tenten. The way in which he is to be buried is seriously in doubt for not only did he assist Christians in distress but he has gravely offended the spirits of the tribe. They declare him none of theirs. Mariam goes to the town's letter writer, Fatuka, and dictates a letter to her school-teacher son, the character based upon Soyinka's father. Fatuka writes only in Yoruba to avoid criticism of his English by the clever Akinyode Soditan. This is understandable for outside Fatuka's house is an advertisement reading 'ADEbabbs FATUKA — LETTER WRIter aND COFFEREDDetial SCKetries . . .'. The problem is eventually resolved by some mysterious interventions; but the whole sequence contains the most moving descriptions in the book. The portrayal of Mariam's fears for her dead brother's spiritual fate and the uncaring treatment she receives from 'friends' in a neighbouring village are vividly contrasted with the silent, sympathetic, helpful actions performed by people living nearby.

A good deal of the dialogue in the tales gives a refreshing insight into the humour and elasticity with which these African villagers speak English. Half-jokes with underlying serious intentions are frequent. Hitler is 'the man with the unique moustache'; Mrs. Esan, complaining about her few opportunities to practise speaking English, says, 'Out there, I have no one to keep me on my toes. I can bomb the English language worse than Hitler and no one will complain'. In a delightful verbal passage about languages Akinyode compares Mussolini's Italian to the sound of Yoruba. When an argument develops about the relative merits of European and African medical treatment, the people declare that they will stay with the 'white' doctor and his tests unless a cure is not in evidence in a few days, in which case 'Father will be set loose to place his *ebo* (ritual offering) right against the church gates if that is what his *onisegun* recommends.' Soditan's wife says she does not know which ground his argument is standing on. 'That's because I haven't landed', he cries. 'Be patient. I am going to land in a moment'.

This constantly surprising 'voyage' contains wonderfully glowing passages of episode and reflection, making a tightly woven plot unnecessary. It is the work of a master of the gripping narrative.

Also Received

The Mirror Maker. Primo Levi. Trans. Raymond Rosenthal. Methuen. £12.95.

The testimonies of Primo Levi are exceedingly important as accounts of and reflections on the holocaust and other examples of inhumanity. Equally his delightful stories reveal a mercurial and ever hopeful mind. Both aspects of his thought are beautifully represented in this volume.

The Evening Wolves. Joan Chase. Methuen. £12.99.

The story of a hobo trail across the American south, seen in glimpses of decaying seaside resorts, shanty towns and chapel-going settlements, reads more like a mannered diary than a novel. However, the characters are true to life and their travels possess an episodic appeal. Joan Chase tends to rely on her gift of powerful imagery which in many instances seems inappropriate.

The Other Occupant. Peter Benson. Macmillan. £12.95.

Peter Benson's finely drawn writing is evident in this new novel, even though its fictional content lacks the inspiration shown in his handling of *A Lesser Dependency.* An unusual theme, that of an older woman taking in as helper and friend an almost unknown out of work young drifter, has unexpectedly beneficial results in terms of human sympathy when disaster strikes.

NON FICTION REVIEWS

INSIDERS OF WESTMINSTER

Palace of Varieties. An Insider's View of Westminster. Jonathan Critchley. John Murray. £13.95.

Inside the House of Commons. Behind the Scenes of Westminster. John Biffen. Grafton. £9.95.

The coming of television to the proceedings inside the Chamber of the House of Commons has persuaded two senior M.P.s to provide these lucid and lively 'inside stories' of what goes on there — lest viewers should not now know. Each has at least 25 years or more experience of the House; and to the normal description of the M.P.'s curious daily schedule, his Constituency duties and the 'bits on the side' (to quote Mr. Critchley), each offers a host of asides, many bits of gossip, and some shrewd and sometimes bitter assessments of colleagues, including each other. Critchley, however, it should be added, is more generous about Biffen than he is about many of his colleagues: '... witty and polite ... he was the best Leader of the House since the War.' He shows perception as well as kindness in his references to some 'eccentrics' (Tam Dalyell, Eric Heffer and Tony Benn, who has 'the best manners of any MP') and is sharp about others, 'Hugh Gaitskell was the last high-minded leader of the Labour Party. Wilson was a party manager, Callaghan a jovial survivor, Foot a good man out of his place, and Neil Kinnock a boy sent on a man's errand'.

As this suggests, Critchley has become a *franc-tireur,* a regular journalist, a frequent TV 'star', a user of the many opportunities to travel the world at other people's expense. His pro-Heath stand and his extra-curricular activities have prevented his ever receiving that invitation to take front-bench office that is now the goal of many, if not most, M.P.s. He has nevertheless had a richly-satisfying life, and even by his admission — compared to earlier rates of pay — a financially-satisfying one also. He is frank about his fellow-members, anecdotal — and occasionally waspish.

If less discursive and less opinionative, John Biffen, has, however, written the more useful descriptive guide to the House. His is not an open or coded party political message, nor an autobiography in disguise. He provides a glossary of terms, cartoons, and an outline of the main floor of the House; and he includes illustrations of the paintings of the assemblies of members, to which Critchley only makes reference but without illustration. Biffen's book avoids lobby gossip and steers clear of praise and damn; this is the product of an able, urbane ex-front-bench man. Of his 28 years in the House, eight were in the Cabinet. The modern viewer of the antics at Westminster would profit from studying both books.

But I have a reservation. Each writes as an English member. Neither conveys that awareness of extra burdens that fall on the Scottish member, for whom the remorseless Tuesday and Thursday morning meetings of the Scottish Grand Committee are compulsory whatever else is going on in the Chamber, and through which all bills must pass for their committee stages. The burden of travel, of work, of attendance and of debate that falls on the Scottish member is much heavier than the south of England or South Wales Member realises.

This is especially so for the Scots Tories who are always outnumbered 'upstairs' and who confront there an array of Labour members schooled in municipal as well as national politics. This is not to make a case for devolution, which would merely add to the burden, duplicate costs, and make decision-making even more difficult. The 'Scottish dimension' does, however, add yet one more layer to the complexity and variety that Messrs. Biffen and Critchley catch so vividly in their pages.

ESMOND WRIGHT

HERO OF GERMAN RESISTANCE?

A Good German. G. MacDonogh. Quartet Books. £17.95.

Adam von Trott was a central figure in the aristocratic conspiracy against Hitler in July 1944. It is essential to remember that, when the bomb failed to kill him, there was no reverberation among the German people. They fought for him to the end. It took the combined resources of the United States, Russia, and the British Empire to deal with Hitler's Germany. So Trott's conspiratorial resistance from within was based on an illusion. Nothing but overwhelming power from without could overthrow Hitler's Germany. *Achtung*!

At Oxford Trott argued that Germany should be allowed to retain Hitler's gains, e.g. the Sudetenland. This led Bowra to conclude, mistakenly, that Trott was pro-Nazi. He argued that, for a token concession over Czecho-Slovakia, Hitler should have Danzig. This was the most dangerous ploy of all: it would have split Poland and have given Germany Eastern Europe.

With me Trott argued that Germany was 'restricted'. What did this come to but Hitler's demand for *Lebensraum*, at the expense of all the other peoples living there? People mistakenly attack the Versailles settlement, without noticing that it liberated Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, along with Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania.

Of course Trott was a 'good German', a patriot: what he envisaged would have left Germany on top in Europe. Would that have been a good thing, on Germany's record, and form at that time?

Within the German Foreign Office Trott was at the head of the department dealing with Indian affairs. His Rhodes Scholarship had qualified him for this. It fell to him to nurse along Chandra Bose, provide him with luxuries and women, the leader of the campaign to overthrow British rule in India by force, at the very crisis of the struggle with Japan. This was not a nice rôle for a supposed friend of Britain. Trott was a friend of Cripps and had the excuse of being anti-Imperialist. Hitler was not interested: no democrat, he thought that India was best off under British rule, and shocked Halifax by telling him to shoot Bose.

It may be seen that Trott was ambivalent all round. Then what was his rôle, and what real importance had he? He was fundamentally a contacts-man. He owed his success as such to his charm, his exceptional beauty when young, nobility of looks as he grew older and balder; most of all to his extraordinary intuitive sympathy of mind — I have never met anything like it — which went along with his intellectual ambivalence.

It is difficult for anyone who did not know him to grasp this unclear, yet very German personality. Sheila Grant Duff, with whom he was in love, understood him best, and hers is the best portrait of him, in *The Parting of the Ways.* What emerges from that book is Trott's colossal German egoism: he did not understand other people very well, or perhaps himself, for she perceives that his was a confused mind, mixed-up, three-quarters German,

one-quarter American.

Mr. MacDonogh misses this; he did not know Trott and belongs to a younger generation that did not go through those unforgettable experiences. Naturally there are a good many corrections which can usefully be made to his work, which is a good one. He has done his homework conscientiously; hence he is able to throw some new light on the aristocratic resistance to Hitler, and particularly on Trott's job in destabilizing British rule in India.

A. L. ROWSE

THE STORY OF A DYNASTY

Italy and its Monarchy. Denis Mack Smith. 402pp. Yale University Press. £16.95.

Monarchy as an institution seems to go in cycles. At the moment there is, perhaps against all the odds, a revived interest in it. In 1946, at the end of World War II, it was at a discount. That was when the Italian people were asked to choose between a republic and the continuance of their monarchy, the subject of this book.

Drawing on hitherto unexamined sources, the leading authority on modern Italian history writing in English has pulled together the story of the Italian monarchy, a mere 85 years, from 1861 until 1946. The House of Savoy itself was however far older — a thousand years of rule in one form or another — and used for the most part to being untrammelled by a constitution. The four sovereigns of modern Italy were not model examples of monarchs: poorly educated, chauvinistic, militaristic and inert all at the least opportune times, they nevertheless continued to have some kind of sway over the Italian people through both liberal and fascist regimes, until the referendum.

Even then the vote was close considering the circumstances: 12,700,000 for a republic against 10,700,000 for the retention of the monarchy. As Daniele Varè was to comment, many hundreds of thousands of Italians were unable to vote, because they were still in prison camps abroad or living in territory overrun by Yugoslavs. The vote was not just or fair. There remains also the question of why the Allies, and Britain in particular, with its 'mania for monarchy', should have accepted the continuance of the monarchy in Japan and have connived at its ending in Italy. It is true that it was inextricably entangled with the discredited and defeated fascist regime, but then this was also the case in Japan. Moreover there had been attempts, however covert, to end the war in Italy and to preserve the monarchy by coming to terms with the Allies and anti-fascist elements, similar in type to the fruitless efforts of the Emperor Karl of Austria during World War I.

Many interesting sidelights come out of this most scholarly and meticulous study. Anthony Eden for example appears again, as he does in the modern history of the Habsburgs, as no friend of these ancient dynasties, unlike some other British politicians.

Although this is the history of a dynasty it is also more essentially a history of a modern nation. Disappointingly, and perhaps surprisingly, there are no genealogies provided, which would have been helpful. This may also explain the fact that certain minor members of the family, who nevertheless were of some significance, are not mentioned, among them Princess Mafalda of Savoy, a hostage who died in Buchenwald, and Princess Giovanna, her sister, who became the queen of Boris III of Bulgaria. Overall however this work must be considered an important addition to the canon of literature on monarchy.

MICHAEL L. NASH

ROBBING THE POOR TO HELP THE RICH

Punishing The Poor: Poverty under Thatcher. Kay Andrews and John Jacobs. Macmillan. £17.95.

'Dwellers in different zones . . . inhabitants of a different planet', was how the father of pre-Thatcher Conservatism described the rich and poor in 'Sybil'. The return to traditional values frequently advocated by the Prime Minister has recreated and is ever widening the difference between these zones.

In theory, the release of energy and increased wealth creation should filter down to enrich all sections of society. Mrs. Thatcher's intellectual mentor, Sir Keith Joseph, advocated that thesis most persuasively. The unfortunate John Moore put it inelegantly as 'dragging up' the poor. Kay Anderson and John Jacobs in *Punishing the Poor* describe the practical realities of the policies pursued over the Thatcher decade.

Throughout Europe, the Social Market Economy has caught up with or overtaken the welfare state. In the Mecca of free market capitalism, the USA, there are more than twenty million people who live within the borders but are effectively excluded from society. The no-go areas and the homelessness appear to point to the future. A casual call at Charing Cross by the Embankment conveys the message that the future is already the present in growing pockets of poverty and homelessness in the UK. Whereas there was a great deal of truth in Macmillan's 1957 Bedford speech announcing that most people 'never had it so good', the concensus of welfare capitalism was yet to be broken.

This book is a passionate and partisan indictment of wealth redistribution from poor to rich. The foreword by Neil Kinnock makes that clear. There is no acknowledgement of the positive achievements of this Government nor is there any attempt to deal with the options of negative taxation or an integration of taxation and benefits in a single system. It is a well researched, workmanlike analysis of the mechanisms which, step by step, have trapped various groups in a vicious circle of poverty and deprivation. This has occurred simultaneously with the sale of public assets to the better off and the tax hand outs which precipitated the current economic crisis.

One is reminded of J. K. Galbraith's comment which referred to the US model — 'The modern conservative is engaged in one of man's oldest exercises in moral philosophy: that is the search for a superior moral justification of selfishness'.

The book deals with complex issues. Indeed the morass of regulations and the recent ruling on the Social Fund do not make for easy reading. Highlighting the freezing of Child Benefit and the failure to increase pensions in line with growth or the homelessness created by the transfer of responsibility to local authorities are perhaps the best known examples of policy. Even these have not met with the almost universal disapproval that has greeted the regressive Poll Tax. The Rating system was archaic and unjustifiable but it has been replaced by something even less acceptable.

A slow evolution towards equity and efficiency has been reversed as the poor become poorer and the rich richer. Rolling back the state is in some respects a justifiable goal but when it becomes an obsession in economic terms it creates freedom for more to join BUPA or send their children to private schools but essentially emphasises the division into two nations. The same obsession does not apply in the political field where the state has taken away individual rights. That is beyond the scope of the volume.

Furthermore, those of us who have benefitted financially from this bonanza cannot be complacent. The gin palaces have given way to crack factories and pickpockets have been replaced by muggers — and our quality of life as a community is thereby diminished. Charles Dickens would have recognised the scene. The values of the workhouse and charity are the values of hypocrisy and smugness side by side with the obscenity which refuses a bed to an applicant two days before the birth of her baby was due. By 'punishing the poor' we impoverish ourselves.

PAUL ROSE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Women in Romanticism. (Macmillan. £20.00. Paperback £6.95.) Meena Alexander's book on the lives and work of three distinguished women of the Romantic movement in England is serious, colourful and poetic all at the same time. The doings of Mary Wollstonecraft, Dorothy Wordsworth and Mary Shelley are already well documented but in the accounts of their daily lives there are necessarily large gaps. Some of these spaces the author of this book has sought to fill. She has read the Commonplace Book of Dorothy Wordsworth, for example, which tells us what Dorothy's reactions were to the first attempts at talking by William's first born son. Not all the new insights are, however, to do with women's traditional concerns, even though the argument has to some extent a feminist slant. There is a good deal of percipient criticism and much awareness of the individual contribution of each of the women to male and female contemporaries and to cultural life in their time and beyond. It is a refreshing and enlightening volume.

Virginia Woolf and the Literature of the English Renaissance. (Clarendon Press, Oxford. £22.50.) Professor Alice Fox completed, before her death, a scholarly study of the powerful influence which Renaissance literature had on the novels of Virginia Woolf. Each of the books she wrote is shown to have elements of that influence in its structure and language. The allegories and symbols of Spenser, for example, seem to have for her a contemporary relevance and her essays demonstrate a deep understanding of Spenser's characters' psychological adventures. Shakespeare especially appealed to her imagination, as she felt he should do to the ordinary reader without the benefit of academic explanation and criticism. Drawing on Hakluyt's *Voyages* and the poems and plays read and seen by the Elizabethans, Alice Fox reveals the strength of Virginia Woolf's hold on the period through its writers: in *Orlando* her solidly frozen Thames is, for instance, Dekker's Great Frost. Whilst *Orlando* is the only novel which she set in Elizabethan times, the spirit of *The Voyage* drew its authenticity from Sir Walter Raleigh's 'The Discoverie . . . of Guiana'. Her method was allusive rather than descriptive. In *Between the Acts* she alludes to no fewer than fifteen of Shakespeare's plays. It was to the literature of the time that she turned, not to historical sources themselves, and yet she dreaded seeming to be 'sham Elizabethan'. Alice Fox's study deepens our knowledge and appreciation of Virginia Woolf's creative process.

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DISPUTING THE GENERAL'S MANTLE: FRANCE'S GAULLISTS IN DISARRAY

by James G. Shields

NEVER since the abdication by General de Gaulle from France's highest office in 1969 has the party which lays claim to his tutelage witnessed such unbridled dissension within its ranks. The dispute which has set a number of prominent Gaullists at loggerheads since the turn of the year is but the latest symptom of malaise within a French Right that remains sharply divided, on historical and ideological grounds, into a number of parties and *courants*. What marks this most recent episode off from a time-honoured tradition of in-fighting among French conservatives is that it has been confined to the upper reaches of the most powerful right-wing party, Jacques Chirac's *Rassemblement pour la République* (RPR). As the coalition of centre-right parties under ex-President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing look on with scarcely concealed satisfaction, their major political rival is endangering its claim to be the natural party of leadership on the French Right.

The conflict centres upon questions which have been brought to the fore by the presidential and parliamentary defeats of 1988. Out of power for almost a decade, the French Right as a whole is experiencing a crisis of identity and political strategy. Nowhere is the agony of opposition more acutely felt than in a Gaullist party which enjoyed a privileged status from the foundation of the Fifth Republic in 1958 to the death of de Gaulle's successor, Georges Pompidou, in 1974. As it seeks to lead the challenge to President Mitterrand and to the moderate Socialist government of his Prime Minister, Michel Rocard, the RPR finds itself engaged in an exercise of self-scrutiny which has called into question the whole meaning of Gaullism and its relevance to the France of the 1990s. If factional disputes are an ailment with which others (notably the French Socialist Party and the loose coalition of parties that form the UDF) have learned to live, they are proving a damaging liability for a movement which retains something of the Bonapartist mentality fostered by its founder.

Two essential issues are at stake. The first is one of principle and concerns the nature of a Gaullist philosophy which requires to be redefined in order to meet the changing domestic and international needs of present-day France; the second is one of strategy and concerns the possible fusion of the various components of the Right into a single political force under

one leadership. Where these two questions give rise to a thorny dilemma for the Gaullists is in the extent to which such fusion would require them to submerge their identity and submit to the will of their *frères ennemis*, the UDF. Never has the much mooted idea of a union of the Right commended itself with more urgency than now, as French conservatives face the prospect of spending a second — and perhaps even a third — consecutive presidential term in opposition. It is only by relinquishing their independence and pooling their electoral resources, it is argued by a growing number of political analysts, that the forces of the Right can hope to defeat the incumbent Socialists. Yet two centuries of division among French conservatives are proving difficult to efface.

The problem was given pointed — and very public — expression at the national *assises* of the RPR in February of this year. In a move which attracted more than healthy publicity, two leading Gaullists, Charles Pasqua and Philippe Séguin, chose the occasion as the forum for a reappraisal of their party and a challenge to Jacques Chirac's leadership. Their purpose: to halt what they perceived as the 'liberal' drift of the RPR and its increasing failure to define itself as anything more than a common right-of-centre party. In a defiant gesture of *lèse-majesté*, they proposed a motion which took issue with the policy document that was to be presented to the *assises* for ratification. A fundamental of Gaullism, they urged, was its appeal across the broadest social and political range, a call to Frenchmen to dispense with the conventional classifications of 'right' and 'left' and to endorse a mass movement capable of federating voters across the political divide. In its purest interpretation, Gaullism invokes an all-embracing concept of *peuple* rather than any notion of society as an aggregate of classes or factions. As the novelist André Malraux put it in a memorable aphorism, 'Everyone has been, is or will be a Gaullist'. Far from keeping faith with such a populist ideal, argue Pasqua and Séguin, the RPR has become *embourgeoisé* to the point of representing only a limited segment of a distinctly right-wing electorate. A closer affinity with the UDF, they contend, can only confirm the RPR as a champion of narrow sectional interests and dilute still further the authority of a Gaullism struggling to reassert its hegemony after the successive presidential defeats of 1974, 1981 and 1988. Hence their call for a reappraisal of Gaullism, a 'return to source' which would permit their party to present itself once more as the movement (Gaullists have always preferred the term *mouvement* to that of *parti*) that enjoyed such popular support between 1958 and 1974, the movement likened by Malraux, in its indiscriminate popular appeal, to the metro at rush hour.

As self-appointed custodians of the Gaullist flame, Séguin and Pasqua are the most unlikely allies. Though both occupied important ministries in Chirac's 'cohabitation' government between 1986 and 1988, there is much to separate their political stance on a whole range of issues. Séguin, ex-Minister for Social Affairs and Employment, is recognised to be on the left of the RPR; Pasqua, ex-Minister of the Interior, is unequivocally on the right. On questions such as law and order, immigration, or the relations

that should be entertained with Jean-Marie Le Pen's extremist National Front, they occupy positions which seem diametrically opposed. What has brought them together is a recognition that something must be done to rescue their party from its electoral doldrums. Their attitude to Chirac is a curious admixture of allegiance and perfidy. He it is, they recognise, who is best placed to fulfil their hopes of returning a Gaullist to the Elysée in 1995; yet they deem him incapable of dynamising the party and of taking it forward into a new era of Gaullist ascendancy. Hence their call for Chirac to step down from the leadership of the party and devote himself to campaigning for the presidency in a country where distance from the machinations of party politics can be a positive electoral asset.

In the event, Chirac was confirmed president of the RPR at the February *assises* and the official party motion received a two-thirds majority endorsement among delegates. That Pasqua and Séguin should have attracted over 30% support for their dissident motion, however, attests to the disquiet currently brewing within the Gaullist ranks. The public show of defiance by these two influential ex-ministers, moreover, breaks with a tradition of militant discipline which goes back to the foundation of the first Gaullist party, the *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* (RPF), in 1947. The cult of the leader is strong in a movement which has conserved something of the military ethos fostered during the Resistance and in the post-war years. Nor is any other party, with the notable exception of the French Communist Party, as subject to the demands of 'democratic centralism': from Gaullist *compagnons* no less than from Communist *camarades*, nothing short of outright support for the leadership is construed as fidelity. At the height of the Algerian crisis and of de Gaulle's attempts to consolidate the new Republic (1958-62), Jacques Soustelle, one of the founder members of the Gaullist movement, spoke out from the ranks of the then Gaullist party, the UNR, against French policy in Algeria. For all his impeccable credentials as an ex-*résistant* and companion of de Gaulle in wartime exile, Soustelle paid dearly for his defiance. Barred from government office and from the party, he fled the country under threat of arrest and was consigned to the margins of French political life for over a decade thereafter.

That things have changed since the days of such unassailable autocracy is attested by Chirac's endeavours to placate his recalcitrant *confrères* and reassure the party faithful of his own legitimate claim to leadership. His evident discomfiture notwithstanding, it might be argued that Chirac has brought much of the current crisis upon himself. In June of last year, he lent his endorsement to the suggestion that the various *courants* within the RPR be given expression through tabling motions (much in the style of the French Socialist Party) to be debated in open forum at the *assises*. What he did not foresee was that this new consultative mechanism would result in a direct challenge to his leadership. Internal democracy clearly has its price. As Franck Borotra, RPR *député* for the Yvelines *département*, put it in *Le Monde* of 12 January 1990: 'One cannot at the same time invite debate and deny contestation.' The lesson is one which the Gaullists are learning to their chagrin.

Yet there is about this whole affair something of the inevitable. The surprise is not that the Gaullist leadership should be challenged: it is that such a challenge should have been so long in the making. Gaullism, at its inception, was a political vision far too personal to be codified and laid down in doctrinal terms for posterity; it was less an ideology than a response by a powerful leader to an immediate set of political, social and economic imperatives. If Pompidou benefited, between 1969 and 1974, from the legitimacy bestowed by his proximity to de Gaulle himself, Chirac starts from a much less hallowed station. In founding the RPR in December 1976, he was both laying claim to the Gaullist heritage and marking a new departure for the movement. Though he has been at pains to define the RPR within the grand tradition, he articulates a Gaullism — or, more properly, a 'neo-Gaullism' — too far removed from the General himself to command unquestioning homage. Thus it is that a number of the older *compagnons* view with misgiving the direction in which the movement has evolved since de Gaulle relinquished the helm in 1969. For them, the 'heroic' Gaullism of the Resistance and the institutionally ascendant Gaullism of the 1960s provide powerful frames of reference still. France has, they argue, lost its 'collective ambition', whilst Chirac has fallen under the sway of technocrats such as his ex-Minister of Finance, Edouard Balladur, and the current secretary-general of the party, Alain Juppé. While it would be absurd to pretend that the prerogatives of 1945 and 1958 hold good for the France of the 1990s, Chirac is wrestling now with the difficulty of imposing direction on a movement so deeply imbued with a sense of its own historical *raison d'être*.

Chirac's tribulations do not, however, end there. Since the success of a number of young right-wing mayors in the municipal elections of March 1989, the traditional leadership of the Right has been under threat from a rising generation of so-called *rénovateurs*. Led by Michel Noir (RPR) and François Léotard (UDF-PR), mayors of Lyon and Fréjus respectively, they believe that the Right has been debilitated by factional in-fighting and by its inability to adjust to the exigencies of opposition. Their contention is that the uneasy coalition which prevails during elections between the parties of the Centre and the Right should be replaced by a single conservative movement capable of challenging the ruling Socialists, who have became by far the most powerful single party in France. (In the parliamentary elections of June 1988, the Socialists garnered almost 35% of the votes cast, against the 19% and 18.5% polled by the RPR and UDF respectively.) Shortly after the RPR *assises*, therefore, Noir, Léotard and a number of other young politicians from the RPR and UDF alike took advantage of what they perceived to be Chirac's vulnerability. They seized the initiative by calling for the establishment of a *Force unie*, a 'united force' of the Right in which the old guard would be obliged to make way for a new, more consensual (and — *image oblige* — more telegenic) personnel. *Rénovation* has become the watchword among a group determined to have their voices heard in defining the future course of French politics. Their 'manifesto', published in *Le Monde* of 6 March, accused the current right-

wing opposition of 'silence' and 'apathy' in the face of an ineffective Socialist government, and of being as 'archaic' in its outlook as it was fragmented in its composition. So long as the Right continued thus, ran the message, it would neither represent the sentiments of the electorate nor provide a credible alternative to the Left in power.

Such a charter forms but one of several conflicting responses which have issued from the French right-wing opposition in the wake of its second presidential and parliamentary defeats of the 1980s. Though the 'modernisers' represent a substantial groundswell of opinion, they by no means articulate the unanimous view of all younger French conservatives. Having first championed the principle of a united opposition, Philippe Séguin has come out firmly against the idea, persuaded (by Pasqua, it seems) that such a fusion of the various components of the Right would be bought at the cost of the Gaullists' identity. Nor indeed is the call for union, where it is heard, restricted to the ranks of the up-and-coming. For many years now it has been the contention of ex-President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing that France requires to be governed by a broad-based political force anchored in the centre-right. Having failed to win sufficient support for his thesis in the 1970s and 1980s, Giscard is finding now that events are lending their own vindication to his argument. In an interview published by the weekly *L'Express* on 13 October 1989, he set out his blueprint for a new united party of the Right, a party for which he has already coined the telling name *le Rassemblement de l'union pour le renouveau*, or the United Rally for Renewal. 'The choice facing the Right,' asserts Giscard, 'is a simple one: come together or perish as an organised political force.'

What all of the foregoing omits to acknowledge, of course, is that factionalism in the French political establishment is by no means a preserve of the Right. At its mid-March congress in Rennes, the French Socialist Party washed its linen in public with a clamour remarkable even by its own disputatious standards. The right to open contestation and debate is a time-honoured principle within the French Socialist tradition. The Rennes congress, however, (whose objective was to overhaul the party's policy-making apparatus) outdid most of its antecedents by producing an *impasse* and forcing party leaders, once back in Paris, to take refuge behind closed doors and thrash out a compromise. The quarrel here, as on the Right, is as much to do with personal ambitions as with policy differences. With Mitterrand a bare two years into his second septennate, the struggle is already underway to succeed him. Among the putative contenders are the current Prime Minister, Michel Rocard, the President of the National Assembly, Laurent Fabius, and the Education Minister and former party first secretary, Lionel Jospin. All deny presidential ambitions as yet; but beneath the differences over policy and strategy can be descried personal rivalries for which the 1995 election may provide a considerably more public forum than the platform in Rennes. If one adds to this uneasy triumvirate the President of the European Commission, Jacques Delors, whose current mandate expires in 1992, the scene appears set for a succession struggle that could do little to enhance the Socialists' image.

Whatever the echoes of the RPR *assises* that might have emanated from Rennes, however, the difference between Left and Right remains, essentially, that between government and opposition. With Mitterrand and Rocard both riding high in the polls, the Socialist Party congress may be looked upon with some indulgence. In 1984, with the Mitterrand administration's popularity at its lowest ebb, it was doubted that the Socialists would survive the whole of their first term in office. Now the question is: how can they be unseated? For a Right which is yet coming to terms with its role as opposition, the pressing need is for a radically new formula. Yet even in addressing that need, the leaders of the Right have done more to reaffirm than to resolve their differences. While most are agreed that a single candidate should be chosen from their ranks to stand in the presidential elections of 1995, there is paralysing disagreement over the method whereby such a *présidentiable* should be selected. While fundamental issues of the sort remain unresolved, the prospect of 'renewal' within and between the RPR and UDF will continue to be so much wishful thinking. In this the centenary of Charles de Gaulle's birth, the political forces over which he presided appear further than ever from recapturing the office that once seemed their prerogative.

[Dr. James G. Shields is a lecturer in French Studies at the University of Warwick.]

Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *Intifada* by George Evans, *On the Threshold of Europe's Common Home*, an interview with Professor Vladimir Shenayev by a Novosti Correspondent and *Fragments From the Past* by A. L. Rowse.

THE SOVIET UNION AND CHINA: ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT?

by Keith D. Suter

MIKHAIL Gorbachov's May 1989 trip to Beijing was the most important official visit to Beijing since President Nixon's visit in 1972, which initiated the official beginning to vastly improved Sino-US relations. Gorbachov's trip has been overshadowed by the violence against Chinese protesters in June 1989. But it, too, may eventually be seen as a turning point in contemporary international relations. At the very least, it represents a rediscovery by Moscow of the importance of its eastern border. The challenge for Moscow is to forge a new partnership with Beijing so as to change, in effect, the border from being a 'military front' to an 'economic frontier'.

The object of this article is to look at the developments which have encouraged (or forced) the USSR to seek a detente with China. It begins with a recapitulation of what caused the Sino-Soviet Split. It then looks at how the factors behind the Split have evaporated: both nations are now (in practice) less dogmatically communist, both recognize that the military and political stalemate has been expensive, and the USSR needs peace on the Sino-Soviet border so as to develop its eastern economy. The article ends, however, with an examination of the obstacles that Moscow has still to overcome. Although Mr. Gorbachov's problems in eastern Europe are well publicized, the ones in the eastern USSR should not be forgotten.

Before looking at the renewed attempt to heal the Sino-Soviet Split, it is worth considering some of the post-1945 developments in Sino-Soviet history. With the benefit of hindsight it is evident that the initial Mao-Stalin relationship was not good. The Soviet help for the Chinese Communist Party during the Chinese Civil War's final stage (post 1945) was not large. Stalin attempted to discourage Mao by telling him that, since his approach was different from that dictated by Marxist dogma, it would not succeed. Stalin did not want a strong China since he was worried about the US and western Europe on his western and south-west fronts; a strong China (no matter who formed the Government) could threaten the Soviet Union from the east. The traditional Russian and later Soviet foreign policy aim was to avoid conflict on two opposing fronts (that is, east-west fronts).

Mao thought in traditional Chinese terms: he wanted China to be powerful again. This entailed not only removing foreign intervention in China, but also showing the world that China was acting for itself — and not as a junior ally. China could have followed a meek path of progressively getting stronger but chose instead to make a bid for the top position.

Originally the Split was concealed since it suited both sides that it should be. The Soviets did not want news of the challenge to get abroad since other Communist nations (and possibly even non-Communist nations) could have exploited the Split. The Soviet Government no doubt hoped that the challenge could be quietly beaten off and the whole issue forgotten.

Mao also wanted the Split kept quiet since it may not have worked out as he planned. Later the Split was to become public and was clouded by ideological and other matters.

The Soviet Union and China have the longest common frontier in the world — 7,000 miles long. One source of trouble in this context are the 'unequal' treaties. Beijing has listed nine treaties between the Soviet Union (or Russia) which Beijing considers 'unequal' and non-permanent. Three of the treaties — of Aigun (1858), of Peking (1860) and of Ili (1881) — ceded Chinese territory to Tzarist Russia. The Chinese did not necessarily want the land back; all they wanted was the Soviet Union's public recognition that the land was taken by the Tzars. The Soviet Government refused to do this, no doubt partly since at a later stage the Chinese could ask for the land back if the Soviet Government had recognized that the land had been taken in the first place. Related to this have been the border disputes that have resulted in bloodshed. Moscow has a long and tenuous line of communication via the Trans-Siberian Railway, through to the Soviet Far East (SFE). Since the 1920s the Soviets have been trying to make the area as self-supporting as possible and able to supply troops who are stationed there. The area is potentially rich but both terrain and climate are difficult. Soviet and Chinese settlers now greatly outnumber the local inhabitants on both sides of the frontier. Both sides are mutually suspicious. The Soviet Far East is probably the most disadvantaged of all the Soviet regions because of the deep forest and very low population density (about one-seventh of the rest of the country). It would seem ripe for Maoist 'guerrilla-squatter' activities; especially because with one lunge (as the Chinese showed they were capable of doing in the Sino-Indian War) they could disrupt the SFE by cutting the railway, say, at Lake Baikal, thus partly isolating Vladivostock and Kharbarovsk.

Mao's Government received little help from the Soviet Union and in particular not enough capital to finance China's industrialization. Thus Mao not only had China embark upon a short cut to the 'higher stage' of Communism but he did so with a weak financial base. Mao announced that China would reach the higher stage in one 'great leap' and this shocked the Soviets, whose journals said that the Soviet Union and east European nations would be the first to get there. Marx had laid down set stages of evolution within each society: feudal, capitalist and communist. Mao tried to leap from a rural society to a communist one without the customary industrial capitalist stage.

One reason for the failure in the late 1950s/early 1960s of the 'great leap forward' was that China's wealth depended still on Soviet help and this was not greatly increased during the 'great leap'. The goals were set too high (though they were later lowered). Second, while the people were enthusiastic, this did not necessarily help the operation since the central Government lost control of the situation at times and, for example, people tended to increase the figures merely to keep the feeling running high and so the Government could not be sure about what was the true rate of progress (at one point even Mao had to tour the country telling peasants

to refrain from attempting this). Third, there was little expertise to channel the people's efforts in the right direction. The civil service was in a bad state since it had been modelled on the generally inefficient Soviet one. In 1959 Mao decided that it ought to be organized so as to see what life was like as a peasant and so members had to spend some time in the fields. Thus, not only was it bureaucratic but for parts of the year it was also disorganised. Fourth, there were natural disasters, so that combined with the faults of the 'great leap', the years 1959 to 1962 contained some of the worst harvests for over 100 years.

The Soviets were disliked by the Chinese for two reasons after the failure. First, they had been proved right in the prediction that it would fail. Second, the Chinese held the Soviets partly responsible for the failure since, in Chinese eyes, the Soviets should have done more to help them. But by 1962, the discussions on ideology had left the aspect of economic development and were on war and peaceful co-existence. Of all the causes that show how China tried to oust the Soviet Union as the main Communist nation, the issue of peaceful co-existence was the main cause. As long as Stalin remained in power, Mao felt that there was little that China could do to take over the Soviet Union's position in world affairs, especially since Mao had to have Soviet support for the Korean War. With Stalin's death in 1953 this changed, both in the sense that his successors changed the ideology and in that Mao had become the senior member of the Communist world and so did not have to follow the Soviet Union.

Stalin had not been dead long before changes were made in the Marxist Scripture. The first main step was made at the February 1956 Party Congress where Mr. Khruschev said that advances in nuclear weapons made large-scale warfare unfeasible and so world Communism must be attained through methods not requiring large-scale conflicts. Marxist-Leninist philosophy said that wars were inevitable as long as imperialism existed. According to Mr. Khruschev, however, this precept was evolved at a time when imperialism was an all-embracing world system and the social and political forces which did not want war were weak and poorly organized and so were unable to compel the imperialists to renounce war.

Mao, however, held that the imperialist threat was essentially the same and that little else about the imperialists had changed. Nor was there much to fear from nuclear war. Mao claimed that World War I was followed by the birth of the Soviet Union, with a population of 200 million. World War II was followed by the emergence of the Socialist camp, with a combined population of 900 million. If the imperialists should insist on launching a third world war it was certain that several hundred million would turn to Socialism. There would then not be much room left in the world for the imperialists.

By the late 1980s, however, most of the factors behind the Sino-Soviet Split have evaporated. First, communism itself is now under a cloud — though that cannot be admitted publicly. Centralized planning has failed. The May 1989 Gorbachov-Deng Xiaoping meeting reaffirmed the importance of Marxism-Leninism. But the two leaders also recognized, with reform

then under way in both nations, there was no universal model for socialism. Each nation was now working for socialism with a pragmatic face.

Deng began his own form of 'perestroika' and 'glasnost' in 1979. With greater reliance on personal enterprise and the market system, the Chinese economy has averaged an annual growth rate of around 10 per cent. Deng survived Mao's Cultural Revolution (of the late 1960s) with a determination not to allow another repeat of that violence and social chaos. He therefore permitted economic reform but without any similar political reform and growth in individual liberty. The USSR has no monopoly over fractious groupings. China could split north and south, where comparatively prosperous Canton resents the tolls it pays to Beijing; or divide east from west, where Tibetan nationalists are a constant thorn in the side of central government, and Muslims from Xinjiang Province, like many other ethnic minorities, have little in common with their communist rulers in far-off Beijing.

China has had economic reforms — but it needs troops to put down student unrest. The USSR has been experimenting with elections — but still cannot get its economy to work efficiently. Wherever countries of comparable resources have run the race together — Austria and Czechoslovakia, West and East Germany, Greece and Bulgaria, South and North Korea — the economy with a significant private sector has clearly done more in fulfilling the aspirations of its people than its socialist counterpart. A second inducement for easing Sino-Soviet tensions has been the futility of the military confrontation and the economic cost of maintaining the stalemate. This deployment drains away money and personnel needed in both nations for economic reform.

The Sino-Soviet border is both the world's longest border and the most militarized. It is three times the length of Europe's 'Iron Curtain'. As a result of the May 1989 Sino-Soviet summit, Moscow will remove 200,000 of the 500,000 troops in 53 divisions it has along the Chinese border (including two-thirds of the troops in Mongolia), while Beijing, which realised military savings by cutting its Army from four to three million, is considering disbanding 300,000 of the 800,000 border troops it has in 63 costly divisions. The Sino-Soviet border confrontation was not a military sideshow. It absorbed about 25 per cent of each nation's military effort. The total length of the USSR and its European empire is 11 time-zones — almost half the globe. Russians have long felt vulnerable about their Asian rear end: Moscow is closer to New York than to Vladivostock. Although it costs three times as much to maintain a division there than it does in eastern Europe, the Asian units receive the latest equipment, often before it reaches the Warsaw Pact area.

Geography works against the USSR. The cities and military forces in the area are dependent on the Trans-Siberian Railway, their main link with the rest of Russia, for food and military supplies. For 1,500 miles the railway runs from 10 to 15 miles from the Chinese border; military movements down the railway could be severely harassed by artillery fire. Worse still, the line could be cut, isolating the Soviet Far East and leaving

it at the mercy of a Chinese invasion. How could the USSR beat China (short of using nuclear weapons)? If the USSR attacked China, Beijing could beat a strategic retreat and tackle the invaders deep in its own territory. A retreat into Manchuria would stretch the USSR's supply lines. China could then mobilize its militia and fight a 'people's war'. The USSR is an over-committed nation. China, by contrast, has only the minor security factors of India, Tibet and Taiwan to deal with — as well as stifling internal dissent. It can afford to devote more military resources to the Sino-Soviet confrontation than can the USSR.

If China has a defensive military advantage over the USSR, its political aims have been slow to come to fruition. A third inducement, then, has come from the mutual recognition that the political purposes of the confrontation have been stalemated. Since President Nixon's 1972 visit, China was willing to be associated with the US-western Europe-Japan anti-Soviet entente. This opened the door to western loans and technology — but recent events indicate that the Chinese leaders now have doubts about the wisdom of this policy. This entente did not deter pro-Soviet Vietnam from invading Kampuchea (Cambodia) in 1978 or the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan in 1979. What got Vietnam out of Kampuchea in September 1989 was the sheer cost of staying there; the Afghanis beat the Soviet forces. China had only a minimal role (if that) in both withdrawals.

Additionally, in economic matters, China found itself ironically behaving more consistently than its supposed allies. These allies actually increased their trade with the USSR. Additionally, with Mr. Gorbachov's rise to power in 1985, western nations were pleased to have a Soviet leader who seemed less dogmatic and more amenable to negotiation than his predecessors. By 1989, China was the only major nation which had not succumbed to 'Gorby-mania'.

Meanwhile the USSR is beset with problems on its frontiers. Its east European problems are well known. There is also the Moslem threat. 20 per cent of its own population (mainly in the south) are Moslem — the USSR, in population numbers, is itself a major Moslem nation. The USSR also shares three uneasy borders with Moslem nations — Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan. An improvement in relations with China would reduce some of its border worries. Finally, the USSR wants peace on its eastern frontier because it is developing a new frontier: Siberia and the Soviet Far East. Russia's industrial and strategic centre of gravity has moved all through history steadily eastwards; and it is now beyond the Urals. Siberia is not unpopulated. It has half the population of Britain, not scattered but 75 per cent urbanised in large modern cities, working in modern occupations.

Siberia floats on an ocean of gas. The natural gas fields in Siberia are the world's largest, with bigger reserves than in the United States. Siberia holds 60 per cent of the timber of the Soviet Union, 60 per cent of its coal, and 80 per cent of its water power on giant rivers that, if linked, could circle the globe 25 times. Not only are there lucrative deposits of gold and diamonds, but also rare metals like platinum, molybdenum, and wolfram — practically every element. Gas is 'blue gold', fur is 'soft gold', coal 'black

gold' and salmon 'red gold'.

'There are no salt mines in Siberia', I was told. 'They were invented by an English novelist in the 1920s. The ground is too hard for mining'. My travel guide certainly had something there. Vehicles in winter are left running around the clock — if they are turned off, they become too cold to restart easily. At minus 50 degrees work on construction sites stops because metal becomes brittle and may shatter like glass. Permafrost covers nearly half of the USSR, mainly in Siberia. The ground is frozen to resemble concrete 1,000 feet deep 12 months of the year. During the summer the top five feet may thaw out and so some vegetables can be grown. Building foundations are installed by thawing the ground by steam, inserting the foundations and letting the ground refreeze. Grave-digging is not possible; cremation is the only way to dispose of bodies.

Meanwhile the Soviet Far East (SFE) is also a growth area. The Soviet Far East constitutes 28 per cent of the USSR's land area (about the size of Australia and New Zealand combined) and has large, untapped natural resources. Soviet authorities have targeted the SFE for accelerated economic development between now and the turn of the century. Growth in the region is tipped to outpace significantly that of the USSR as a whole. Agriculture and food processing, fisheries, mining and minerals processing, energy, transport and communication, tourism, low-cost housing, port development and railway systems are all areas in which the SFE needs assistance. The Soviet Union, like east Europe, needs to build its export market but lacks access to hard currency, technology and equipment. Subsequently, Soviet authorities are looking to foreign companies to facilitate this development, primarily through joint ventures and other forms of co-operation.

The Soviet Union is on the verge of establishing free trade zones (a capitalist concept) along its Far East Pacific coast in a bid to speed up the entry of foreign companies into the region. These economic zones are likely to offer relaxed profit repatriation restrictions to overseas businesses investing in specified industries. Other incentives include cheap electricity and fewer import and export regulations. Two of the first enclaves are almost certain to centre on the cities of Nahodka and Khabarovsk in SFE. The main industries to be nominated for special attention in the zones are forestry, mining and fishing, with the establishment of joint venture processing plants. The SFE has a population of only eight million. A relaxation of Sino-Soviet tensions would be of importance because Chinese migrant workers could then become part of Sino-Soviet economic co-operation.

Additionally an improvement in USSR-USA and Sino-Soviet relations could mean the opening of the city of Vladivostock to foreigners as promised by Mr. Gorbachov in 1986. The special security status of the maritime territory around Vladivostock has been strongly criticized by the local authorities as a stumbling block to economic development, both in discouraging foreign investment and in preventing the easy mobility of labour.

There are, however, four obstacles for Mr. Gorbachov to overcome.

First, the Russians fear the Chinese. This is not merely a difference in the interpretation of communist dogma, but 600 years of suspicion and resentment arising out of the Golden Horde's invasion. Mongolian warriors once roamed on horseback from Vienna to Vladivostock. Nowadays, with about 1.08 billion people, China outnumbers all the Soviet population by about 4 to 1. On my trips to Moscow I have found a deep-seated, almost racist, anti-Chinese feeling. The June 1989 massacre reveals what Russians have long suspected, namely a highly volatile political situation in China. If China remains vulnerable to these periodic upheavals (the 'great leap forward', the 'cultural revolution' and now student unrest) how can it be trusted to honour any agreement over SFE borders? What guarantee can be given that the Chinese hordes will not pour over the border into the SFE?

Furthermore, the 'unequal treaties' issue cannot easily be resolved. Depending on how the maps are drawn, the total area in dispute amounts to an area about four times the size of England. Mr. Gorbachov in his 1986 Vladivostock speech indicated a willingness to back down on this issue. But he cannot keep giving in. He has his own Soviet hardliners to think about. The USSR has admitted defeat in Afghanistan, it has pressured Vietnam to pull out of Cambodia (the invasion was a source of annoyance to China), there are more strikes at home than ever before, east Europe is in chaos (including now a non-communist government in Poland and possibly one due in Hungary) and ethnic minorities are rebelling against Moscow. Brezhnev, for the hardliners, would not have tolerated these reversals. Gorbachov's conciliatory gestures over China will not alone bring his downfall— but they could contribute to it.

Second, the USSR also has territorial problems with Japan. These islands are what Japan calls its Northern Territories: several small islands in the Kurile chain — Etorofu, Shikotan, Kunashiri and the Habomai group — close to the northeastern corner of Hokaido, Japan's northernmost island. The disputed islands, with a total area of around 1,930 square miles, were seized by the Soviets in August and September of 1945 at the close of World War II but Japan continues to consider them part of its national territory. By contrast, the Soviets base their claim to the Northern Territories on the assertion that they are part of the Kuriles. The issue has bedevilled Soviet-Japanese relations for decades. In 1956, when Japan and the Soviet Union renewed diplomatic relations, Japan refused to sign a separate peace agreement with Moscow until the Northern Territories dispute was resolved. At that time the Soviets offered a compromise: in return for a peace treaty, they would hand over Shikotan and the Habomai group but would retain Etorofu and Kunashiri. The Japanese rejected the proposal. After the Japanese signed the Treaty of Mutual Co-operation and Security with the US in January 1960, Moscow withdrew its offer. Since then the Soviets have spoken only of 'immutable' territorial legacies of World War II.

There is also the Sakhalin problem. Sakhalin Island was Japanese territory after the Japan-Russia war of 1904. The Soviet Union reclaimed the

Sakhalin Islands by force at the end of World War II. The Sakhalin Islands are still occupied by a large number of Japanese people, and by the descendants of Korean slave labourers who had been employed there. This year, for the first time since the end of the war, Japanese and Koreans who were former Sakhalin residents have been allowed to visit their ancestral homes and grave sites.

On the other hand, the USSR regards Japan as a valued trading partner. The two nations do a combined business of about US$5 billion a year, more than twice the value of US-Soviet trade. The Japanese are active in a number of key Siberian development schemes. But though trade and investment are not discouraged, Tokyo does not actively foster Japanese economic activity in the Soviet Union. Moscow realizes that much more could be done with greater Japanese co-operation.

Third, the Russians are not necessarily popular with the local ethnic groups in Siberia and the SFE. Like the US's Indians and Australia's Aborigines, they find themselves being pushed off their traditional land, the environment ruined by mining and drilling, the reindeer no longer able to graze in their usual locations, and pollution is seeping into the rivers and killing the fish. The ethnic populations are too small and powerless to resist the Soviet machine. But they could disrupt it, by such means as making guerrilla raids on drilling and mining installations. The guerrillas would then melt back into the rest of the ethnic population to evade capture. The Soviet empire's decline will commence on the empire's periphery.

Finally, Soviet priorities and talent go into the KGB and repression — rather than protecting the environment. Mining and drilling would not only make life difficult for the ethnic populations but they could also undermine the water and breeding grounds of the 'soft gold' and 'red gold'. An example of this occurred on June 4, 1989 when a massive gas explosion destroyed two trains on the trans-Siberian railway. This was the USSR's worst rail disaster with over 400 people killed. The oil pipeline was expanded too quickly, with too little heed to safety standards. This is not a good omen for Moscow's ability to develop its new frontier.

To conclude, there will be no sudden close embrace between the USSR and China. There will be no return to — if it ever existed — a Sino-Soviet communist bloc. Western governments will have no need to revive the 1950s' anti-communist rhetoric. On the other hand, the May 1989 summit did at least promise an avoidance of any recurrence of the 1969 border clashes which prompted fears of a major Sino-Soviet war. Life is now quieter on the USSR's eastern front.

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NORTHERN IRELAND AS A POLITICAL UNIT

by Hugh Munro

SOME years ago Charles Haughey, the present Irish Prime Minister, declared that Northern Ireland was not a 'viable political entity'. In doing so, he was casting into doubt all the efforts being made by Jack Lynch, Liam Cosgrave, Garret FitzGerald and John Hume, quite apart from the British government, to deal with the Northern Irish question. Those efforts involved trying to make the Northern Irish political system work; but if Northern Ireland, considered as a political unit, is inherently unworkable, they were a waste of time.

This question of the intrinsic workability of Northern Ireland is then basic in any consideration of the Northern question. It is the first question to be dealt with, and it is extraordinary that all involved seem to shy away from considering it.

That Northern Ireland should be a separate political unit is not a necessary part of any policy to deal with the area. The policy of Irish unification and the policy of integration with Britain involve the ending of the North's separateness. But most parties involved — the British parties, the DUP, the OUP, Alliance, Fine Gael, Labour, and perhaps the SLDP — envisage the North continuing as a separate unit. The question arises — why do they do so? Two possible answers suggest themselves. Firstly, it could be held that the North has an identity which should be expressed at the political level. We call this the 'identity assumption'. Note in passing that the possession of an identity does not necessarily imply that that identity should be expressed at the political level. The Welsh have an identity; but by a massive majority, they turned their back on the creation of a Welsh political system.

If Northern Ireland has an identity, there must be a majority there who feel part of it. Who, then, are the people who feel there is a local identity which they would like to see politically expressed? None, if we are to judge by the labels parties give themselves. The two main parties of the majority community — the DUP and OUP — declare themselves to be 'Unionists'. The groups which argue positively for a Northern Irish identity, whether by calling for UDI or whatever, are very small in number. If the area has an identity, it is not one which it cares to see expressed politically.

Unionism, in the proper sense of the term, means a wish to identify oneself with the central government of a nation. By definition it can have nothing to do with an outlying area. Such areas are the concern of Unionism's enemy — local patriotism. Thus the last thing that Scottish Unionists want to see is the establishment of a separate Scottish political unit. That Northern Ireland is a separate political unit is then a defeat for Northern Irish Unionism, properly so called. And yet the Unionist parties are identified in the public mind with the notion of 'Ulster'. Why should this be? Why should a movement which insists on calling itself 'Unionist' be at the same time seen as speaking for a local grouping?

There is one obvious explanation. Britain, by refusing integration, puts Northern Irish Unionists in an anomalous situation. They cannot convincingly proclaim their Unionism since the polity they are urging unity with is one which, by that refusal, shows itself none too anxious for unity with them. If they wish to articulate their Unionism, they have to do it in the context of the political unit of Northern Ireland, whose very existence is a sign of defeat for that Unionism. It is no wonder that, whatever the labels Northern Irish politicians may choose, Unionism, properly so called, does not flourish in the province. A genuine Unionist, whose sole concern is with the affairs of the UK as a whole, is seen by that fact to be unsuited for the politics of the North (as indeed Lord O'Neill found out to his cost). What then is the nature of the Northern Irish identity? Here the answer is clear. It is political Protestantism.

Unionism and Nationalism have nothing to do with Northern Ireland, considered as a political unit. The only distinctive feature of the province is that it has a Protestant majority; and any group which seeks to organise tc defend Northern Ireland (considered as a unit) will have to organise under the Protestant banner, for only political Protestantism identifies with it and is concerned to defend it. Ulster, considered as a geographical area without reference to the religion of its inhabitants, has no more meaning as a political unit than Leinster. A man might play a hard game of rugby for Ulster, seen as an area without reference to religion, but no-one will fight for it or make sacrifices for it. The Ulster of 'Ulster says No' is a different kind of place; a country of the mind, an area from which Catholics have been conveniently excluded.

By creating a situation where the Unionism of Northern Irish Unionists could only be expressed in the context of a Northern Ireland unit, Britain forced Unionism into collaboration with Protestantism. Your Northern Irish Loyalist is then a walking coalition. When a political issue has nothing to do with Northern Ireland (e.g. the Falklands War), he is free to think of it as a Unionist would want to do. He can think of it as a question which he would like to have dealt with in the best way for the Union as a whole. But when the issue has to do with Northern Ireland, he will think of it as a Protestant, for Protestantism is the only patriotism which identifies with Northern Ireland.

So when, in an attempt to justify the existence of Northern Ireland as a political unit, we adopt the 'identity assumption', we are in effect saying that Northern Ireland should be a separate unit so that Protestantism of a majority of its inhabitants can be expressed at the political level, while at the same time that majority declares itself to be not Protestant but Unionist, which means, on paper, it does not identify with Northern Ireland at all.

There is a second assumption one could make to justify the separateness of Northern Ireland. We may call this the 'cockpit assumption'. This assumption would see the province as a second Belgium, a meeting-point of two value-systems held in two neighbouring countries. Just as in Belgium the Flemings are culturally Dutch and the Walloons are culturally French,

with the result that Belgium was set up as a kind of buffer zone between Holland and France, so also Northern Ireland can be seen as a place with two communities, one which looks towards Britain and one which looks towards the rest of Ireland, and which is therefore best kept as a separate unit. The cockpit assumption has been a significant element in Nationalist thinking, at least since 1970.

It is important to realise that one cannot hold to the identity assumption and the cockpit assumption at the same time. They are mutually incompatible. One cannot say that the North should be set up to be some kind of neutral zone between Britain and nationalist Ireland and at the same time be an expression of the identity of Northern Ireland, in a constitutional situation where Britain claims sovereignty over it. The present situation of the North conforms to a significant degree with the identity assumption, in that British policy has created a political entity (a Northern Irish political unit inside the United Kingdom) which the political groupings who identify with Northern Ireland wish to defend and sustain. It falls far short of conforming with the cockpit assumption, which would imply an equality of role, in relation to the North, of Dublin and London.

The present policy adopted towards the province has then two obvious anomalies. In the first place it forces on the North an identity (Protestantism) which, if we are to judge the labels the majority parties give themselves, is not their main identity at all; and having put themselves in a position where if they are to remain in the UK they must organise their politics around Protestantism, then goes on to insist that a devolved government based on that patriotism is not acceptable.

Current British policy is confused; based on a convenient double-think. When asked to justify her claim to sovereignty over Northern Ireland, London will point to the fact that there is a majority there for the Union; but when trouble arises, and Unionists begin to be perceived as unacceptable people with unacceptable views, London tends to portray the British role as that of impartial umpire, keeping the peace between the two groups of warring Irish. Yet these two roles are incompatible. You cannot seriously claim the role of umpire, when you have already contrived a situation where one of the two groups uses your national flag as its party banner.

Nor is Nationalist opinion much clearer, if we are to judge from the Forum Report produced some years ago by a committee of TD's from the Dail and SDLP representatives from Northern Ireland. It contains much high-sounding, would-be reconciliatory talk about the 'two traditions'; but before one can talk of such reconciliation, one has to be clear what it is that is being reconciled, and the Forum Report is totally obscure on the point. That report sees the 'positive vision of Irish nationalism [as being] to create a society that transcends religious differences and that can accommodate all traditions in a sovereign independent Ireland united by agreement'. In other words it sees the Northern tradition as an actual or potential sub-grouping of the Nationalist tradition. But it also sees the Northern tradition as specifically sectarian; it talks of the 'Protestant tradition, which Unionism seeks to embody'. Is the Forum saying that

Protestants must be Unionists if they are to be true to their tradition? If one says that one can be an equally good Protestant whether one is a Unionist or a Nationalist, then the reconciliation that is needed, is not with Protestantism, but with Unionism. And how can a 'sovereign independent Ireland' reconcile itself with Unionism?

But while there is no clear reason why the North should be a separate political unit, we can be clear why it is one. It is one because Britain made it one, in 1921, and since then has been prepared to pay the military and financial cost needed to keep it in being. Whatever the Nationalist 'tradition' is, it is clear that the political manifestation of the non-Nationalist tradition is massively distorted by the constitutonal context in which London has placed it. Is it frustrated Unionism compelled to invoke Protestantism by the fact of being forced to operate in the Northern Irish context, or is it Irish Protestantism, invoking British interference in its conflict with the rest of the Irish? Do the mainland British see the Northern Irish as fellow-nationals or do they not? Until these questions are frankly faced, there can be no real hope of a 'solution'.

The attempts of recent years (notably in the Hillsborough Agreement) have borne no proper fruit because the British and Irish negotiators had incompatible views of the problem. The Irish tend to the cockpit assumption, the British to the identity assumption; and the two are irreconcilable. Semantic skill and creative ambiguity may enable negotiators to arrive at agreements which both sides can sign, while construing them differently; but the real world cannot be redrafted out of existence. Northern Irish politicians tend to see things realistically. What is especially irritating is when London and Dublin politicians patronisingly decry the inability of these realists to conform to the dream-world of London-Dublin verbiage.

There is then no clear view as to why Northern Ireland should be a political unit and it is no surprise that to maintain it as such, Britain has to provide, and continue to provide, massive cash and military resources. All the evidence is that it is intrinsically unworkable, in that it could not be kept in being without this provision. If it is intrinsically unworkable, the whole argument about the rights of the Northern Ireland majority is changed. The loyalist community may represent a majority, but it is not a majority with the normal rights of a democratic majority, in that the patriotism backing the majority cannot generate an acceptable government. It is a majority which can only hope to express itself politically to the limited extent it is currently allowed to, and can do that only for as long as Britain is prepared to meet the great financial and military cost.

It would be wrong to pretend that the Northern Irish problem is not massively complex. But this means that simple assumptions about it should not be accepted without question. The most widespread assumption currently made is that it should continue in being as a separate political unit. It is time to question that assumption.

WHITHER CONSERVATISM?

by J. F. Standish

'THE Conservative Party', declared Disraeli, 'is either a national party or it is nothing.' That statement is incontestably true, since political conservatism, as opposed to the philosophies of other political parties, has made an inherent claim to govern in the interests of the whole nation. That has been its claim and standpoint. But is that claim still true today? Has the Conservative party adhered to its original tenets, or has it moved in another direction?

It is useful to consider the origins. That of Toryism in the Restoration period was rooted in the twin principles of the defence of Crown and Church, and the retention of time-sanctioned principles and institutions; the benevolence of the rulers towards the ruled. Toryism represented the old estate. Opposed was Whiggism, which spelt the rejection of Tory principles and which, though lukewarm in its adherence to the monarchical concept, declared its support for William of Orange as king; its attitude towards the Church was negative, even agnostic. Coupled with the fact that they sought primarily to preserve their privileges as great landowners, the Whigs might well be considered as partisan rather than national. Under the early Georges, during which time the Whigs contrived to keep themselves in power, that partisanship became more evident. Thus the Tories, in principle, stood for the nation; the Whigs for self-advancement.

From the Tories in the early nineteenth century the Conservatives emerged; the Whigs gave birth to the Liberals. Both tended to converge upon the concept of rule by Queen-in-Parliament, though the former adhered to the power and dignity of the Crown whereas the latter used Parliament in order to manipulate and diminish the power of the Crown. Today, however, the issue is blurred, since there are hardly any of the old-style Tories or Whigs to be found. In other words, the Liberals in name and in fact have disappeared while the present-day Conservatives have distanced themselves from the old High Church monarchical Tories. Indeed, when the matter is examined more closely, it is difficult to take issue with Harold Macmillan when, as Earl of Stockton, he declared today's governing party to be the successors to the Manchester Liberals (Radicals) of the 1860s. How has this come about, and what are the characteristics of the new generation?

The demise of the former great Liberal party, that of Palmerston and Gladstone, from its earlier dominating position culminating with Lloyd George to a point after the last war when it was truly said that the parliamentary Liberals could travel to the Commons together in one taxi, and now appear to be extinct, left a political vacuum. The rise of the Labour party during that period of Liberal decline did not imply that the new socialist was simply the old radical writ large. The philosophies and policies of those two parties were antagonistic, not complementary. This

vacuum, therefore, had the effect of gradually drawing the Conservatives away from their old power-base, rooted in the shires, the universities, and the Church, towards the middle ground of consensus. Today, it seems almost axiomatic that any political party strives to occupy the middle ground of politics while its opponents strive equally tenaciously to dislodge the incumbents. This abandonment of a traditional position, which might perhaps have had as its genesis Disraeli's later organization of the Conservative party (the consequences of present events can rarely be foreseen) implied that a new justification had to be sought. It was not readily found. Latterly, however, new trends are evident, for a major factor in the new thinking is a consequence of a decade of majority rule by a Government faced by a divided and impotent Opposition. 'No government can be long secure without a formidable opposition. It reduces their supporters to that tractable number which can be influenced by the joint influences of fruition and hope.' Thus Disraeli in 1844. Further, Acton's dictum about the corrupting effect of absolute power should not be forgotten.

This lack of a salutary check by an effective Opposition is coupled with another factor, equally deleterious: the development of a doctrinaire attitude. This was never before a characteristic of Conservatism which was on the contrary inclined towards *ad hoc* measures rather than the formulation of panaceas. It is aided by the emergence of 'new men' who might be compared with the rising capitalist *equites* of later Rome. This doctrinaire disposition tends, if unchecked, towards a form of authoritarianism productive of results unforeseen and undesired. The Commonwealth of Hobbes's *Leviathan* demonstrates the logical development of this trend all too well, and this consequence must not be disregarded. One observes with disquiet a steadily-increasing concentration of power in Whitehall, while a vital part of that concentration reposes in Downing Street; local government is one sufferer. With this goes a continuing impatience with fair-minded criticism, and a perceptible alienation of the Church that was once the Tory bastion. Is the Church of England today the Conservative party at prayer? Probably not. Concurrently, Philistinism asserts itself: cost-effectiveness is the sole criterion; cultural and aesthetic values are largely disregarded. It is left to the palace, both Buckingham and Kensington, to issue warnings against the domination of things spiritual by things temporal. Insensitivity is rarely an engaging attribute, least of all when associated with bureaucratic power.

This doctrinaire disposition is fully manifested in the Government's obsession with the privatization of nationalized industries which must be pursued regardless of particular circumstances. The turning of national monopolies into private ones is indefensible *per se*; it would be difficult to argue that the conversion of Telecom, for instance, into a public company has been fully in the national interest. Will competition flourish in those industrial fields which the Government has plans to denationalize? A clear distinction should be made between activities that are fundamentally a national service — railways, water, energy — and those with an essentially mercantile basis — mines, steel, ship-building — in all these things heeding

Pope's caution that 'whate'er is best administered is best'.

A continued deference to the European Economic Community as it steadily encroaches upon the fields of national government, even to the extent of imposing its taxation regulations upon the Government of the United Kingdom, must be at variance with the Conservative claim to be a national party. How can that claim be upheld if national government is eroded, and power is gradually and inexorably transferred from Westminster to Brussels, so that the supremacy of Queen-in-Parliament becomes an archaic and outmoded concept? Such a party, from being national, becomes nothing, as Disraeli said.

Today, we live broadly speaking in an affluent society where poverty is to a great extent a relative term. There was never before in this country such access to purchasing power achieved largely by becoming engulfed in personal debt. Such prosperity contains the seeds of illusion; in a sense our time is analogous with that of Rome during its decline. Rome's statesmen at that period were not practical men of action, but lawyers and financiers. 'The whole Roman world was being slowly strangled with good intentions', wrote Stobart the historian. 'The bureaucracy had grown so highly organized and efficient... that everybody walked in leading-strings to the music of official proclamations. Paternalism regulated everything with its watchful and benignant eye.' When one listens to ministerial pronouncements, the unfolding of formulas, the endless legislation to make us better citizens, we are reminded of the Roman 'system of blear-eyed officialdom [which] had found a still more ingenious method of throttling the society which it was endeavouring to nurse back into infancy.' For a while, this activity continues and increases; with well-meaning objectives on the part of our political masters society becomes unstable, prosperity based on borrowing proves to be illusory, and contempt for law and order gradually prevails. This state of affairs is unsatisfactory and undesirable.

What, therefore, should now be done? A change of heart as well as direction is clearly needed. First, doctrinairism should be eschewed as foreign to Conservative thought. Then a return to the idea of piecemeal legislation, a characteristic of earlier Toryism, rather than a policy of social engineering borrowed from authoritarian socialism. Next, the precedence of principle over expediency or doctrine, even if unpopular. Again, a loosening of the shackles being imposed upon this nation by Brussels, a necessary course if any British government, whatever its political complexion, is to be master in its own house.

It is fitting to recall the words of one of the last of the old Tories, Enoch Powell: 'The supreme function of statesmanship is to provide against preventable evils...', but, he adds, 'the besetting temptation of all politics [is] to counteract evil wherever it may be found; the negative course of correction is infinitely to be preferred to the positive course of determining all the events of our daily lives.' Thus, instead of the utopianism that prevails in the Government of today, the correction of abuses and the amelioration of conditions should be the principal preoccupation of an intelligent and understanding administration, free from alien constraints.

NEW STANDARDS OF COMPARISON FOR BETTER WORLD POLICY FORMULATION

by Sheila Lewenhak

INTERNATIONAL and many national financial institutions have evolved and use economic indicators misleading and inappropriate to the point of absurdity, to assess the worth of the economies of countries and regions. They comfortingly reinforce the views of those in northern and western industrialised states, who invented them, that their economies are tops. These faulty economic parameters include Gross Domestic Product and Gross National Product, concepts developed in the 1940s. Gross Domestic Product according to the World Bank consists of: 'All goods produced and services rendered... by residents and non-residents of a country'. Gross National Product offsets income gained from economic activity and property held by foreigners and non-residents of a country, against similar resources of that country's nationals abroad. The pre-eminence given to these indicators by Western and Western-trained economists, and extended to non-industrial states in the 1950s, is possible because they manage to obtain the essential statistics for their calculations. This fact is curious in itself since countries living by ancient technologies find the resources to provide the necessary data. The World Bank annually calculates GDP and GNP for almost all countries.

By the early 1970s it was becoming clear that there was not necessarily any connection between a country's prosperity or well-being and increases in its GNP. For the GDP and GNP are internal measurements calculated in local currencies which the World Bank converts into US dollars at prevailing foreign exchange rates. Foreign exchange rates are largely determined by the currency requirements for financing international trade and investment. When, for instance, the Nigerian GDP or GNP is converted into US dollars by those studying the comparative value of countries' economies, the low international value of the *nira* will make the comparison even more invidious than the internal circumstances warrant. On the other hand, a rise in world oil prices, oil being one of Nigeria's major exports, will cause the value of the *nira* to rise. The higher international value of the *nira* might show an apparent corresponding rise in Nigeria's GDP and GNP in which, in fact, few of her population would have shared since the extra oil earnings will affect only a few of them.

A few examples of the GDP of various countries expressed as a percentage of that of the United States of America and according to US dollar values of their currencies illustrates some of these anomalies: —

Table 1: GDP of various countries calculated in terms of US $ as a percentage of the US GDP, 1987.

Country	*% US GDP*	*Country*	*% US GDP*	*Country*	*% US GDP*
Singapore	0.4	Indonesia	1.5	China	6.6
Nigeria	0.5	Saudi Arabia	1.6	Brazil	6.6
Tanzania	0.6	Rep. of Korea	2.7	UK	12.8
Egypt	0.8	Sweden	3.1	Fed, Rep.	

Zimbabwe	1.0	India	4.9	of Germany	24.9
Thailand	1.1			Japan	52.8

Source: World Bank, *1989 World Development Report*, Tab. 3, 'Structure of Production'.

The Japanese have a GDP of only just over half that of the USA, on this basis of assessment, yet they have amassed enough capital to buy a very large share of US industry. Theirs is now held to be one of the two leading world economies, the other being that of the West Germans whose GDP apparently is about a quarter of that of the USA. Sweden which has one of the highest living standards in the world, has, on the basis of this calculation, a GDP only 3.1 per cent of that of the United States.

Another reason why the GDP as a means of assessing the wealth and well-being of peoples is misleading, is now increasingly acknowledged. It is that work not paid for in cash is largely not counted in the GDP. The vast bulk of unpaid work, however, is extremely important as it chiefly consists of ways of meeting basic human needs. The more such work is done unpaid, the lower a country's GDP or GNP is likely to be.

As the range of available statistics has widened, other yardsticks of national well-being and living standards are being used by international agencies, including a few United Nations institutions. The UN World Bank itself provides some of these figures; it just does not use them in its barometer of economic health. They include infant and maternal mortality figures, life expectancy, access to safe water and sanitation, calorie intake and the adult literacy rate. They are less likely to be affected by GDP/GNP shortcomings because a wealthy minority have less effect on calculations. Significant changes in basic needs only show when significant numbers of people are affected. Some individuals may have a thousand times as much cash income as others, but even the richest person is unlikely to live a thousand times as long, and their children are unlikely to have a survival rate a thousand times greater than that of the poor.

Basic needs indicators prove deprivation incontrovertibly, but only in a limited range of necessities. They do not focus particularly on the air and earth, the stuff of our planet which must sustain us all. New yardsticks are needed to determine the quality of life and living standards, measurements of environmental health, including not only human well being, but that of all living things. For we are learning the interdependence of our well-being with that of everything else.

In so far as such indicators now exist, they cast some doubt on 'first world' claims to an absolute and comprehensive superiority. Industrialised countries' greater use of energy, oil, nuclear power, newsprint, motor cars and refrigerators, for example, has reached a point where it is not only lowering their own standards of living, but those of other countries, and indeed, the world and its surrounding atmosphere. Numbers and distribution of populations are important components of living standards. Recognition of this fact is commonly expressed in an anxiety about the present rapid increase in the total human world population. In 1986 it was five billion. There is now constant pressure from the industrialised European countries

to reduce world population growth, not so much in their own countries where it is slowing down, as in non-industrial areas because that is where most people live and that is where population is rising at the fastest rate.

Numbers of people alone do not prove pressure on the environment.

Table 2.

Population densities per sq. km. 1981-82

Country	*Pop. per sq. km.*
China	109
India	221
Brazil	17
USA	26
UK	246
Fed. Rep. of Germany	246
Belgium	324
Japan	328
Netherlands	351

Population of some of the largest cities (mills.)

City	*population*
Mexico City	18,748
Calcutta	9,166
Bombay	8,227
Tokyo	8,209
New York	7,072
Sao Paulo (Brazil)	7,033
Shanghai	6,981
London	6,765
Jakarta	6,503
Cairo	6,325
Peking	5,860
Bangkok	5,610
Tianjin	5,380
Rio de Janeiro	5,091

Source: World Bank, *1989 World Development Report*, Tables 3, 26: *Statesman's Yearbook, 1989-90: Eurostat, 1989-90:* The Economist, *The World in Figures, 1984*, p.16.

Density of population, kinds of terrain, natural resources and the technologies used to exploit them and to dispose of wastes and levels of consumption are also important. Population densities in a number of industrialised countries are higher than those, say, in China, India or Brazil. There are wide variations between different regions within the same country. In mountainous areas of the United States, density is only just above half the national average, whereas in US overseas dependencies, it averages 760 sq. km. and in Puerto Rico reaches 909. Comparing like with like is possible, however, particularly in cities and conurbations. Today in very many, population densities are of an entirely different order to those in countries as a whole. Tokyo, New York and London rank in population with Calcutta, Bombay, Jakarta and Sao Paulo. The smog that covers many of them has the same thick consistency and is as corrosive. The chief difference is that while populations of cities in industrial countries are tending to shrink, in newly industrialising and non-industrial states they are growing.

However, wherever social security is inadequate, there are similar problems. Neither British nor United States citizens have any claim to criticise the authorities of other countries for their city homeless, their pavement dwellers and their unemployed for we have them too in London around Waterloo and Charing Cross railway stations and in the New York Bronx. The difference is not one of kind, but of scale, between growing pockets of destitution and ubiquitous millions. But our Western institutions propounding Western economic solutions are partly to blame. Huge shanty towns are a condemnation of slavish copying of Western models by directing more investment into urban areas and industries rather than into agriculture

and rural industries in which most people customarily worked. The scale of the change is too great; the investment, especially in the necessary accompanying social security, too small.

Table 3. Indicators of consumption — Food.
Daily Calorie supply per capita, 1986

High Income countries average — 3,375		Middle Income countries average — 2,970*	
United Arab Emirates	3,733	Greece	3,688
USA	3,645	Libya	3,601
Denmark	3,633	Hungary	3,569
Ireland	3,632	Yugoslavia	3,563
Fed. Rep. of Germany	3,528	Romania	3,373
Italy	3,523	Iran	3,313
New Zealand	3,463		
Canada	3,462	Lower Middle Income countries average — 2,777*	
Switzerland	3,437		
Spain	3,359	Egypt	3,342
France	3,336	Syrian Arab Rep.	3,260
UK	3,256	Turkey	3,229
		Mexico	3,132

Low Income countries average — 2,384	
Lowest supply	
Mozambique	1,595
Chad	1,717
Ghana	1,759
Guinea	1,777
Rwanda	1,830
Sierra Leone	1,855
Highest supply	
China	2,630
Indonesia	2,579
Madagascar	2,440
Niger	2,432
Liberia	2,381
Uganda	2,344
India	2,238

*Note that the countries selected to represent this group have values above average.

N.B.: The British Department of Health recommended calorie intake for adults while it varies according to sex, age and occupation is in practically all cases below 3,000 per day.

Concern for public health is not comprehensive in all industrial countries. In the USA and Britain it is declining. In the United States a recent Congressional Ways and Means Committee Report stated that 31 million citizens had no health insurance and nearly a third of all children never saw a dentist. In Britain in June 1989, the Director of the UNICEF Facts of Life Unit remarked that there were pockets of poverty where levels of immunisation of children were lower than in many of the 'developing' countries. Standards of food hygiene have declined in Britain, as witness the increase in food poisoning and the latest low temperature washes intended to save the cost of running washing machines but which have caused a worrying reappearance of lice. People in high cash income countries are consuming not just more of the world's resources, but over-consuming some. Consumption depletes: it also produces excreta, not

merely as natural processes of living beings, but in the form of poisons to earth, air and water. A key index to human well-being is safe drinking water and sanitation disposed of by environmentally sound methods. UNICEF in its 1989 *State of the World's Children Report* says 60 per cent of rural families lack safe drinking water and 85 per cent are without adequate sanitation: proofs apparently of the superiority of Western technologies. However, owing partly to the high density of some Western populations, sewage water from conurbations is having to be recycled not once but a number of times to meet demand. Britain is now facing 31 charges for failure to meet European Community water quality standards in her rivers and coastal water. The poor have no choice but to use tap water: the better-off buy bottled mineral water, but even that it now appears is not always safe.

There is a considerable range of over and under-consumption of food around the optimal average level of calorie intake, as Table 3 shows. The health problems caused by malnutrition are one aspect of living standards. Those caused by over-eating are another, but they represent conspicuous consumption which is taken as proof of economic superiority.

Table 4. Energy Consumption (kgs. of oil equivalent per capita)

High Income countries average — 4,953		Middle Income countries average — 1,392	
Canada	9,156	Trinidad and Tobago	5,182
Norway	8,932		
USA	7,265	Lower Middle Income countries average — 863	
Sweden	6,453		
Finland	5,581	Poland	3,386
Netherlands	5,198	Mexico	1,299
United Arab Emirates	5,094	Syria	900
Belgium	4,844		
Kuwait	4,715	Low Income countries average — 297	
Fed. Rep. of Germany	4,531		
Singapore	4,436	Peoples' Dem. Rep. of Yemen	707
New Zealand	4,211		
Switzerland	4,105	China	525
Denmark	3,887	Zambia	380
UK	3,805	Lesotho	10
France	3,729	Burundi	20
		Ethiopia	21
		Nepal	23
		Uganda	26

A major energy consumer is the private car. Its unlimited and irrational private use is depleting limited fossil fuel reserves and, even if new ways of powering cars are successfully developed, it still takes a huge toll of human and wild life, killing and maiming. Cars are not solely an indication of a high standard of living. They are also an indication of environmental degradation and a threat to human well-being.

Table 5. Passenger Car Ownership (No. of cars per 1.000 of population, early 1980s).

Jersey	584	China	0.1
USA	534	Bangladesh	0.4
Monaco	515	North Korea	0.5
Australia	483	Uganda	0.8
Canada	417	Nepal	1.0
Fed. Rep. of Germany	390	Chad	1.0

France	374	E. Timor	1.0
Sweden	352	India	1.5
Italy	329	Burundi	1.5
Belgium	328	Burkina Faso	1.9
Norway	325	Afghanistan	1.9
Netherlands	324	Sudan	2.0
Kuwait	287	Vietnam	2.0
UK	280	Nigeria	2.7
		Brazil	77.0
		Mexico	77.0

Source: The Economist, *The World in Figures, 1984*, p.23.

Chemical pollution is now a major cause for concern in the 'developed' areas of the world. Direct investment in chemicals, petrochemicals and fertilisers based on them in the 'developing' countries, is considerably higher than that in any other investment sector. Lower environmental and safety standards at work are factors in the lower production costs in newly industrialising countries which attract transnational companies to site enterprises there.

A growing global political consensus between ruling elites is no guarantee of ecological sustainability or social responsibility. Western *laissez-faire* capitalism and *laissez-faire* state socialism alike have led to an impasse, not only environmentally, but also economically. It is increasingly recognised that much aid has been disguised investment in the control and manipulation of countries' economies and that often most of it never reaches those for whom it is intended owing to what is euphemistically called the 'trickle down effect' through bureaucracies. The world's largest debtor is, of course, the United States of America, at present owing about $500 billion, equal approximately to the whole commercial debt of all 'developing' countries. The US debts are tolerated because huge US trade deficits keep up demand for imports, especially those of the newly industrialising countries of Asia and Latin America. But in order to attract funds to finance these deficits, the US has maintained high interest rates. In turn these add to the burden of interest repayments on loans incurred by 'developing' countries. They are in a recession which means that they are importing less from industrialised countries. Their imports from the USA fell in value by $11 billion between 1980 and 1985. The World Bank concludes in its *1989 World Development Report* that the world economy is 'fragile' and that 'the risk of a severe set-back for the global economy is very real.'

Barber Conable, President of the World Bank, ended his 1988 address to the Bank's governors with a depressing summary: —

> The stubborn fact of the eighties is that growth has been inadequate, poverty is still on the rise and the environment is poorly protected. Unchanged these realities would deny our children a peaceful, decent and liveable world. We cannot afford to give up. We must build . . . on . . . what has been learned over four decades of development experience.

There is a clear contrast between such World Bank statements and its actual policies and their impacts. The Bank apparently learned little as became evident at the September 1989 International Non-Governmental Organisations' Forum on World Bank and International Monetary Fund

lending. Participants focussed on the failure of these institutions' programmes for structural economic change. They claimed that they adversely affect the poor and the environment by cash-cropping, privatisation and cuts in social services. The Bank has initiated a new Environmental Impact Assessment policy which has been attacked because it no longer guarantees citizens access to its completed assessments and bars them from participation in formal reviews of programmes. This approach flies in the face of mounting evidence that success in raising living standards comes with close consultation and collaboration with small, local community groups.

Complaints are now being translated into action. In July 1989, the Organisation of African Unity endorsed an alternative plan from the UN Economic Commission for Africa. It proposes promoting long-term economic and social development as against the World Bank's and International Monetary Fund's concentration on the short-term fiscal imbalances. The Club of Rome is proposing a Security Council for the Environment. The European Community is contemplating forcing companies to carry out regular checks on their environmental performance. The World Wildlife Fund has arranged to take over Zambia's and Madagascar's international debts in return for better wildlife protection, following similar deals in Bolivia, Costa Rica and the Philippines. They undermine attempts to write-off the debts, but they are proof of concern. Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development opinion surveys taken during 1981-84 showed considerable public anxiety in industrial, non-industrial and newly industrialising countries alike about environmental damage. A February 1990 US survey showed that nearly three-quarters of people, if forced to choose between economic growth and environmental protection, would accept slower growth. Non- and newly industrialising countries struggling to meet their peoples' basic needs are more likely to heed arguments against adopting Western methods and technologies if the West admits its own mistakes and failures. One way of setting the record straight is by creating indicators which realistically measure the health not only of nations and the world economy, but of the world itself.

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ANTHONY POWELL: THE REVERSALS AND RENEWALS OF TIME: PART 1

by Donald Williams Bruce

IN keeping with the symbolic painting by Nicolas Poussin from which Anthony Powell takes the title of his sequence of novels, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, the narrator Nick Jenkins treads the footprints of the seasons, at first as a schoolboy lit by the dawn and Apollo, like the laurelled youth in the picture: only the young perceive god-impelled chariots in the sky.[1] Nick is still tracing the dance as a tidy old gentleman, burning autumn waste scented like the workmen's bucket of coke which, fifty years earlier, recalled Poussin's scene to his mind.[2] Amongst the classical accessories of which he was so fond, Poussin has introduced a herm of Janus. Of Janus's two faces one is old and one is young, which accords with classical tradition, but it is the grizzled face which confronts the rising sun: strange, because Janus represented not only past and future but also nightfall and morning. The past looks to the dawn. Poussin's suggestion or that of Pope Clement IX, who commissioned his allegory, may be that the past, not the present, confronts the future; which may also be the intimation of the last two volumes of Powell's *Music of Time*.

Throughout *The Music of Time* there are the recurrences appropriate to a dance. Widmerpool enters the novel running and leaves it at a run, having bustled all the way from the first chapter to the last. Pamela Flitton deals out death to others and in the end to herself. At two crucial points she suffers nausea induced by her loss of Charles Stringham. Her intimacies, except the last, end in her accusations of impotence. Murtlock's acolytes repeat the rituals of Dr. Trelawney's. The late-Gothic look of Jean Templer pre-figures the late-Gothic tapestries at Stourwater which bring her and Nick together again. Stourwater itself, a medieval castle bought by an industrialist, then requisitioned during the war before becoming a school for girls, reflects the changes in fashions, manners and morals, about which Powell is so exact, from the age of Stanley Baldwin to that of Harold Wilson. There are frequent reappearances of figures from the past who clarify, like the ghosts in Virgil, or Albertine's friends in Proust, what was previously imperfectly understood: amongst them Giles Jenkins, Sillery and Farebrother.

A dance also has reversals and counter-turns. The revolutionary Quiggin becomes authoritarian towards his twin daughters, a pair of slovens like Gypsy Jones, but now regarded as members of an 'alternative society'. The once dictatorial Widmerpool becomes all-permissive (changing places with Quiggin) although he bungles both roles. Widmerpool is 'forever floundering towards the tape in races never won' (*A Buyer's Market*, 30). Trelawney, patriarch and prophet, dies unwanted in a cheap hotel (*The Military Philosophers*, 137). Gwinnett, who has seen Fiona Cutts penetrated in the naked Stag Dance by Scorpio Murtlock, marries her (*Hearing Secret Harmonies*, 196). Odo Stevens, sly Midlands vendor of bogus

jewellery, emerges as a suave host at the performance of *Die Entführung* given in his mansion in Regent's Park (*Temporary Kings*, 225). Bertram Akworth, expelled from Eton for his pederastic advances to the long-dead Peter Templer, is knighted for his public services and made a member of the Independent Television Authority (*H.S.H.*, 188). Mrs. Andriadis, the party-giver of Park Lane, lies senseless with drink and drugs in her bed-sitting room in Bloomsbury (*M.P.*, 50). Pennistone, the tail-coated, orchid-buttonholed guest who drunkenly reviles Mrs. Andriadis's furniture, is writing 'something awfully boring about Descartes' (*The Valley of Bones*, 107). Jimmy Stripling, who formerly bought the newest motor car before anyone else, collects, at great expense, the earliest models, such as he sold off in the past: what the uncomprehending Farebrother calls 'old crocks' and 'tin cans' (*H.S.H.*, 82). Seven years after he has brought Maclintick and his future wife Audrey together, Gossage helps Moreland clear up after Audrey's desertion and Maclintick's suicide (*Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, 217).

The Marxist Howard Craggs accepts a knighthood for his work at the Ministry of Information during the last war (*M.P.*, 113). His widow, Gypsy Jones, retains the title of Lady Craggs, and so acknowledges an ascent into the nobility akin to the emergence of Proust's Mme. Verdurin as the Duchesse de Guermantes. As Powell says, the figures in the Dance break 'into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle' (*A Question of Upbringing*, 2). *Temporary Kings* and *Hearing Secret Harmonies* may be regarded as Anthony Powell's *Le Temps Retrouvé*.

The partners in Powell's dance reappear most signally at the charity performance of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Hugh Moreland, a former husband of Matilda Wilson, directs Mozart's *singspiel*. In the orchestra Carolo, also a former husband of Matilda Wilson, plays the violin. Having divorced Carolo after eighteen months of marriage, Matilda became successively, or possibly simultaneously, the mistress of Sir Magnus Donners and Moreland. She left Donners to marry Moreland, only to desert him, after his harmless flirtation with Lady Priscilla Tolland (Nick's sister-in-law), to return to Donners, whom she married next. During her subsequent widowhood she briefly took as her lover Odo Stevens, at whose house the performance is taking place. To complete the design, Carolo formerly lived in adulterous union with Audrey Maclintick, who became Moreland's mistress after his divorce from Matilda Wilson. The negligible Carolo thus preceded Moreland as his wife's husband and his mistress's lover.

A second pattern of reappearing partners in the audience is linked to the first by Polly Duport, the daughter of Jean Templer, the former mistress of both Stripling and Nick himself. Polly is escorted by Louis Glober, a film-producer who never actually makes a film, one of the many bedmates of Pamela Flitton, now Lady Widmerpool. Stripling has brought Mrs. Erdleigh, the clairvoyante who had such an ascendancy over Nick's late Uncle Giles. Widmerpool is there, for his own reasons, and his wife

Pamela with him. She has in the past slept with Stevens as well as with Glober. Mozart's drama of innocence and constancy is played out to an audience of adulterers and adultresses. As in Evelyn Waugh's tale, *Basil Seal Rides Again*, which depicts the same bright intimate community, their children could hardly marry without fear of incest. Nick Jenkins, whose supreme virtue is tolerance, passes judgement as rarely as Powell himself, who explains, 'I am not making judgements, simply representing people as they appear, compounded from individuals I have come across or been told about'.[3]

Powell had seen a performance of *Die Entführung* at a private house: 'the sort of experience', he says, 'that enormously helps the visual picture that has to be invoked the whole time for set pieces.' He adds that 'the opera seemed to have all sorts of good points that fitted'.[4] He is over-modest in calling his description of the performance and its consequences a set piece. The episode is one of the focuses of *The Music of Time* where, in the words of Walter Pater, 'the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy.' The action of the *singspiel* vibrated in the author's memory as he developed his account of the renounced or abandoned emotions, recandescent after long suppression, of his characters. Mrs. Erdleigh required only the most ordinary discernment to foresee disaster as their result (*T.K.*, 260).

Pamela turns upon her husband at the end of Mozart's exposition of romantic love in all its cleanliness. The finally happy honesty of the love between Constanze and Belmonte stands at the utmost distance from Louis Glober's vile cushion stuffed with the pubic hair of his unsentimental conquests, or Widmerpool's exposure of his wife to all comers, unconcerned as he is with Pamela's relentless promiscuity before marriage and ready adulteries afterwards. In her life there has been no paean of joy and gratitude, such as *Die Entführung* ends with. That magnanimous finale celebrates all that is absent in her reciprocally ungenerous life with Widmerpool. Mozart's affirmation of true love is throughout inconsonant with her own experiences.

Belmonte and the pasha Selim are jealous of each other in their courtship of Constanze, whilst Widmerpool encourages Pamela in her unfaithfulness, in which he takes voyeuristic satisfaction. Even someone as unthinking as Pamela would observe that; with its implication that, like her parents and grandparents, and everyone around her except Stringham and Trapnel, now both dead, Widmerpool has no regard for her. She tries to revive Trapnel in his biographer Gwinnett, who is merely, impassively and exactly, reconstructing each experience of Trapnel, including his experience of Pamela, in order to understand Trapnel fully. Constanze accepts that death brings liberation: *Zuletzt befreit mich der Tod.* Rhetorical though Constanze's aria is, it had more impact on the emotionally down-and-out Pamela than Mozart would have intended.[5] Recurring personalities do appear in *The Music of Time*, but they are not the illusory recurrences Pamela subjectively looks for.

In conversation with Nick, Mrs. Erdleigh learnedly quotes Thomas

Vaughan as calling the world 'an outdoor theatre, in whose wings the Dead wait their cue for return to the stage' (*T.K.*, 246). As if in confirmation of Vaughan's words, Gwinnett discovers a description of Scorpio Murtlock in a play written by Beaumont and Fletcher published in 1615, about 330 years before Murtlock's birth.[6] Sir Thomas Browne wrote more circumspectly than Thomas Vaughan:

> To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year: every man is not only himself; there have been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name: men are liv'd over again, the world is now as it was in Ages past; there was none then, but there hath been someone since that parallels him, his revived self.[7]

When asked what he thought of this speculation, Powell replied, 'Obviously Sir Thomas Browne's comment is to some extent realized in all spheres'.[8] Subject only to the social shifts brought about by Time, such as Powell has enduringly recorded in his sequence of novels, people of similar preoccupations rarely differ much, so that it is possible to speak of the duplication or even of the continuity of a character. Moreland quotes W. E. Henley: 'I was a king in Babylon,/ And you were a Christian slave', although he laughs at the strangely anachronistic combination which Henley envisaged (*The Kindly Ones*, 124).

The typologies of human character compiled by Theophrastus and his seventeenth-century followers such as La Bruyère support Browne's contention that substantially identical personalities persist throughout history. These continuities are, naturally, to be discovered in groups which are already homogeneous. In Powell's soldiers, sincerely dedicated to the service of their country, there is a singleness of intent, conditioned only by the vagaries of Time. Their standards and aims are the same, greatly though the masterful but open-minded imperialist General Conyers differs from the introspective, less assured Lt.-Colonel Jenkins, Nick's father, or from the conscripts of the last war.

The encounter between the transcendentalist Trelawney and the military policeman in the scrub of Aldershot in *The Kindly Ones* contrasts, as Nick Jenkins points out, two ways of life: the army, with its rules for the wearing of side-arms, regulations for the folding of blankets and monographs on how to fire a rifle; and, opposed to that practicality, the nonsensical indirection of Trelawney's sect (*K.O.*, 29). Yet it is also a confrontation between the real and the ideal, however misguided the ideal is: between coercion and vagrant freedom. Murtlock later introduces a quasi-military discipline into his necromantic cult, so cutting off what little was good in Trelawney's.

Nick Jenkins closely observes a line of occultists and their demeanour, which again varies according to the shifts of Time: Dr. Trelawney's Edwardian gravity replaced first by Mrs. Erdleigh's Art Deco, interwar chichi; and then by Scorpio Murtlock's psychedelic brutishness and surly egalitarianism. Murtlock is sponsored by Canon Fenneau, a weird ecclesiastic who brings Montagu Summers to mind, although he is more firmly established within his Church than Summers ever was, and is all the more dangerous for that. A duplicitous promoter of the ultimately silly but

incidentally harmful cults of the nineteen-sixties, Fenneau avails himself of the latitude of the modern Anglican Church to instruct the barely literate Murtlock in the arcana of witchcraft, whilst retaining his status as 'a respectable link', as Barnaby Henderson calls him.[9]

Nick, easy-going though he always is, displays something approaching scorn for dabblers in the supernatural. 'I felt a little diminished by being caught with such a crew', he writes about his encounter, accompanied by Scorpio and his disciples, with Farmer Gauntlett (*H.S.H.*, 21). Myra Erdleigh's reading of the cards at the Ufford Hotel is evidently unhelpful for both Nick and his Uncle Giles. Nick dismisses it as 'trivial comment' (*The Acceptance World*, 18). Recording Odo Steven's opinion that Mrs. Erdleigh's warning to Pamela about her final downfall required neither second sight nor magical powers, Nick adds, 'He may have been right' (*H.S.H.*, 260).

Although Powell's father owned two or three of Aleister Crowley's works, Powell is largely contemptuous in his memoirs of his encounter with that cockney charlatan.[10] Yet Jenkins does not feel equal contempt for Murtlock as a representative of later occultism. His early antagonism develops into something like wonderment. Powell explains:

> One imagines Murtlock was too sinister for contempt, but Jenkins did not come across him to any extent personally. I am very keen on the Narrator's knowing no more than one does normally, plus most people's assumptions, possibly mistakes. I think any conviction the novel carries is largely due to this recognition in its telling and construction.[11]

Nick Jenkins treats Mrs. Erdleigh, better versed in mystical lore than Murtlock, with jocular benignity, although her forecasts are unreliable. Nick regards her as an amiable fraud, but a fraud purposeful as well as laughable. She hunts fortunes as well as telling them. She inherits Giles Jenkins's small estate, and she is reputed to be beguiling Jimmy Stripling out of what money he does not spend on veteran motor cars (*K.O.*, 202 & *A.W.*, 102). She thrives on the credulity of Lady Warminster:

> Lady Warminster was a woman among women. I shall never forget her gratitude when I revealed to her that Tuesday is the best day for the operation of revenge (*K.O.*, 197).

NOTES

1. The older tradition about Poussin's *A Dance to the Music of Time* in the Wallace Collection (No. 108) is that the four seasons are represented by the dancing figures. Lord Hertford bought it in 1845 as *La Danse des Saisons, ou l'Image de la Vie Humaine*. Powell appears initially to have accepted that tradition. Blunt, in his catalogue of Poussin's paintings published in 1966, follows Panofsky in ruling that the figures represent not the seasons but Poverty, Labour, Riches and Luxury. Blunt — following Panofsky — is not original. The Wallace Collection Catalogue of 1920 (p.282) attributes this interpretation to an early nineteenth-century dealer called John Smith. When asked if he was aware of these differing but compatible views of the allegory, and if he deployed them both in *The Music of Time*, Anthony Powell replied:

   > I quite agree the figures don't look much like the Seasons, but equally they don't look like Wealth, Poverty, etc., and why is one male? Your suggestion of Apollo is of note. My own feeling inclines to a statement somewhere that the Rospigliosi Pope who ordered the picture simply outlined his own symbolism (as I think he is known to have done in other cases)

which the painter followed. Incidentally, Blunt would obviously have taken the Marxist line of Wealth/Poverty (Letter to the author, 15 September 1988).

In his memoirs, *To Keep the Ball Rolling*, London, 1976-82, Vol. III (*Faces in My Time*), pp.214-5, Powell concedes:

> There is no doubt a case for asserting that the dancers are not easily identifiable as Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. They seem no less ambiguous as Pleasure, Riches, Poverty, Work, or perhaps Fame. In relation to my own mood, the latter interpretations would be equally applicable .... The one thing certain is that the four figures depicted are dancing to Time's tune.

2. Anthony Powell. *A Dance to the Music of Time*, London, 1951-75:
(i). *A Question of Upbringing* (*Q.U.*), 1951; (ii). *A Buyer's Market* (*B.M.*), 1952; (iii). *The Acceptance World* (*A.W.*), 1955; (iv). *At Lady Molly's* (*L.M.*), 1957; (v). *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* (*C.C.R.*), 1960; (vi). *The Kindly Ones* (*K.O.*), 1962; (vii). *The Valley of Bones* (*V.B.*), 1964; (viii). *The Soldier's Art* (*S.A.*), 1966; (ix). *The Military Philosophers* (*M.P.*), 1968; (x). *Books Do Furnish a Room* (*B.D.F.R.*), 1971; (xi). *Temporary Kings* (*T.K.*), 1973; (xii). *Hearing Secret Harmonies* (*H.S.H.*), 1975.
After the first citation, references in the text are given by abbreviation and page number to the editions listed above.
3. Letter to the author, 15 September 1988.
4. Letter to the author, 3 January 1989.
5. *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 252, No. 1466 (March, 1988), p.158.
6. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cupid's Revenge*, IV, i, 172-80.
7. Browne. *Religio Medici*, London, 1682, Part 1, Section 6.
8. Letter to the author, 15 September 1988.
9. *H.S.H.*, 259. On Fenneau's resemblance to Summers, Powell comments, 'Montagu Summers was obviously a bit like Canon Fenneau ... but I have met several clergymen who possessed Fenneau-like characteristics (Letter to the author, 3 January 1989). He continues:
> With regard to the Stag Dance, etc., hippies of the period (or now, *vide* Stonehenge) managed to assimilate quite a lot of that sort of information, and no one suggests Murtlock was not bright (*idem*).
10. Anthony Powell. *To Keep the Ball Rolling*, vol. II (*Messengers of Day*), p.82.
11. Letter to the author, 15 September 1988.

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KING LUDWIG I OF BAVARIA: THE STATECRAFT OF CLASSICISM

by Eric Glasgow

LUDWIG I (1786-1868) was king of Bavaria from 1825 until his abdication in 1848. He is remarkable for his artistic interests, and especially his concerns for the art and architecture of the ancient Greeks which helps to explain the choice of his second son, Otto, as the first king of the newly independent Greece in 1832. The ensuing troubles of King Otto in Greece, extending up to the 1860s, have left British historians with the legacy of belief in the rigid Bavarian autocracy of King Ludwig I, which in fact is highly inaccurate. It is, therefore, useful to study afresh the character, personality, and goal of this Bavarian king, in order to discover his curious blending of Liberalism and Absolutism, with its ultimate background and undercurrent of Classicism in art and in literature, derived from Greek antiquity. This I have recently been able to do, with the additional aid of some translated materials from German sources, kept in the Bavarian State Library at Munich.

There is, of course, much that is contradictory and confusing about the emerging statecraft of Ludwig I of Bavaria. Throughout his life, the public part of it regularly overshadowed what was private and personal so that it is often difficult to extricate the one from the other. Yet, of course, one cannot understand what the king was about in Bavaria, without integration of both of them, and some reconciliation of the public with the private; and eventually, after the disruptive revolution of 1848, the king, once more a private citizen, was obliged to abrogate totally his public role. It was there — during the last twenty years of his life (1848-68) — that Ludwig I reveals most strikingly the importance of his Classical and artistic sentiments and allegiances, as motivations behind even his diligent statecraft, after 1825, for his Bavarian homeland.

The latter was mostly held in concealment, even from the keen-eyed Metternich, when Ludwig remained a boy and a youth. Aged 28 in 1814, and at the Congress of Vienna, he did not at all shine among the assembled German princes. He had not the bearing of a soldier; nor did he seem to be particularly gifted intellectually. Yet, already there stirred in his mind thoughts and ideas of the renovation of Bavaria, delayed until his father's death in 1825. His father had been rigorously a soldier, who rather neglected his imaginative and artistic offspring. Ludwig had a happy but precarious childhood. It was precarious in the sense that psychologically it covered the fall of the 'ancient regime' in the French Revolution of 1789. The young Bavarian prince, therefore, grew up in reverence for the privileges of the past, while also necessarily looking forward to the emerging Liberalism of the Napoleonic period, and of the ninteenth century.

In a real sense, he was always torn between the two — a child of two centuries, the eighteenth and the nineteenth — and that explains most of the contradictions of his life and character. Born in Strasbourg in the year

1786, he was also affected by the rival tensions, between France and Germany, then dominating the fate of Central Europe. He was born into the rich and powerful Wittelsbach family so the balance of his sympathy was definitely German. He had himself, in 1789, fled across the Rhine to escape the French Revolution. In 1794, he fled again, from the invading armies of revolutionary France. His sentiments, therefore, were profoundly and vigorously south German.

The enigma of Ludwig as a Bavarian king was of course rooted in his childhood. Lonely and emotional, he sought refuge in poetry, often of his own composition, and he rebelled against much of his formal education. He was fond of the theatre, the plays of Shakespeare and the music of Gluck; and through his mother at Darmstadt he cultivated the friendship of both Goethe and Schiller. As a boy, it was the past and history that particularly concerned and fascinated him. He was later to affirm that all political decisions should be guided and motivated by a recognition of the force of history. It was that too that drew him to the ancient Greeks. He became accomplished in classical Greek, reading particularly the historians such as Herodotus and Thucydides. His learning in the Greek heritage, drawn from afar, concentrated his abilities into a sort of self-conscious arrogance, a defiance of what other men might say or think, that was perhaps his ultimate downfall.

At any rate, recognisably Greek is his love of all forms of beauty, whether of scenery or of women. Although he was a hard worker, he liked also to take long, solitary walks over the Bavarian hills, especially in the moonlight. He attributed his artistic tastes to his experiences during a brief visit to Venice in December, 1804. Art was indeed to be the chief solace of his life, in political troubles or in his eventual retirement, after 1848. His relations with women were doubtless also Hellenic in their nature, and this is an aspect of his life that has frequently been exaggerated and misunderstood, because of his fatal association, between 1847 and 1848, with the actress Lola Montez. An Irishwoman born in Limerick in 1818, she died in New York in 1861. The Bavarian people certainly detested her. She meddled far too much in politics, about which she knew nothing. The king was obliged to expel her from Bavaria in February 1848. She came back to England, and later to America. The king always had a propensity for conversation with pretty women, as interludes between his long sessions of difficult political negotiations. In that, however, he was by no means alone or exceptional among the sovereigns of his times. What for him made the rather brief if intense association with Lola Montez so crucial was that it coincided with the crisis of social and economic upheaval in Bavaria; so that in effect it brought about his abdication in March, 1848, far more than his own ineptitude in government or in politics.

This eventual abdication, however, resulted from a combination of several differing factors and ingredients. It was certainly not a simple story of the triumph of Liberalism in Bavaria over Absolutism. Ludwig himself began in 1825 to reign with many Liberal or progressive reforms and intentions. Censorship of the press, for example, was abolished in Bavaria between

1825 and 1832, a move unique in Germany at that time. The king greatly improved the State finances, and the machinery of government and administration in Bavaria. Nor was he extravagant. His frugality in State finances was often hidden by periodical outbursts of lavish expenditure on art and Classical buildings. He seems to have shared with the ancient Greeks a curious dichotomy between a genuine sort of 'populism' — based on wishes for social and economic improvements among the generality of citizens — and a profound and sustained admiration for the 'elitist' art of Greek antiquity. For a long time, it was difficult to decide which would win; but in the end, in 1848, popular distrust overwhelmed him, and as a private citizen, in his enforced retirement between 1848 and 1868, he reverted to his interests in the exclusiveness of Greek art and culture. His Classicism, therefore, always pervaded even his Bavarian statecraft. It was largely a legacy from his own education in the eighteenth century. An eager and sensitive child of that European Enlightenment, he was never very successful in adapting this to the requirements, in society and in politics, of the ensuing Liberalism of the nineteenth century, particularly in Germany. The gulf between the two finally destroyed him. It was also a gulf between the private and the public in his life and his work. His public career seemed by 1848 to have failed (although much of his work in making the Modern Bavarian State endured far beyond him). Thereafter he was compelled to retreat into privacy, his art and the Hellenism; and that he never enjoyed, because (as he said himself) he was born to be a king, and not a private citizen.

Ludwig's initial Liberalism in Bavaria after 1825 gradually faded, largely because he became convinced that his people were not ready for it. He ruled at first in close alliance with parliament, under the terms of the State Constitution of Bavaria. Gradually, however, he felt that his reforms were not being appreciated, and he became disillusioned. After 1840, certainly, he had abandoned most efforts to be a Constitutional Monarch, and moved increasingly into Absolutism, governing in isolation even from his own ministers. By 1840, he was a lonely and sovereign figure in the politics of Bavaria. Instead of Liberal reforms he turned to cultural matters and the building of canals and railways. The heightened pressures for reform, culminating in the revolution of 1848, built up in Bavaria into an explosive force. Metternich, from Vienna, warned the Bavarian king about this, as early as March 1847. By then, however — embroiled with Lola Montez — he could and did take little notice. He was compelled to abdicate on March 19, 1848.

Bavaria, under its King Ludwig I, between 1825 and 1848, exhibited a curious mixture and blending of the traditional and the progressive, the reactionary and the Liberal. The king implanted in his south German state extraordinary ingredients of romanticism, history, and Teutonic efficiency (not a few of which his son, Otto, transplanted into Greece after 1832, often with very unfortunate results). So we may still wish to envisage what Ludwig I did in Bavaria, up to 1848, in relation to the emergence of the Modern State of Greece, after 1832; and, necessarily, the shared factor is

allegiance to the heritage of Greek antiquity.

During the first half of the nineteenth century Ludwig necessarily walked a tightrope between reform and repression in Bavaria. A fervent Bavarian nationalist, the reactionary Metternich had distrusted him since the Congress of Vienna in 1814. Metternich, however, put down the revolution of 1848 in Vienna. Ludwig might have done so in Munich, had it not been for the *femme fatale*, Lola Montez. But that was an Irish or cosmopolitan intrusion, nothing really to do with German politics. Ludwig himself looked to an eventual political unification of Germany, but he was against Prussia and he wanted Austria to be included. He defined nationality in terms of language. This was the essential cultural bond. His Classicism, too, with its artistic and literary implications, took him far closer to Austria than to Prussia; to Vienna rather than to Berlin.

The Bavarian statecraft of Ludwig I, of course, was destroyed at any rate in its personal terms by his enforced abdication in March, 1848. That was the culmination of a wide variety of factors, both political and personal, public and private. Running through all of these, however, was the dominant Classicism which he had acquired in his youth and which was, essentially, the distillation of the European culture of the 'Age of the Enlightenment'. For the unfortunate Ludwig, it proved to be fatally difficult to prolong this in its entirety into the ensuing 'Age of Liberalism', and his story is largely that of a rather heroic if unsuccessful attempt to work out the two conflicting elements — Historicism and Liberalism — within the microcosm of Bavaria itself.

Ludwig I was profoundly and uncritically religious (unlike Metternich who regarded religion mostly as a useful political factor, making for stability and order). This was the Romanticism within his nature. True to the spirit of the Enlightenment within which he was reared he gradually built upon that foundational religious belief a cultural development of Hellenic principles and standards, which deeply affected his private even more than his public life. It was these — and especially Greek art — which finally took over his personality, especially after his obligatory retirement into private citizenship in 1848. This he did not like. The role of the private citizen was extraordinarily uncongenial for him. But his life had come full circle. He was brought back to the interests and the concerns of his youth, especially the legacy of Hellenism. He affirmed, in the end, that while the edifices of statecraft might perish and disappear, imagination, art and literature would prove to be far more enduring, constant and satisfying.

MEMORIES OF LAUGHARNE: PART 2

by Aeronwy Thomas

Going back to Laugharne

IT took Laugharne a long time to realise what had happened to it before it started stocking its paper shop with Dylan Thomas books, Dylan Thomas Caedmon records, prints of Laugharne Castle (Dylan Thomas lived in Castle House at one time).

'*Duw, duw,* if it isn't Miss Thomas?' said an old man, flanked by a younger sports-shirted man who said in an American accent, 'Is that Dylan Thomas's daughter, did you say? Very glad to meet you, Miss Thomas, this is a great honour. I can't say I knew *him,* exactly...' The '*him*' is said in reverential tones. 'Though we did share an elevator once.'

Even the sleepy old pub where my father and mother drank and socialised, called Brown's Hotel, has a memento. The framed photograph placed above the very table that the Thomases drank at, seems magnificently dated. The clothes they are wearing have changed today, but the alcoved windows behind them are the same.

Photographs are not sold at the pub. They are sold at the paper shop with postcards of the Boat House, the family home. Other one-time abodes of my father's (and there were many due to the nomadic lifestyle of the Bohemian in those days) are sold amongst the cigarettes, newsprint and groceries. However, it took an Australian to take full advantage of the tourists tripping into the paradise that Laugharne has become for fans of the poet. The foreigner came, saw and won with an emporium of literary commerce, the change practically humming along the wires as in Under Milk Wood's emporium. The literary goodies and their by-products include Welsh weave, though anyone less nationalistic than my father (much to the chagrin and ensuing insults of the Nationalists) it would be hard to find from such pure Welsh stock: a mother from the farms around Llanstephan, an academic father, from the railroads near Swansea with a liberal sprinkling of Welsh *hwyl* in his articulate and literary ancestry. I think the Nationalists could never forgive my father for excelling in English and not Welsh.

'Come and have a cup of tea', invites the old gentleman. 'Myfanwy is waiting...', and with hardly a pause, as we make our way across the large square near the sea end of town, 'Proper gentleman your father, mind,' he said, as if casting aside much comment to the contrary, 'Always saluted me, as he comes along the road...'. For him, as most in Laugharne, this could have happened just yesterday for time is a malleable abstraction, a mere follower, never a leader. 'And Jean, on account of her serving at the Browns' she knew him quite well,' he continued. 'Proper lady your mother was too. Though no holding her back when she started! I never saw her, mind, doing anything she shouldn't, myself. All talk, I don't wonder.' The American, with eager-beaver intentness, mouth falling open with the wonderment of it all, took mental notes in excited scrawl. 'Shocking use of

language, too, I heard,' said the old man. 'Yes, yes', I said coldly. 'Oh, but they were revered, here.' Then added, undecided how to appease me, 'Just one of us.' The old man would have said anything to avoid what the Welsh call 'unpleasantness'.

I still looked doubtful, remembering that the Laugharne town council, all 'old friends' voted again and again at the town meetings not to have the cliff walk named after my father. This is the path that runs directly above the Boat House. Pressure from the ever-growing number of visitors to Laugharne, those who made a special pilgrimage to visit the places where the great poet lived, wrote, and drew his inspiration, finally overruled the local animosity. The path was called *Dylan's Walk* many years after his death.

'Do you remember...?' asks Myfanwy. I accept a cup of tea from Sunday crockery with still a trace of dust on the saucer's edge. 'Thank you so much,' I say mealy-mouthed with Welsh-cake filling every corner. I am procrastinating in order not to answer immediately. 'Do you remember playing with...?' The truth is that some I remember with uncanny clearness, others hardly at all. In their case, time has brought great clouds over my memory like those Dai Bread's Wife No. 2 experienced in *Under Milk Wood* when she peered into her crystal ball, into the future. I find looking back much more difficult. 'Shocking, isn't it?' I hear from afar, and am called back to the damp closeted present of the true Welsh parlour and to Laugharne and to the friends that I would always remember. 'There's that Dai, now,' goes on Myfanwy, untroubled by my silence, 'who sets himself up nice and tidy for the rest of the year.' She went on to explain, 'When he sees the coachloads of Americans coming, and they only come in the summer months and not in the winter, he's there quick as a shot with his bunch of lies. Says he knew Dylan well, and calls him Dylan mind you, and says this is what Dylan said to him... always the same pack of lies he tells them... not daft... so as not to be caught out, see. And that is what Dylan said to his wife, oh! *she* knew him well, according to him of course, and how his children used to play with the Thomas children. *Well*... do *you* remember them playing with us? He says they used to play with us at the Boat House, down the Grist and up at Orchard Park. And the cheek of it is that he's from Llandeilo. Wasn't even here when your father was alive.'

To escape the unused parlour and the dusty particles in the mothballed air, I suggest: 'Let's go and see these Americans then,' in my version of a Welsh accent. I lost my accent years ago, when I left Laugharne for a boarding school in Hertfordshire.

We walk to the wide square at the bottom end of town, at sea level, and directly under the imposing castle walls known locally as the Grist. A great expanse of mudflats, dotted with down-at-heel rowing boats borders the square. The green bulbous water plants provide a raggedy green carpet under the feet of the castle which you feel might walk away across the grey-green estuary were it not anchored there by long ivy tendrils. It is just as I remember it, years ago, except for the coaches parked there in

the shade of the castle wall. I imagine a guide getting out of one of the coaches there, finger pointed, arms outstretched, declaiming: 'Less than five hundred souls inhabit the three quaint streets and the few narrow bylanes and scattered farmsteads that constitute this small decaying watering place . . .' and on and on in my father's words from his famous play for voices, *Under Milk Wood*, based on Laugharne, 'which may, indeed, be called a "backwater of life" without disrespect to its natives who possess, to this day, a salty individuality of their own . . .'. In reality, the coaches I can see in front of me are empty, their occupants presumably scattered all over Laugharne at the Under Milk Wood Café, along Dylan's Walk or at Dylan's Bar. That is except for two earnest ladies now descending from one of the coaches, now looking around them to survey the Grist, the Castle and the Boat House (a speck in the distance) and now perusing a book of poems and prose by my father in hopes that therein they might find the secrets of Laugharne.

'Hello, Miss Thomas,' I hear through thoughts, 'It is Miss Thomas, then? You haven't changed a bit.' Another person comes up to me, vaguely remembered but with no name. I escape to my father's grave at the local churchyard to be accosted again. 'I'd recognise you anywhere: image of your father. Yes, yes', (to an overseas visitor), 'This is the great man's daughter.'

'Do you remember the times we used to play on the rocks, jumping over the gaps like flippin' monkeys. Oh, I couldn't do that now. But my children go over to the Boat House when it's fine to play like, and look at all the visitors. And running along the wall around the Boat House we did, remember. I come over all cold when I think of it.'

'Oh, I'd never allow my children to do it.' Myfanwy recalls times past as we sip warm lager, in Brown's.

'See that photo,' someone says to me, 'You look just like them. You've taken after your father *and* your mother, as I remember them.' I turn and recognise one of the locals talking. 'We'd sit at the table, the one in the photo, and play cards and dominoes', he said. 'Your mother and father were youngsters then. I can remember it like it were yesterday. Mind you, he never spoke poetry to us. I remember there were Dai and Val, the owners of Brown's then, both dead now, and your grandpa from across the road, may he rest in peace. He lived in The Pelican then, you remember that.' I did remember. The Pelican is still there: a tall building, part of a terrace, a garage one side of it. 'Or they'd come across from the garage, mun, to be with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. When the pub were closing, they'd all move into the kitchen at the back as "private guests" of Dai and Val and they'd be up till three or four many a night. *Duw*, but Mr. Thomas could tell a story and your mother not far behind, and we'd be there, the regulars like, exchanging "hanecdotes" half the night.'

Myfanwy took my arm to steer me away, reluctant to let me go. It was she who had first suggested meeting in the pub. 'There's nowhere else to go in Wales, of an evening.'

'Remember', she said, 'How you gave Maggie the new plastic purse

you'd got for your birthday if only she'd come over to play with you after school. Oh, you were a terror for giving things.'

The old man I first met came up to me, the American still with him. 'Well, if it isn't Miss Thomas again,' said the American. 'This is a pleasant surprise. Can I get you a drink? Is this your friend, will she have one? And my kind guide?' he turned towards his companion. Everyone assented. The old man leaned my way, with unwelcome intimacy: 'I remember holding you on my knee the day you fell off your bike and we had to call Dr. Jenkins over. What a crybaby you were. Proper screamer. Never heard such a lot of blubbering in my life . . .' (*That's it*, I thought, *I'll never visit Laugharne again.*) 'And the way you carried on when the doctor came!' (*I remember him*, I thought, *he was the doctor whom my mother swore only prescribed Calomine lotion, whatever the complaint.*) 'Quite surprised I was,' he continued to the rapidly increasing audience that was gathering around, 'when he stitched her up she didn't say a word, only looked at him with her eyes sort of popping out.' (*I would most definitely NOT be coming here again. All were looking at me as if I were a rarefied animal from the zoo providing a spectacle for them in spite of my small, very unspectacular person.*) 'Have another drink, Miss Thomas,' offered the American. 'No thank you,' I said with prudish lips, resolving never to come back to Laugharne if I had to listen to such outpourings again. 'Do you come here often?' he asked. 'Ever thought of living here? I come down every summer. My main interest is reading and listening to your father's works.'

Myfanwy's dad, uncle or grandfather hooked me again by the simple expedient of sitting himself between me and the American. 'Oh, you live in Surrey,' the American went on valiantly. 'Yes, she lives near London,' said the old man, with a hint of pride that someone from Laugharne had got that far. Myfanwy now nudged me in the other direction, 'Meet Derek,' she said. 'Grown a bit, hasn't he? You remember', she nudged with meaning. 'Up in the wood shed you and Derek.' My mind reeled, made a jump into a remote past but when details appeared, withdrew hastily. (*See what I mean*, I said to myself, *see what I mean. I should NEVER have come back here.*) Derek smiled. One of his charms could hardly be his teeth which were now blackened and chipped.

The funny thing is, I find myself going back again and again.

Return visit to Laugharne

The rock and sway of the bobbing sea, and high tide swirling in the little eddies and whirlpools of our estuary greet me. The crak-crak of the hoarse rook from the ivied turret of the castle overlooking the town and the sea. Long Norman eyes spy from every angle, but it's no foreigner; here long before any of us, and certainly more of a right to be here than I, a mere visitor after so many years.

The villagers say, 'hello', as I hesitate shyly, having forgotten their names, like the names of the sailors long forgot by Rosie Probert, Duck Lane. 'I gave those names to your father,' says one of Laugharne's ladies, one I still know, incidentally. She seems proud of it.

'How's Laugharne?' I ask my childhood friends. 'Just the same', they answer. They seem the same, only older, with children, resigned to living and dying here in this timeless, balmy, time-beguiling town. 'Everyone in Laugharne is calling your father, Dylan, as if they knew him well, what a cheek. He was always Mr. Thomas to us, and we saw him every day going down the road', one complains.

The villagers whisper their doings; they seem to live on chatter, telling me that Eynon, one-time butcher of St. Clears, five miles down the road ('there's a foreigner for you') swears Dylan Thomas used him as Mr. Beynon the butcher in that famous play that brings them all the way down from Swansea, and London, and especially (and here there's an air of bated breath) America.

'There's a lot that come down here now', I'm told. 'Specially in the summer'. 'Do you mind that?' I ask. They shrug. The Welsh never like to offend, so I'll never know except second-hand perhaps.

I wander round the town (made into a town by royal charter in the mists of antiquity, though it still *looks* like a village) unrecognised by Americans at the Milk Wood Café and Dylan's Bar. I smile to myself remembering the time I impersonated Mrs. Thomas's daily to take some tourists around our home. 'Slave labour' they must have thought, seeing my childish figure.

At the churchyard, someone who recognises me stops me, before I can get to my father's grave. 'Uh, hello', I say, forgetting the name. 'How's your mother?' she asks, saving me again. 'What happened to your brothers, then? We don't see much of them. And that Colm, I remember him well enough, the little devil.' 'I wonder whether they would ask after Aeron, in the same affectionate way', I find myself thinking enviously. 'Too much charm that Colm!'

Long strides take me away from the effusiveness, down the main road, past grey stone houses, and my eye lights on an old stone wall growing with clumps of grass and bright frail flowers. Along the cliffwalk, now called Dylan's Walk, I stride and then stop to hear the low, muted throb of the grey weather all around me. The estuary that my father describes so minutely in his poems spreads before me like three screens in cinemascope. Herons, fishhawks and all his birds are dotted, disconsolate, around the seascape. My old home, below me, lies a few strides from the sea, where the tide is receding.

I can remember sliding down the slippery mud banks, throwing back the fish that my mother threw there as she caught them one by one with her bare hands in a unique Laugharne pastime called 'treading', and laughing, laughing with all my young village friends whom I would never forget.

I ponder anew: I don't find this great grey expanse of mud and water, the streets with their grey stone houses in the rain, sinister as some say they find Laugharne . . . not sinister, only slightly depressing.

'I don't know what it is about Laugharne', they say. 'There's something you can't put your finger on . . .'. The villagers only nod wisely. Painters and writers have always lived here.

CHERISHED PAINTINGS: THE GELMAN COLLECTION OF MODERN ART

by Muriel Julius

EVERY visit to an American art museum fills me in equal measure with pleasure and regret. Or is it envy? For on their walls, it seems to me, are displayed more gems of twentieth-century European art than remain in Europe itself. It has something to do with the fact that art bequeathed to a museum is tax deductible. Otherwise, how did the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston come to own no fewer than thirty-eight works by Monet? It has much more to do with the fact that Americans, whether European or home-grown, were and are prepared to take risks on the new, to be generous, and to follow their taste in modern art. Nowhere can this be borne out with more distinction than in the collection formed by Jacques and Natasha Gelman from the early 1940s until today.

He was born in St. Petersburg, she in Bohemia: they met in Mexico, where he was a film producer, and married in 1941. From the 1943 portrait of her by Diego Rivera, a tall blonde in an evening gown welded to her slim form, reclining against a bank of arum lilies, she could easily have been a film star instead of a considerable connoisseur of art.

They began with sculptures by Rodin, Degas and Renoir and a particularly savage head of a woman done in 1927 by Picasso at the time of the failure of his first marriage. They then concentrated on the *Ecole de Paris*, and the most important movements of the century: the Nabis, the Fauves, the Cubists and the Surrealists. From time to time they were charmed by painters as different as Mondrian and Chagall, Klee and Balthus, or by a work that accorded with their exceptional standard of quality and taste. The accumulated result is that one goes round the Fine Rooms of the Royal Academy in London with particular pleasure as treat upon treat meets the eye.

In the first room we see the Bonnards, early purchases. A vase of poppies, their reds against clear pale greens and blues, their sparkle chasing away the clouds outside. A large canvas shows Marthe, nude, emerging golden from the bath and looking as if the artist had opened the door unexpectedly and surprised her. She was the woman whom Bonnard met in 1893 and married, finally, in 1925. The picture dates from 1910, the year Virginia Woolf declared 'Human nature changed.' The bath is unusually important in the *oeuvre* of Bonnard. Marthe was compulsively clean and many paintings show her soaking in the bath.

The Nabis — the Hebrew word for 'Prophets' — was a group of Parisian young artists in which both Pierre Bonnard and Edouard Vuillard were founder members. In a rejection of the naturalism of the Impressionists, they took their inspiration from Paul Gauguin's non-naturalistic arrangements of line, colour and shape. Bonnard never worked directly from nature. The richly coloured, luminous interiors he painted contrasted sharply with the plain surroundings in which he actually lived. In 'The

Dining Room, Vernonnet' of 1916, the simple interior has been transformed into a sumptuous setting by a profusion of reds, purples, oranges and whites.

The subject of Vuillard's 'Conversation' of 1897/8 was Misia Natanson, wife of the founder of 'La Revue Blanche', who charmed many contemporary writers and painters, including Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Renoir and Félix Vallotton who all painted her. Here she is languishing in a shaded garden chair at her country house, emerging mysteriously from a web of abstract patterns painted in subtle tones of browns and ochres.

The next room is given over to works by Henri Matisse, Andre Derain and Maurice de Vlaminck. Their paintings in non-naturalistic bright colour and bold brush strokes when first exhibited in 1905 inspired a critic to call them 'Fauves' or 'wild beasts'. Their flat areas of intense colour and exaggerated outlines disregard traditional modelling and perspective. One of Matisses's most famous and most decorative portraits in this Fauve style is 'The Young Sailor II' of 1906. He was an eighteen-year-old fisherman in Collioure where Matisse habitually spent the summer. His mask-like features with large Slav eyes and his costume painted in blocks of strong colour appear spontaneous but the preparatory sketch, which the artist's son, Pierre Matisse, gave to Mrs. Gelman, indicate the importance of line to Matisse.

An exhibition of Near Eastern Art which Matisse saw in Munich in 1910 triggered a long series of highly decorative, brilliantly coloured works. His 'Odalisque, Harmony in Red' of 1926 uses an oriental theme as a pretext for a vividly sensual subject. Matisse never lost his fascination with the human figure. Between December 1916 and the end of 1917 he painted an Italian model, Laurette, at least twenty-five times. Sometimes she is lounging on a sofa, sometimes she wears an exotic costume but 'Laurette in a Green Robe, Black Background' of 1916 is different. She sits with downcast eyes in light ochre slippers wearing a voluminous dark green robe in a violet chair apparently suspended in space in the black background. It expresses the artist's insistence on the gravity which resides in every human being, his response perhaps to the war then raging.

During the last decade of his long life, Matisse produced some two hundred and seventy paper cutouts, cutting the shapes out of paper his assistants had previously coloured. The 'Snow Flowers' of 1951, when the artist was eighty-two years old, makes no reference to winter. It is an elegant collage of delicately curved forms against rectangles of pure colour.

Following the success of Monet's paintings of London, the dealer Vollard sent Derain there in 1906. His restless 'Regent Street, London' dominated by dark blues and greys with splashes of vermilion expresses the animation of a street busy with pedestrians, hansom cabs and horse-buses. It is one of the paintings one wishes might have remained in England.

Vlaminck was a natural Fauve. Large and boisterous and self-taught, he took to painting with unbridled passion. His portrait of Derain is daringly unrestrained. The head is life-size and in close-up. The head, hair and shoulders are boldly outlined in black. The face is in vivid red, highlighted

with strokes of chrome yellow and a patch of green on the nose. The eyelids and moustache are blue. Jacques Gelman so desired this painting that he apparently removed it from the bedroom wall of the dealer, Sam Salz. Combining primary colours of blue, red and white straight from the tube Vlaminck painted 'The Seine at Chatou' (1906), a place immortalized by Renoir's famous 'The Luncheon of the Boating Party'. At Chatou he shared a studio with Derain. Theirs was an unlikely friendship but Derain wrote to Vlaminck for years. Derain was sophisticated, well educated and widely read. Vlaminck expressed contempt for education, academies and museums. When the dealer Bernheim took Vlaminck to Giverny, Monet was appalled. 'The greatest brute I've ever seen', he called him.

The large Reynolds Room contains the single work by the Italian, Amedeo Modigliani, 'Boy in a Striped Sweater' of 1918. By then he had perfected his mature style of elegant, mannerist elongation. With just a few telling details he was able to achieve a striking likeness. This boy in his early teens, in ill-fitting clothes and an enquiring tilt of his head, suggests youthful uncertainty. Jacques Gelman had wanted to own this painting for years. In 1952, learning that it was for sale in Paris, he flew there immediately. Great collectors are tenacious.

In a collection admirably free of sentiment an occasional lapse is allowed. The Gelmans bought Chagall's nostalgic 'The Lovers', not once but, having sold it, bought it back again years later. It was painted in Paris immediately before the First World War and evokes his childhood in Russia, a world of innocence and fantasy. 'The Lovers' combines part recollection, part anticipation. It shows the artist with his fiancée, Bella, in his room in Vitebsk. As in many of his paintings, the figures float through the air as if suspended in time and space. The following year he returned to Russia and married. Sentiment preoccupied Chagall for the rest of his career, ending in bathos.

Like Chagall, Giorgio de Chirico, who founded the Pittura Metafisica movement with Carra in 1917, was a quasi-Surrealist. 'The Jewish Angel' of 1916 is a curiosity, exquisitely painted. It contains various elements of carpentry and measuring devices, such as may have been used by the painter's father, a railroad engineer, or himself. Amid these objects is a large white rectangle on which is painted a huge eye. Is it perhaps a reference to the Almighty, or to their two professions in which seeing plays a significant role? It is a fascinating enigma.

The Gelmans collected fourteen drawings, paintings and watercolours by Pablo Picasso. They range from the brilliantly coloured 'Girl in Profile' painted in Paris in 1901 when he was twenty, to the ribald 'Cavalier and the Seated Nude' painted in 1967 in his frustrated last years at the age of eighty-six. A 1906 self portrait introduces the style of an archaic Iberian stone relief, similar to those at an exhibition in the Louvre that he saw that year. His famed portrait of Gertrude Stein also reflects this style. There are three studies of 1908 influenced by negro art; a large Still Life of 1924, an enraged 'Dying Bull' of 1934. A mixed media portrait, 'Dora

Maar Seated in a Wicker Chair', is fascinatingly complex. This charming woman, who was Picasso's companion in Paris throughout the war, is shown in a bifurcated image, abstracted but remarkably real. Also in 1938 are two portraits called 'Man with a Lollipop'; one a drawing of a hirsute young man, the other an oil of a vicious looking, bifurcated older man. The insistent overall patterning of the red and black face is cruel and grotesque.

Of the significant group of Cubist paintings in the Gelman Collection two early still-lifes in neutral shades, one each by Braque and Picasso, are particularly fine. By 1911 they were seeing each other practically every day and that summer went to Céret together. At that time, Braque is supposed to have said, they were working together 'like two mountain climbers roped together.'

Another Cubist work by Braque is his 'Still Life with Guitar, Fruits, Pipe and Music Score', painted in 1924. Later paintings by him include one of the Billiard Table series, and 'The Garden Chair'.

Three early Cubist paintings by the Spaniard, Juan Gris, are the 1911 portrait of his friend, the journalist 'Juan Legua': a charcoal and wash drawing, 'The Smoker' of 1913, inscribed 'To my dear friend Frank Haviland, Very affectionately, Juan Gris'. Haviland was a rich young man who helped many artists, including Modigliani, and who was friendly with Picasso and Bracque. Haviland was in Céret with them all in 1913 when Gris painted his assertive 'Still Life with a Guitar'.

An equally significant Cubist painter was Fernand Léger, whose own personal style used simplified geometric forms of unbroken contours painted in pure colour. His 'The Bargeman' of 1918 is a brilliantly achieved work. Léger's 'Mechanical Elements' of 1920 is Cubist in feeling, and it has been noted that it seems to anticipate the modern architecture of the *Centre Georges Pompidou.*

Joan Miro was another special favourite of the Gelmans and they own nine of his works, beginning with a Fauve-like nude painted in 1917 when he was twenty-four years old. The recently acquired Spanish landscape, 'Vines and Olive Trees, Tarragona' of 1919, shows his early preoccupation with 'poetic realism' where every leaf, twig and root is painted in minute detail. Shortly after he found his mature style, choosing to focus on details out of context and scale magnified into symbols. This led to his dream pictures, such as 'Animated Landscape' of 1927, where the large canvas is divided into fields of intense colour, animated by a few evocative motifs. 'The Potato' of the following year is a fanciful Earth Goddess embellished with many sly sexual symbols. In the early 1920s Miro had met André Breton, Paul Eluard and other Surrealist poets in the studio of his next door neighbour, André Masson. They encouraged him to explore the world of the subconscious, the irrational and the fantastic. Soon after the outbreak of war Miro began his celebrated series of gouaches entitled 'Constellations'. There were twenty-three works, all small-scale, minutely detailed, and populated with hundreds of his particular emblems, stars, circles, spirals, triangles in black and primary colours on backgrounds of

clear or muted washes. They were given fanciful, poetic titles. The Gelman Collection has two of the series, 'Women on the Beach' of 1940 and 'Toward the Rainbow' of 1941.

Other Surrealist works are by Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Victor Brauner and Salvador Dali at his most hysteric. His 'The Accommodations of Desires' of 1929 is exquisitely painted but undeniably nasty. Two works by Jean Dubuffet complete this group.

Among other enviable items are an early Kandinsky abstract, 'Rain Landscape' of 1911, and a Mondrian 'Composition' of 1921. There are two splendid and wonderfully contrasted works by the devout Georges Rouault — a moving 'Christ and the Apostles' of 1937/8 and the suggestive 'The Manager and a Circus Girl' of 1941. A small Paul Klee, 'One Who Understands' of 1934, captures mood magically by the slenderest means. A 'Portrait of Annette' 1961 and several sculptures by Alberto Giacometti and, the only British artist in the collection and the greatest, Francis Bacon's 'Three Studies for a Self-Portrait' of 1979-80, hauntingly human.

The particular pleasure one has in visiting this collection is that it has a personality all its own. It is a pleasure no selection committee or board of directors can duplicate. William Packer in his review of the exhibition expresses admirably what I mean. He writes: 'It remains a most curious thing that works that pass straight from the artist onto a public wall, without at least an interval in private hands, so often seem sterile and imaginatively inactive. It is as though it is necessary for the true work of art to be cherished a little and so charged up by an intimate and personal attention'.

Sad to say, Jacques Gelman died in 1986 but happily even in this period of inflated prices Mrs. Gelman continues to add to the collection. In a fitting compliment the *New York Times* wrote: 'It would be difficult to organize a major exhibition of 20th Century European modern painting without loans from the Gelman Collection'. Londoners must now add their thanks for the opportunity to see it. Sponsored by Guinness, it remains at the Royal Academy until the 15th of July, 1990. To the strong I recommend the excellent but hefty catalogue.

Editor's Note

The exhibition of works by Joseph Wright of Derby (see article written by Muriel Julius, *Contemporary Review*, April 1990, Vol. 256, No. 1491, pp.211-214) will go from the Tate Gallery in London to the *Grand Palais* in Paris and then to the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Literary Supplement

DORSET IN NEW ENGLAND

Dorset Pilgrims. Frank Thistlethwaite. Barrie and Jenkins. £19.95.

The story of the settlement of New England in the early seventeenth century is usually presented in scholarly monographs, as in text-books, as the journey of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620, and of the more carefully-planned expedition of John Winthrop and his East Anglian Puritans in 1630. In the 1630s some 200 ships transported over 20,000 settlers to New England. The story of the voyage of the *Mary and John,* with 150 passengers (and no less than seventy-two children) from Dorchester in March 1630, is usually confined to a single sentence, if it is given as much attention as that. From this silence the Dorchester Pilgrims, and their ringleader the Reverend John White, have now been rescued by Frank Thistlethwaite in this fascinating, well-written and vivid study.

He writes for the general reader, but his book is a product of years of sustained and thorough research in parish records, inventories, wills, in land grants and church records and the occasional diary. It is a story of religious dedication, of a grim ten-week voyage to an unknown and all-but-empty land; and then of a second migration five years later from the new Dorchester on Massachusetts Bay to a third Dorchester (now Windsor), one hundred miles to the West, on the middle reaches of the Connecticut River in what was another Indian frontier. A score of West country clergy were members of the company. Like John Robinson, the Pilgrims' pastor in Holland, however, and like John Cotton (who at least for a year or two stayed behind after preaching the farewell sermon to the Puritan fleet), John White, then aged 56, blessed his flock but remained at home himself. His treatise, *The Planters Plea,* shows that like Raleigh and Hakluyt, he was alert to the economics of the migration as well as to its theology. It is good to have this attractive portrait of the man, and of his backer, the 2nd Earl of Warwick.

What is even more impressive is the detailed study of the fortunes of the inter-locked Dorset families in their New Canaan on the Connecticut: isolated, fighting the Indians in the Pequot, and then in 'King Philip's' War, but surviving, trading — and breeding large families. Very few returned home. And for those who settled, Puritan dedication, a new-style agriculture, bleak winters and distance bred new values on what became the American frontier.

ESMOND WRIGHT

POWER CENTRES AND GOVERNING

Power Competition & The State. Volume 2. Threats to the Postwar Settlement 1961-47. Keith Middlemas. Macmillan. £45.00.

A short book review cannot do justice to the great sweep and immense research that Professor Middlemas has put into the second work in an epic trilogy from the war-time Consensus to the free market era of Thatcherism. The demise of the Heath Government and its 'dolorous departing' at the end of this immensely detailed and annotated volume marked the end of an era encompassing the Coalition, Labour and Conservative Governments struggling to impose an archaic parliamentary system upon entrenched sectional interests.

The corporatism which characterised the war and post war years was initially a response to an outside danger. The errors and divisions of the inter-war years were to be remedied by Government intervention as the honest broker between the corporate Institutions representing Labour, Industry and Finance.

Britain still retained a perception of itself as an Imperial power at the head of a commonwealth if not an empire, a pivot of EFTA and walking a tightrope that inevitably led to the EEC — even if it kept falling into the safety net on the way. Simultaneously it sought to keep the special relationship with the USA tied to the dollar and with a reserve currency.

It pursued policies for health, education, welfare and harmonious industrial relations but retained the notion that it could manufacture everything, have commitments all over the globe and maintain defence spending at a high level. Relative decline was masked by the apparent prosperity due to factors such as technological advance rather than inspired leadership. In reality the leadership did little and eventually less leading as stop-go crises, high interest rates and balance of payments problems foiled expansionist policies. The 1961 squeeze was a watershed for the Conservative Government presiding over the tripartite sharing of power.

While world trade doubled, the UK's share of exports fell dramatically. Industrial investment was inadequate and the economy overstretched. Indeed the Government at times — and I remember this six weeks after I became an MP in 1964 — became the broker not between Industry and the Unions but between the IMF and the internal institutions. One perceives as one ploughs through this immensely detailed and well documented volume that the real centres of power and influence were destroying Governments of both complexions as they competed increasingly for their own interests in a shrinking national cake.

The underlying thesis in this post war settlement was that the various categories of public opinion were to be mediated through the central integration of industry, labour or the financial sector transmuting what was believed to be a dynamic war time system into one suitable for peacetime conditions.

The optimism of the post war period was replaced by a new attempt in 1961 to set the pattern of economic behaviour. In seeking competitiveness, reducing labour costs, innovation and investment it had ended in 'pluralistic stagnation'. There is another view, namely that the British people are more concerned with the quality of their lives than in expansion and greater wealth production.

The TUC, Government tensions and Trade Union resistance to a Labour Government attempt to persuade it to accept an incomes policy and then coerce through legislation based on 'In Place of Strife'; the subsequent conservative Industrial Relations Act and manly but futile efforts of Mr. Heath to hold competing interests together through consensus is a fascinating account. The alliance of the left with traditional right wing unions spearheaded by James Callaghan was in retrospect ironical for these same unions that regarded the Wilson years in the sixties as a betrayal destroyed the Callaghan Government through the Winter of Discontent. Labour was accused of trying to run the same existing system more efficiently.

But was that whole era not an attempt to reconcile conflicting interests in a consensus that required sacrifices and accommodation? It apparently failed but the free market that took its place has produced problems that are as great or even greater, as relative decline continues. For this period we await the next volume of the trilogy. This venture will be a primary source for contemporary historians for many years to come.

PAUL ROSE

LEAVE THE DIARY TILL YOU'RE ILL

A Moment's Liberty: The Shorter Diary. Virginia Woolf. Hogarth. £20.00.

As the river of Virginia Woolf's diaries, bearing with it her bumpy life, 'shoots to Niagara', in this new, short form, edited (as in the whole) by Anne Olivier Bell, it moves with a smooth, deep current towards the last, poignant entry — 'Leonard is doing the rhododendrons'. Certainly the 'boiling-down' to one fifth of the original has produced a compelling chronicle, difficult to put aside. It would be excellent reading for a physical illness: the magical entry into past moments would be revivifying. To the extent that a satisfactory entity has been created by distillation, the shorter diaries are more successful than their companion volume, of shorter letters (reviewed in *Contemporary Review* in November, 1989). They do, however, thus clearly presented without gloss other than explanatory biographical inserts, lack the cryptological mystery of the full, dense, heavily annotated version, where there is still, in spite of the editor's perseverance, a sense that diamonds lurk.

There are so many ways, scholarly or otherwise, of drawing upon the diaries. A small, concrete pleasure, for example, in 1990, is to read of gales abounding and trees uprooted: in September, 1935, the garden was 'a litter of apples and branches', and, at Seaford, the Woolfs saw 'the explosions of white water over the lighthouse' and 'sea coming over the road'. The editorial imperative is to emphasise Virginia Woolf's *celebration* of life, against the odds. Indeed, she herself employs a strong censor. Although she records depression and makes glancing reference to her madness, she does not, in print, ruminate upon that shadow of the past and the future. Leonard would not have approved, anyway. The impression of a great struggle with herself, and with her environment, is very strong; the 'circumjacent parts of the day', when she is not writing, threaten to intrude and weaken. She keeps 'dancing on hot bricks. Can't let myself stop.' She is 'Going to write about the soul and life breaks in.' Her self-exhortations — to 'read; see outsiders; think more; write more logically; above all be full of work; and practise anonymity' — are endlessly re-echoed in the journals of Sylvia Plath — 'Work on inner life to enrich . . . Don't blab too much — listen more; sympathise and "understand" people.' If the record of the struggle enriches us, so be it.

MOLLY TIBBS

A FAMILY HISTORY

The Sudeleys—Lords of Toddington. Published by the Manorial Society, 104 Kennington Road, London, SE11.

A decade or two ago it was still fashionable to interpret history according to various abstract categories such as constitutional history and so on. This volume enters the present swimming tide of interpreting history in a far better way, through the close investigation of an individual family. The volume consists of the published proceedings of a public conference Lord Sudeley arranged on the history of his family at their old family home of Toddington in Gloucestershire. So far as I am aware, no such conference on the history of an individual family has ever taken place before, and I hope the experiment will be repeated soon at Berkeley.

Apart from the Percys, there are few families descended from Charlemagne, but the Sudeleys can do this. As such they ruled in the late Dark Ages over a considerable portion of modern Belgium before the Viking invasions and rise of the medieval county of Flanders. The Sudeleys' forbear, Ralph Earl of

Hereford, came to England in the reign of his uncle Edward the Confessor, to become the only Norman to be a substantial land owner in England before the Conquest. By a lucky break Ralph died before his uncle, aged at the most 40, leaving a minor too young to fight at the Battle of Hastings. If a Sudeley had fought at Hastings, it is the guess of historians that he would have been on the English side, so he would have been dispossessed, and no one would have heard of the Sudeleys thereafter. From the Conquest the Sudeleys kept a proportion only of Ralph's estates, in the West Midlands, which included Toddington and Sudeley (now Sudeley Castle). In the second half of the 12th century the family bifurcated, the senior branch continuing at Sudeley, whilst William de Tracy of the cadet line from which the present Lord Sudeley is descended held Toddington close by. In his Memorials of Canterbury, Penrhyn Stanley identifies William de Tracy as Becket's murderer of that name. Whilst the senior line at Sudeley became extinct, the cadet line at Toddington survived the Wars of the Roses and, with the Reformation, acquired the monastic properties of Stanway and Hailes Abbey (now both open to the public) owing to the dissolution of the monasteries. Stanway passed through an heiress to Lord Sudeley's cousins, the Charterises Earls of Wemyss, who are still there now; while at the end of the 18th century the family at Toddington became much more wealthy through inheriting Morville in Shropshire and Gregynog in Powys, now part of the University of Wales. With such great additional wealth, 1st Lord Sudeley was able to rebuild Toddington in a blend of the picturesque and Perpendicular Gothic styles and afterwards became Chairman of the Commission for the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament which is very similar to the new Toddington. The 2nd Lord Sudeley acquired some Swiss glass for the cloisters of the new Toddington which was one of the outstanding collections in Europe. At the end of the last century Toddington and Gregynog were lost very suddenly by the present Lord Sudeley's great-grandfather, the 4th Lord. At this point, when the family's debt was covered more than twice over by their large assets, a bank forced the immediate payment of the debt on the nail, so that all assets had to be sold at ridiculous throw away prices. It might be argued that this could not have happened if banks which lend money were obliged to take a share of the risk, as happens today with Islamic banks in keeping with the injunctions against usury in the Koran; indeed it might be said to be a far better system, which is working very well in large sectors of the economies of Iran and Pakistan. When Toddington was lost owing to what might be termed our present Jewish system of usury, it had been held by the family for nearly a thousand years. In his *English Genealogy* our late Garter King of Arms, Sir Anthony Wagner, says he does not know of any other land in England which has passed for so long by inheritance from a date before the Conquest.

It would be a great mistake to think that in being concerned with the history of just one family *The Sudeleys — Lords of Toddington* is of restricted interest to the general reader. On the contrary, it is rich in interest.

To give a few medieval examples, there is discussion of whether Ralph Earl of Hereford could have inherited the throne of England on the death of his childless uncle Edward the Confessor. Lord Sudeley's paper on Beckett's murderer William de Tracy will, I hope, be expanded into a work on all four murderers, when in the vast literature on Beckett his murderers have been overlooked. There is a paper by Canon Gethyn-Jones, Past President of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, on William Tracy as one of the prime movers of the Berkeley Plantation in Virginia where the first official Thanksgiving Service was celebrated on American soil. Previously his-

torians of Virginia have been quite unaware of William Tracy's background and family. There is a paper by Professor Daly on the hitherto neglected borders of the Hatfield tapestries of the Four Seasons, originally made for the Sudeley family. In his *Whigs and Hunters,* E. P. Thompson says that by his interpretation of the Black Act of the 18th century Mr. Justice Tracy greatly extended the scope of it, with the result that many crimes became capital offences. As a leading authority on judicial biography Dr. J. H. Baker considers whether this charge is fair. Sibyll Kummer-Rothenhausler of the *Galerie fur Glasmalerei* in Zurich sets the family's outstanding collection of Swiss glass within the general context of the history of Swiss glass, about which no book has ever been written. Dr. Chapman undertook his paper on the loss of the family's estates because so little is known about the connections of the old aristocracy with the City. Previously the only case studies which have been written are those of three Dukes.

For adherents of monarchy the two papers of greatest interest are those on the family's descent from Charlemagne and about the family on both sides of the Channel in the 11th century. To cover the subject of the family's descent from Charlemagne, Lord Sudeley first approached Philip Grierson, who wrote about this in *Le Moyen Age* just before the war. Philip Grierson declined because his interest has shifted to numismatics and he is now deeply involved in writing the catalogue of his great collection of coins. Lord Sudeley succeeded, however, with Dr. Rosamund McKitterick. While there are many biographies of Charlemagne, little has been written about his successors and Dr. McKitterick has filled this gap with her book, *The Frankish Kingdoms under the Carolinglans.* While relying heavily on the genealogical researches of Philip Grierson, Dr. McKitterick sets them within their political context, which was necessary given the importance of the family at this time. Dr. McKitterick sets aside the descent of Charlemagne and so Lord Sudeley from the Merovingians as accounted for by Sir Anthony Wagner's draft of Lord Sudeley's pedigree in Burke's Peerage. She says the definitive article on this matter, and Charlemagne's ancestors generally, is E. Hlawitschka's *Die Vorfahren Karls des Grossen,* in W. Bruansfels ed. Karle der Grosse, *Lebenswerk und Nachleben I Persönlichkeit und Geschichte I* (Dusseldorf 1965), pp.51-82.

David Bates, author of *Normandy before 1066,* has a wide knowledge of Norman families. His paper concerns Lord Sudeley's family in France during the 11th century. The family were very powerful owing to the weakness of the French Crown. David Bates says that in France this was *par excellence* the age of the territorial principality: and Lord Sudeley's ancestors who by this time had lost their Belgian territory, ruled in its place the three counties in Northern France of Amiens, Valois and Vexin. The greatest of them, Ralph IV, married Anne of Kiev, the widow of Henry I, King of France and granddaughter of St. Vladimir, founder of the power of Russia. At the time of his marriage to Anne of Kiev, Ralph IV already had a wife, whom he repudiated by accusing her of adultery. This angered the Pope, who excommunicated him. Since the final schism between the Western and Orthodox Churches did not occur until 1054, five years after Anne's marriage to Henry I, Anne was able to keep her Orthodox religion, and this is reflected in the wording of the deed by which she founded a monastery. For his information on Anne of Kiev David Bates drew on a most interesting unpublished paper which Professor Bautier delivered recently in Moscow.

The printer complained of the density of some of the papers, making the volume into a work of reference instead of a straight read. But Lord Sudeley's

achievement has been to provide the information whatever its density, leaving it to others to present it in a looser and more popular form. And anyway the printer's apt criticism should apply only to six out of the 18 papers. The paper by Janusz Karczewski-Slowikowski on the furniture of the new Toddington is easy to read and especially entertaining. He says the penchant at this time for lavish ornamentation in furniture is frequently associated with the *nouveaux riches* and, being so very old as they are, the Sudeleys should have known better.

The Toddington conference was sponsored by the Manorial Society. In his foreword the Chairman of the Manorial Society, Robert Smith, gives an inkling of the practical difficulties of sponsoring the conference, which took place against considerable odds. The services of the Manorial Society in sponsoring the conference and publishing its results are deeply appreciated.

MICHAEL WYNNE-PARKER

MINORITY RULE OR LABOUR RESSURRECTED?

Can Labour Win? Martin Harrop and Andrew Shaw. Unwin Paperbacks. Politics. £4.99.

So much has been written on the theme *Can Labour Win?*, the title of Martin Harrop and Andrew Shaw's latest contribution, that this cool and analytical approach is curiously impressive. They admit the answer is not definite. Another answer is that they can, but may not.

For those fascinated with psephology and social analysis the numerous tables in this short book will be intriguing and useful for future reference. Labour's first targets are 60 seats which would deny the Conservatives a majority. A further 40 are targeted for victory. They lie diagonally from the North West to the South East through the Midlands around our three major conurbations. The first 60 are individually discussed. Current Government unpopularity and the failure of the other opposition parties to present a credible and united front has given Labour a remarkable lead in the polls which may yet prove deceptive.

Labour still needs to win over a wider electorate on a permanent basis. Indeed it needs to win over those who would like to see a Liberal Democrat and Green input in a non-Conservative coalition. Labour starts from behind in that it requires at least 39% of the votes and 4% more than the Conservatives to win an election on a uniform swing. Redistribution will lose Labour another ten seats.

What must disturb Labour is its under-performance as compared with similar parties in Europe and the antipodes; it has a rock solid core of 20%, augmented by another natural 15% Labour voters. The interesting feature of the social and economic profile of the target votes is that they are very much in line with the national profile of the electorate. Fewer voters are now born into a natural Labour or Conservative culture. New voters, immigration and shifts of population add to economic changes in assessing the electorate. The lesson appears to be that Labour must appeal both in presentation and policies to a wider sector of the electorate rather than to a particular target.

The evidence is that the electors look for a united credible and competent Party with strong leadership. This is difficult for a Party so long out of office. Neil Kinnock presents a caring but not a strong image. This view leaves one feeling that this rather authoritative text-book like analysis is accurate in posing the possibility that a Labour victory may depend on the Government

running out of steam or from a new focus upon public squalor after a period of private affluence. That is my own current perception but Labour will have to create greater confidence in its own ability in terms of policies and meeting unforeseen contingencies.

It is the final analysis of the characteristics of social change in Britain with only 19% projected as manufacturing employees by 1995 as against 34% in 1971 that is vital. There is a Salariat approaching 30% and growing. The old appeal to 'The Working Class' is a meaningless slogan. The broad appeal of social Democratic Parties from Sweden to Australia has clearly begun to rub off on the traditional British Labour Party.

It seems to me and indeed to the authors of this analysis that the blind side of the Labour Party is in perpetuating a system that permits a minority of 40% to rule. In failing to encompass the aspirations of those who cling with determination to the minority parties but constitute an overwhelming anti-Conservative majority, Labour is ignoring the changes that have occurred since the fifties and sixties when there was a genuine two party system. Labour can win but it is unlikely to secure an overall majority unless it faces up to the reality of a fragmented radical majority in which the Labour Party is only one — albeit the largest — constituent part.

PAUL ROSE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Gerard Manley Hopkins. Selected Letters. (Clarendon Press Oxford. £30.) This selection, edited by Catherine Phillips, should give most general readers what they want from the three massive volumes of letters which have long been available. Some letters have probably been chosen for biographical reasons, but Hopkins's correspondence does not reveal the no doubt agonising process which led to his crucial decisions first to become a Roman Catholic and then to seek admission to the Jesuit Order. The chief interest in the selection is literary. There are many comments on contemporary and past writers and on poetry in general. For about ten years he exchanged poems with R. W. Dixon, each criticising the other's verses, and to Dixon Hopkins explained some of his techniques. A more important correspondence of the same kind and extending over about a quarter of a century was with Robert Bridges, who eventually published Hopkins's poems, though it was not until nearly thirty years after his death that Bridges judged the time had come for a whole volume of them. His judgement has been vindicated by the great influence Hopkins has had on twentieth century English poetry. The two poets discussed each other's poems frankly and in detail, and it is evident each took the other's criticisms seriously. Bridges' letters are lost, but those written by Hopkins provide valuable commentaries on the poems of both. They are well represented in this selection. A good index helps reference to them.

Hardy At Home: The People and Places of his Wessex. A Critical Selection. Desmond Hawkins. (Barrie & Jenkins. £15.95.) To mark the 150th anniversary of Hardy's birth Desmond Hawkins has expertly edited a selection from Hardy's works and reminiscences to present a vivid and detailed picture of the rural setting of most of his fiction and verse. Its landscape, folk-lore and social life are discussed and illustrated. This handsome volume is an entertaining and authentic contribution to social history.

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